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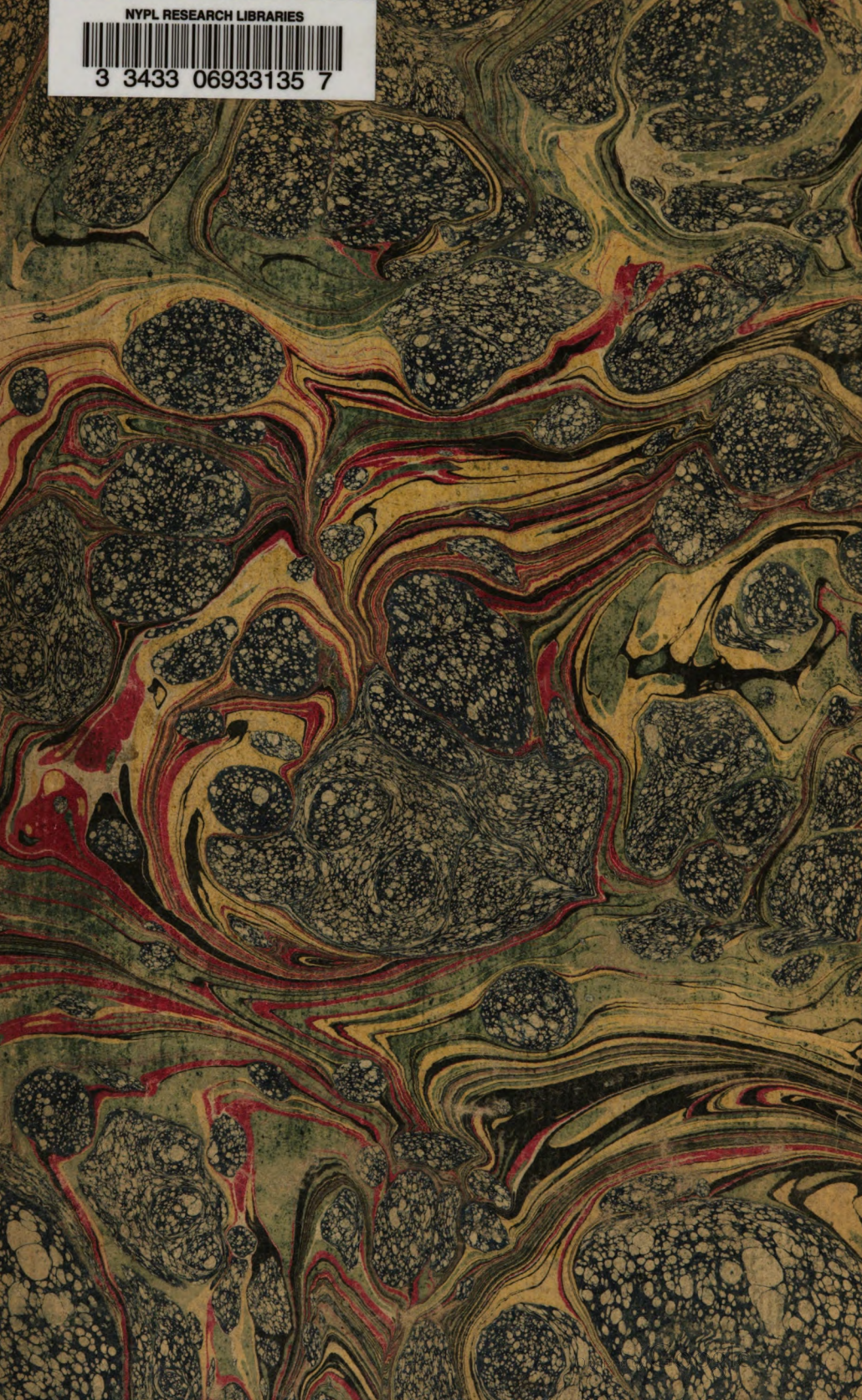
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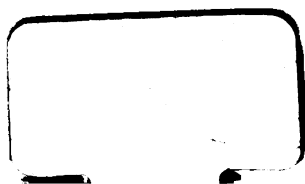
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REV: THOMAS MAGUIRE.

*Drawn by Smith. — Engraved by Gay.*

# CAPTAIN ROCK,

OR

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S GAZETTE,

FOR THE YEAR 1827.

---

" Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,  
Rock's the boy to make the fun stir!"

" As long as Ireland shall pretend,  
Like sugar-loaf, turned upside down,  
To stand upon its smaller end,  
So long shall live old Rock's renown.

" As long as Popish spade and scythe  
Shall dig and cut the Sassanagh's tythe,  
And popish purses pay the tolls,  
On heaven's road, for Sassanagh souls—

As long as Millions shall kneel down  
To ask of Thousands for their own,  
While Thousands proudly turn away,  
And to the Millions answer ' nay,'  
So long the merry reign shall be  
Of CAPTAIN ROCK and his family."

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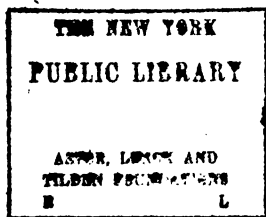
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# CAPTAIN ROCK.

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## OF A WORD.

---

"Awake! arise! .

Say, is *my* voice more feeble than of yore?" BYRON.

---

IT is now just eight months since my far-famed *Gazette* ceased to enlighten the world! The flood of intelligence which incessantly poured through its columns was too much, I fear, for the weak vision of some of my readers; they were partially blinded with an excess of light, and it was as much out of compassion for them, as respect for my own health, that I discontinued for a season the publication of my journal. I then, however, engaged to re-appear, and I now fulfil my promise. The interval has not been misspent: the public have digested the great truths I promulgated; Daniel O'Connell has adopted many of my opinions; and events have demonstrated the applicability of my abstract reasoning to the great business of life.

While the public have been reaping the benefit of my wisdom, I have not been unemployed. The dead and the living have been impoited by me for the materials of knowledge, and the vast stores which now lie at my disposal shall serve to give value to my present publication, and aid the dissemination of truth.

Happily, I am relieved from the necessity of speaking of my own qualifications,—these are now universally admitted; but, though convinced of my own powers, I am not blind to the claims of others. Bread and bread is dry eating,—always Rock philosophy would not do; I have therefore secured the service of several literary characters, and nearly all the contributors to the "London and Dublin Magazine" have promised me their assistance during the cessation of that work. Mr. O'Rourke, with that friendly promptitude which distinguishes him, has already furnished an article, and the humorous author of the "Legendary Tales of the Irish Peasantry" has sent in the first of a series of "Irish Popular Stories." With such colleagues, this *Gazette* must possess more than ordinary attraction. It is but right, however, to observe, that I am individually accountable for no opinions but those to which my signature is affixed.

The course I mean to pursue—the principles I mean to advocate, need not be pointed out. Truth must have the precedence, and,



next, the interest of Ireland. The crisis now approaches in which her fate must be decided. A practised eye, like mine, will not be useless in watching over the manœuvres of the insidious foe; the first flutter of the *wings* must be our signal of alarm, and, unless we succeed in impeding their flight, farewell to hope and Ireland.

The "saints" and "evangelicals" will have, as heretofore, much of my attention; and the Orangemen—those "broken tools which tyrants cast away"—shall receive from me their finale. In a week or two I shall throw new light upon the iniquity of their history. The antiquity of Ireland—hitherto too much neglected—will be treated of in a popular manner, by a writer who has devoted forty years of his life to the study. The first article will appear next week.

An enlarged space requires additional matter to fill it. Of this I have a superabundance, and I am sure no one will refuse the extra charge. If any one murmurs, let him do what Dr. Magee did when importuned by a Catholic mendicant—keep his money in his pocket.

At the suggestion of my publisher, I have adopted a more convenient size; those who may not wish to take in my Gazette weekly, or who cannot conveniently do so, may order it monthly, as it will be published both in weekly and monthly numbers.

Now to my task: for the public, like the man in the play, has long been crying out—

"Rock, you're wanted."

ROCK.

---

#### THE REV. MR. MAGUIRE.

"I WOULD not like to visit England," said a young girl in New South Wales, "because the people are all thieves there!" You smile at her simplicity; yet, in all probability, you entertain prejudices against a whole people, or a whole nation, equally as childish and ill founded as the girl of Australia, without having any thing like her reasons for indulging in them. Man, as well as being a laughing, is an inconsistent animal; and in nothing more, than in his ideas of the Almighty. And this is no where more remarkable than among religious people of a certain cast; they have of course, in the abstract, pretty accurate notions of the Deity, but in their practice they sadly belie their professions; they will not allow *their* God to be either just or impartial. He, in their estimation, has been prodigal of benefits only to themselves; and, while they laud their Creator for teaching them "all truth," they laud Him, indirectly, still higher for continuing their neighbours in darkness. Nor do they confine this notion to spiritualities: in every attribute of men and Christians they confidently believe that they are superior to their fellow-Christians; they are more learned, more brave, more just, more civilized, more wise, more everything; they are giants among pigmies—angels among half-demons—"saints" among "sinners."

No people under heaven indulge more voraciously in this pious arrogance than the Protestants of England; and, as it happens in

other cases, no people have less right to practice this species of religious egotism. Whatever Martin Luther and his holy disciples may have done for the souls of men, it is too evident that they have done very little for their bodies. England—and pity that it should be so, is the most immoral of nations: Protestantism and No-Popery have shown, in their influence upon the poorer classes, that the reformation creed retains no hold upon the consciences of men; that, judging by its effects, it is not so well calculated to keep people temperate and honest as the religion of our fathers. Yet, notwithstanding all these notorious, and almost palpable facts, Protestants have, for the last two hundred years, been unsparing in their censure of Popery; they have represented Catholics as the ignorant dupes of hypocritical teachers as ignorant as themselves; they described Catholic ceremonies as idolatrous observances, the Catholic belief as monstrous, and the whole system as one of fraud and tyranny. Not content with damning their religion, they held up the Catholics themselves as monsters of iniquity—as slave-kissing slaves, who not only hug their own chains, but who regarded as meritorious the act of fastening them upon others.

It is, therefore, no wonder that Popery divided, with brass money and wooden shoes, the honest hatred of John Bull. It is a singular fact in the history of the human mind, that the teachers themselves ultimately fall into the errors they knowingly impose upon their followers. In time, Protestant ministers came to believe as implicitly in their own falsehoods as the most bigoted of their hearers; and, that they might indulge without interruption in the luxury of error, the legislature kindly undertook to provide that they should not be disturbed in their notions of Popery, wooden shoes, and brass money. It enacted, in the plenitude of ignorance and injustice, that Catholics should not exist, and that, if they presumed to breathe the air of England or Ireland, they should at least keep silence, and not undeceive the wholesome credulity of confiding Protestants. The system worked well; the poor Catholics were, in England at least, pretty well gagged, and every where pretty well “ground,” until the most enlightened among Protestants actually believed that Catholicism was such as their nurses and Fox had described, and that, like the baseless fabric of a vision, it required nothing but Protestant light and well-opened eyes to cause the whole delusion to vanish, like some of the words of Homer’s heroes, into thin air. Accordingly, they, not long since, in the fulness of their humanity, set seriously about diffusing their reforming effulgence through the country; they organized Bible societies, tract societies, Hibernian societies, and heaven only knows what else; and, in order to attack Popery in its strong hold, they assailed the priests. Poor illiterate men, who never entered Trinity College, who were never at Cambridge or Oxford, what could they say for themselves? Lowly born and obscurely employed, they can offer no resistance to the force of our arguments; we have only to meet and triumph, and consequently to disabuse the confidence of their flocks.

I believe they not only reasoned this way, but confidently entertained opinions from which this train of argument proceeded; and, were it not for subsequent discussions, they would indulge in these notions still. Fortunately, their actions corresponded with their opi-

nions : they encountered the Catholic clergy, and were disabused of their prejudices. This is evident from the contrast which their early arrogance presents to their more recent courtesy ; and it requires only a few more defeats to make Protestants ashamed of that foul-mouthed calumny, with which they have been in the habit of indulging, when speaking of Catholicity, and every thing that appertains to it.

The first blow which Protestant arrogance received was at Cork ; at Carlow it was laid prostrate ; and the letters of Mr. Kinsella and Mr. Clowry would have completed its downfall, were it not for the injudicious interference of Dr. Doyle, on the occasion of the celebrated challenge. Dr. Doyle is a prelate whose opinion on any question is not to be treated lightly ; but, in this instance, his prohibition proceeded from a total misconception of the natural effects of discussion. Dr. M'Sweeny must have thought so ; and I am persuaded this was also the opinion of Mr. Maguire. Were it not for the splendid triumph of the latter, we might be inclined to regret that the former did not meet his opponents, even on their own terms.

Perhaps the history of religious literature cannot present us, in its expansive range, with a nobler instance of the consciousness of mental powers than that afforded by the Rev. Thomas Maguire, in the discussion with the Rev. Mr. Pope. It exhibits the pleasing picture of the operations of truth upon a mind vivid and brilliant by nature, and amplified by study. We view in the youthful disputant human nature ennobled ; we see in him the living personification of what our most ardent fancy could only conceive ; and, without yielding unresistingly to admiration, we cannot refrain from looking up to the Creator through the noblest of his creatures. As a Roman Catholic, I must be—I am, proud of him ; but, as the advocate of the inherent power of the human mind—as the advocate of self-ennobling nature, I am still more proud ; not only in being the countryman, but in being the cotemporary of this celebrated individual. True, I am now old—the fire of enthusiasm is partly quenched within me ; but, were Mr. Maguire a son of mine, I could, like the Athenian father, have died from excess of joy, on hearing the shouts which proclaimed his triumph. And mine would have been the more glorious, in as much as the victory was mental, not bodily.

There has not occurred an event during the last twenty years more instructive in its details, or, I am persuaded, more beneficial in its results, than the late discussion in Dublin. The defeat at Carlow left a stigma upon the leaders of the biblicals, which they longed for an opportunity to wipe off. Their former opponents had proved too alert in the use of theological weapons to desire another encounter, either individually or collectively, with them ; and accordingly they snatched eagerly at some words (erroneously reported) of Mr. Maguire. They fastened a quarrel upon him ; and one of their most able, if not their ablest, champions sent him a challenge. They triumphed in anticipation. Mr. Maguire was a young man, almost totally unknown to fame ; he officiated in a remote parish of Connaught ; his flock were rude mountaineers ; and, from the seclusion to which the discharge of his duties confined him, it was supposed he had few opportunities of acquiring an intimate knowledge of either books or men. Besides, he had not gone to France or Rome for his

education; he drank at a domestic fountain, and was, in fact, one of three thousand—an Irish country priest.

It is somewhat remarkable that, in this hour of need, the youthful divine was left to stand almost without any support,\* but the innate strength of his own mind, which assured him of success. The Catholics condemned, by implication, his presumption; and, from the loud vauntings of the biblicals, they anticipated nothing but defeat. This cannot be denied;—they did not seem desirous of being present; for many of the tickets of admission allotted to Mr. Maguire remained unsold. Even Mr. O'Connell could hardly be persuaded to honour the meeting with his presence. He, poor man, was averse to discussion. O'Connell an enemy of discussion! What a libel on his own life! The truth is, the apology made by the Catholics subsequently for this apathy was mere sophistry; and, if true, was a justification of the charge made against their religion, of tending to stifle inquiry.

Opposed to Mr. Maguire stood a man of great mental activity, considerable powers, and long practice in theological disputation.—He was Mr. Maguire's senior by many years, and had at his back and at his command the whole willing resources of Trinity College. From all appearances, it was about to be a contest between a brawny Goliath and a rustic David. The result is well known; but the progress of the discussion presented some curious features, which might be enlarged upon with profit. As I shall, however, have to say a few words, by and by, on the beneficial tendency of religious discussion, I shall reserve the remarks I intended to make until then. It only remains for me to add, that the accompanying engraving is an authentic likeness of the Rev. Thomas Maguire.

Rock.

#### IRISH POPULAR STORIES.—NO. I.

##### GUBBAWN SEER.

YOU may talk of modern architects indeed! I wonder what are they to Gubbawn Seer, who lived some three hundred years ago, not many miles from Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny,† or Paddy Roach told me a lie the day he walked with me from New Ross to Grange; and a warm harvest-day it was as come since, I assure you. Gubbawn was a born genius, and had, no doubt, from his infancy the phrenological *bump* of *constructiveness* as well as that of *causality*; for, only he happened to be made a blacksmith of, he would have excelled as a lawyer. While yet a boy, an occurrence took place which called forth a precocious judgment that would have immortalized a Lord Chancellor.

One day two gentlemen were amusing themselves on the river Barrow, having nothing better to do, and it so *fell out* that one of them tumbled into the river; but, as luck would have it, he was not born to

\* It should here be observed, that Mr. Maguire's own parishioners were the only persons who had confidence in his talents. Many of them accompanied him to Dublin, and remained until the termination of the discussion. How I envy them their feelings!

† Every county in Ireland claims the honour of being the birth-place of Gubbawn Seer.



be drowned, for his comrade, seeing him flounder about like a porpoise in a pond, thought to catch him, but couldn't; and so, well become him, he takes up the boat-hook, and hauls him in, holus-bolus, wet as he was,—but that wasn't the worst of it neither; for, by the hoky, it so happened that, in hooking him up, he hooked out his eye, and so there was the dickens to pay. Instead of giving God thanks for his life, as a decent man ought to do, my gentleman kicked up a hubbub about the *loss* of his-eye, though every body could see very plainly where *it was*. “O don't make a blowing-horn of it,” says the other; “you *see* there is no help for it.”—“I'll try,” says the other, and with that he goes to a lawyer, and egad the trial sure enough was to come on at the summer assizes, as it were, for the loss of the eye. It was a nice point; lawyers differed—when did they not?—respecting the probable verdict, and both parties brought down the Currans and Shiels of that day to bother the judge and jury out of their natural senses. Nothing was to be heard of in Kilkenny but the case of the eye; some asserted it was worth nothing; others, that, having one eye left, the plaintiff was the gainer, in as much as he saw more than his neighbours; that is, he saw two eyes in the head of each, while they could see but one in his.

Being a litigious era, the very boys were in the habit of doing what is often done by “children of a larger growth” in other places: namely, they held mock trials. It so happened that the defendant's counsellor was on his way to Kilkenny at the very moment when Gubbawn Seer and his playmates were in consultation about the case of the eye, and, hearing the name of his client mentioned, he stopped to listen. “I tell you what,” said Gubbawn, “the gentleman ought not to get a single cross for the loss of his eye; and, if he wasn't pleased wid that, I'd tell you what I'd do: I'd put 'em both into the boat again, and throw the blind one out, an', just as he was going to be drowned outright, I'd ax him—sir, hunny, I can't save your life ony by stickin' this boat-hook into your eye. Will I do it?” The lawyer laughed in his sleeve, mounted his horse, and won the trial by pleading just as Gubbawn did before him. On his way home, he offered to make a counsellor of Gubbawn Seer, and, no doubt, he would have been Lord Chancellor before this time, only for a further unexpected display of his genius.

One day his father, who was none of the wisest, wanted to put a roof upon a pig-cot; the walls were circular, like a round tower, and he had but three pieces of timber, not one of which was long enough to go across. Half the men in the parish were consulted, but it was of no manner of use, for they could not devise any plan of roofing the pig-cot. “Oh, what a set of *wiseys*,” said Gubbawn, “can't you put the sticks this way”—



And so they all wondered and cried out, “a genius!” They declared it was a pity to make a counsellor of him, and so he was

bound apprentice to a blacksmith, a very handy man, who could repair gun-locks and make brogue-nails. Gubbawn, like Billy O'Rourke, soon surpassed his master, and became the greatest architect in the country. His fame spread far and near; and the king of England, hearing of him, sent for him to come and build his palace. On the way he bade his son, for he was married by this time, to shorten the road. "Shorten the road!" said the boy, "'tis impossible to do that."—"Och, you ummadaun," said Gubbawn, "go an' ax your mother."—"Tell a story a-vich," said the mother; for she had a head between her shoulders, and that is more than most women have.

When they reached England, they set about building the palace; and, when it was near finished, the king, in order that no monarch in the world should have one like his, for it was a most magnificent one, resolved to kill Gubbawn when his work was concluded. But, well become the Irish Solomon, he was up to him, and so pretended that the palace could not be finished until he got a certain tool from home. "Oh, you mustn't go," said the king; "send your son." The son went, but did not return; and still Gubbawn pretended that the work would be imperfect without the absent instrument. "Shall I go for it, my liege?" said Gubbawn. "No," said the king; "I'll send the prince, my son." The prince accordingly set off, and when he reached the house, Gubbawn's wife said, the tool is in that chest yonder; and, when the king's son stooped to reach it up, she seized him by the legs, popped him into the chest, and never let him out of it until her husband was returned safe and sound; for she knew well enough all was not right, by her husband sending for the old oak plane, the only tool in the chest.

Soon after this, a boy threw a *pebble* into Gubbawn's eye, and from that day out he was *stone* blind, but he was not the less wise for all that. When his son wanted a wife, Gubbawn bade him marry the girl who could sell the sheep alive, yet keep the better part of the skin for herself; who could be always provided with milk, though without a single cow; and who would be never from home, though often absent.\*

When the son was married, he wanted a farm, and Gubbawn, though blind, went to choose one for him. When they came to the first, he desired the son to lead the horse into the middle of one of the largest fields. "You are now in the middle of the field," said the son. "Very well, a-vich," said Gubbawn, "tie the *baste*."—"I can't, father, there is nothing to tie him to."—"Och! then this farm, my boy," said he, "will never do." And so they went to another, and, when in the middle of the largest field, Gubbawn desired the horse to be tied. "I can't," said the son, "there is nothing grown here but thistles."—"In that case," said Gubbawn, "we must go farther." At the next farm the old man, as usual, was led into the largest field, but, as there was nothing to tie the horse to but heath, Gubbawn declared that would never do. When they came to a fourth farm, he was, as before, led into the middle of the largest field;

---

\* The elucidation of these apparent impossibilities is always left to the ingenuity of the listeners.

and, on bidding the son tie the horse, was answered, there was nothing strong enough. "Why," asked Gubbawn, "are there no weeds?"—"No," said the son; "nothing stronger than docks."—"Oh, oh!" said the blind man, "this farm *will* do."

Soon afterwards they removed thither, where they lived long, and, if they were not happy, that we may be, so here ends my story.

D. D.

#### LINES

WRITTEN ON READING THE REVIEW OF THE MEMOIRS OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, IN THE "LONDON AND DUBLIN MAGAZINE."

I OPENED the book and I traced on its pages,  
All haloed with virtue and freedom and pride,  
The deeds of a man which the ocean of ages  
Should waft on the crest of their foam-breathing tide.  
When the young birds of freedom shall fly from their cages,  
And visit the regions where liberty wakes,  
Oh! then should the lovers of heroes and sages  
Inscribe on the pillar that gratitude makes.—

Oh! then should they 'grave, with a chisel of splendour,  
The embryo struggles the PATRIOT made;  
When, single and lonely, he stood the defender  
Of all those dear rights that the nation betrayed;  
When hope had no prospect of glory to tender,  
And Ireland was blotted from triumph and fame,  
Yet HE soared, like her eagles, untaught to surrender  
The nest of his loves, although feather'd with shame!

Though night, in its tempests, was closing around him,  
And starless and sunless the orbits on high,—  
Though the gloom of his island darkly hung round him,  
With all the red clouds of its fire-bearing sky,  
Yet the burstings of fortune could never confound him;  
And hoping, while hope had no longer a smile,  
He struggled—he fought—till the last fetter bound him,  
And gave him to death for his own lovely isle.

While the twilight of eve promised clouds for the morrow,  
The soul of WOLFE TONE was unchangeable still;  
And, merging to light from the gray mist of sorrow,  
He flung the broad flag to the winds of the hill.

Last of the brave! though you fondled with danger,  
Yet freedomless Ireland still slumbers the same;  
And the pleasureless sway of the saenach stranger  
Has stripped her of glory—has tarnished her name!

Dec.—t.

D. S. L.

## THE FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

IT is not generally known—it is not known at all in Ireland, that a society under the above high-sounding title exists in London. It is composed of Catholics, and has auxiliary associations in several of the country towns in England. Its object is the distribution of tracts among Protestants, for the express purpose of disabusing the English mind of those prejudices which are too generally entertained respecting the Catholic religion. Nothing possibly could be more praiseworthy,—it is undertaking to do what the Irish and British Catholic Associations have left undone; and, if its acts corresponded with its professions, it would merit the aid and praise of every lover of truth and civil liberty in the world. But, alas! “’tis distance lends enchantment to view;” there is nothing deserving of praise about the society but its name,—if that be not a profanation when assumed for sinister purposes. Like the tinsel of theatrical costume, the conductors and originators of this society look best at a distance; their acts will not bear close scrutiny; and, though there be nothing very dignified in analysing the conduct of an attorney’s clerk and a mendicant printer, I will cut them up, as surgeons do other subjects, for the benefit of mankind. Though endued with neither talents nor resources, this blessed pair have duped some score of followers; and, though I think there is nothing but what merits praise in the generality of their supporters—the professed object was good—they will, no doubt, be far from feeling displeased with me for enabling them to see more clearly the character and claims of those whose proceedings have recently been any thing but edifying.

The president of this society is one William Eusebius Andrews, a man to whom nature has refused the necessary qualifications of acquiring notoriety under ordinary circumstances. The peculiar situation of the British Catholics, and a most obtrusive egotism, have, however, placed him before the public, not—heaven knows, for his own good or the benefit of others. He, with an ignorant obstinacy, now attributes that to his own merit which resulted solely from accidental circumstances.

From the paucity of the English Catholics, and the unpopularity of every thing appertaining to them, it was not to be expected that any man of saleable talent would devote his time to a periodical advocacy of their cause. They would not—they could not—remunerate him; but it did not follow that the modicum of profit resulting from the sale of a Catholic journal was not an appropriate reward for one who could not find a more lucrative employment. Andrews was just such a man; a compositor by trade, he was necessarily better informed than the generality of artisans; and it must not be denied that he also possessed talents that would have placed him, under any circumstances, at the head of a Nightingale Club, held at the Bull or the Bear, in this or that lane or alley.

Exalted into an editor, he floundered away amidst a chaos of absurdities,—extended his reading to Baker’s Chronicles and Dr. Chalmers’s works,—blundered on in his vocation, and half persuaded the English Catholics that he really had some brains. Patronage followed,—they supported him well; but, as his means increased, his



folly improved, and during the last ten years he has been leaning on one abortive literary scheme or other for support. To a want of prudence he adds a solemn contempt for the understanding of his readers; and, because he possesses a control over an ill-managed press, he imagines himself an oracle—a Bossuet in polemics—an Adam Smith in politics. Poor man! he is just as ignorant of the science of government, as he is of theology, and that is palpable enough, since he published his remarks on the discussion between O'Leary and Burnet.

It does not, however, follow that, because Andrews is deficient in those attributes of mind which constitute an efficient journalist, he is without a certain portion of readers. Unfortunately, his is the only paper which pretends to an exclusive advocacy of the cause of the British Catholics, and consequently no choice is left. His increasing propensity to fudge and blunder has, however, sadly diminished the list of his subscribers; and, were it not for the indirect support of "the friends of civil and religious liberty," his Truth-teller had long since been numbered with the things that were. It contains nothing to keep it above ground; its only merit, if it be a merit, consists in its sewer-like quality of receiving the filtrations of Cobbett's Register. Andrews servilely copies the crude opinions of the "enlightener," and may be considered Billy's echo at an humble distance. Still the man has his disciples; like those of the veiled prophet, their veneration is regulated by their respective distances: an Andrewite at Whitechapel is simply a supporter; at Birmingham, he is an admirer; but at Preston or Manchester, he is lost in veneration. Andrews only wants the silver veil to become the hero of an epic!

Let it not be supposed that I feel inclined to throw either censure or ridicule upon this man's supporters. There are among them kindly warm-hearted men;—they are dupes, not knaves;—and, on entering into the Society of Civil and Religious Liberty, I am quite sure they were actuated by none but the purest and most patriotic motives. I give them every credit for their intention; and only lament with them that their money was not directed into more efficient and purer channels. They have, however, opened a mine which may hereafter be worked to more advantage.

The Society of Civil and Religious Liberty started into existence about twelve months since. Its ostensible motive was good—it took—but, in reality, it was only a scheme of Andrews's for raising the wind. He had just pocketed three or four hundred pounds in the shape of a subscription; and, seeing the rich so ready to part with their pounds, he thought he might as well make a claim upon the pennies of the poor. With the help of one Grady, an attorney's clerk, he devised his scheme; persuaded Dias Santos, a most amiable young man, to lend them his countenance; and retained the services of Dr. Rolph, until a laugh from Captain Rock drove him from the Black Boy. The ostensible plan was the distribution of tracts; and, to achieve this, money was necessary. Clubs were therefore held in different public-houses on a Sunday evening;—all who had pence to spare were invited, as well as those who could make and listen to long speeches. The thing soon degenerated; the meetings became debating-clubs; Deism and irreligion cast in among them their unlicked spawn; and, as the friends of civil and reli-

gious liberty dare not stifle discussion, it is to be apprehended that these reprehensible proceedings did an immensity of mischief. The more sober part of the frequenters soon ceased to attend; and I am glad to see the amount of the collection at the Luke's Head—a famous rendezvous of Deists—during the last month, did not exceed *fourpence three farthings!* The other districts in London have been equally as unproductive. Andrews and Grady now depend solely on the country. The facts of the case have not yet extended so far; when they do, we shall have a beggerly account of monies.

The incapacity of the president and his tool, the secretary, for deciding upon or writing tracts, was soon made apparent. The very first, consisting only of four pages, contained a deliberate historical falsehood, and was better calculated to irritate than conciliate the minds of Protestants. Enough for them, however, the error and argument came recommended by the authority of Cobbett.

Had they continued, however, the issue of tracts similar to the first, they might have evinced some honesty, though little capacity. But the cloven-footed motive of all their brawling about prejudice and patriotism was soon made apparent. Instead of printing original and premeditated tracts, they took the money of "the friends of Civil and Religious Liberty," and gave them in return—not what they bargained for, but some ephemeral trash which had first appeared in the veracious *Truthteller*. The uninitiated were not aware that Andrews, by this manœuvre, saved the price of the composition: the tracts cost nothing but the trifle paid for presswork, the matter having been first set up for the *Truthteller*. Andrews's charges, however, tell a different story. How plain a brief statement makes difficult things!

The series of tracts issued consisted, I believe, of fifteen or sixteen. Some of them were quite as well adapted for the frozen regions as for the meridian of England; but they did neither much good nor harm. They were not distributed: for I am told the gouty landlord of the Black Boy was in the habit of igniting his tap-room fire with them during the whole of last winter. No doubt they did similar *enlightening* service in other places! So much for the tracts.

Set a beggar on horseback—you know the adage, though Andrews and his secretary appear to have forgotten it. Not content with humbugging the friends of civil and religious liberty, they undertook to set the world right upon matters of reform—a question about which they knew just as much as a Russian boor does about algebra. If Andrews were made prime minister for it, he could not define what he means by radical reform. A reform is unquestionably necessary; without it there cannot be happiness for this country;—but then it is one upon which Canning entertained much more correct opinions than Cobbett. Our president and secretary thought differently; and therefore summoned a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, where they passed resolutions and decided upon a petition, which ought to be preserved for their strange absurdities. Subsequently, their followers partially withdrew their confidence; and, in the hope of regaining it, Andrews called, a few days since, another meeting. To give it respectability, "Counsellor" Ffrench attended; and, not having prepared a speech, he entertained the meeting with an hour's disgusting egotism about his talent for writing Latin, and his qualifi-

cations for a professor's chair in the to-be College of London. More than this, he loaded with vituperation the memory of Canning.—There was, however, nothing new in this : long since a living ass has kicked at a dead lion. For Ffrench I feel nothing but commiseration. "Some thought him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad." There can be no doubt that his intellects are disturbed ; his friends should take care of him.

I shall conclude for the present in the words of Burke : "To speak honest truth only requires a contempt of the opinions of those whose actions we abhor." In stripping the veil from hypocrites, I am not courting the favour of any man or set of men. By and by, I shall examine the claims of the British Catholic Association to our confidence and support.

RORY O'ROURKE.

O'SULLIVAN'S LETTERS FROM DUBLIN.—LETTER I.

THE IRISH METROPOLIS.

*Bilton's Hotel, Monday.*

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I once heard you, amongst other profound reflections, observe, that fear is ever accompanied by hope ; that misfortune, like certain animals, commonly carries with it, in some measure, a cure for the wounds it inflicts ; and that there never did occur, in a national point of view, a calamity which was not followed by some consoling circumstance. Of the truth of this we have now a remarkable illustration: the death of Mr. Canning had overwhelmed us with grief, were it not for the announcement of the reappearance of your weekly gazette ; and, though some were at first, like the heathen, slow to believe, the great bulk of the people eagerly grasped at the promised boon, and all is now, from Ballybough Bridge to Mount Brown, on the tiptoe of expectation: the old are rubbing their spectacles, and the young are stirring up their brains. Murthough O'Sullivan is full of the spleen, and Doctor Magee of disappointment. The exclusionists thought you as defunct as the conscience of an Orangeman, but this glorious resuscitation has overwhelmed them with despair, while it has reanimated the hopes of the friends of Ireland. If I know you, and few had better opportunities, neither party will be disappointed.

For myself, I shall say but little ; you did me an injustice in supposing so long a letter was necessary to induce me to become a contributor during my sojourn here. You should have commanded, not solicited my services ; and I am sometimes inclined to call your friendship in doubt, since you have been guilty of an implied suspicion on mine. But enough of this : you shall hear from me once a week, at least ; but mind, I must be allowed my own way. Desultory in every thing, I cannot be methodical in a letter. Each successive epistle may probably resemble each and every of O'Connell's speeches—filled with a little of every thing—politics, theology, tragedy, and farce. But you flatter me greatly by saying my views will have somewhat of originality and raciness about them ; at all events, I am inclined to regard things with my own eyes, and I believe you know very well that I express what I feel, without favour or affection. If I occasionally differ from my friends, I hope they will be just enough to allow me undiminished the liberty of opinion ; what comes unsupported by argument and fact, let them reject *in toto*.

I have now been here just three weeks, and probably may continue here for as many months. The place has no great novelty for me; it is long since I became familiar with its remotest haunts and prominent beauties; but houses of brick or stone, streets or lanes paved well or ill, are hardly worth noticing any where; they illustrate nothing but the books of travellers, they are things of course where men are civilized; but men themselves, whether civilized or not, are very different subjects of study. I never look upon the "human face divine," without a fit of abstraction—of reverence and amazement. The very sight of it puts all my reading and philosophy into requisition; and, probably, from this mental habit proceeds my propensity to analyze and compare the characters of every man I meet. I have been particularly busy this way since my arrival, and you shall, from time to time, be favoured with the result of my cogitations. Sometimes, indeed, a libation of whiskey punch, when absorbed in the usual way after dinner, disarranges much of my materials; but, since last Thursday—on which day I dined with honest John Lawless—I have resolved not to swallow a greater quantity, at one sitting, than half a dozen tumblers, provided the principal material be not poteen; then, indeed, it would be hard to resist.

I really believe that distance is favourable to a correct judgment: it is not at all improbable that we know more about the moon than the man who inhabits it; and perhaps John Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*, has a more accurate knowledge respecting Irish affairs, than Fred. Conway, of the *Dublin Evening Post*. I am ready to confess that, before I left Ireland—now fifteen years—I was as hot-headed and as positive a patriot as any of the third-rate orators at the Corn Exchange; I firmly believed that my great, great, great grandmother's great, great, great, great, great grandmother was Noah's daughter; that a true Milesian was the very perfection of a noble-minded gentleman; that a man who called himself, and was called by the mob a patriot, was half worthy of adoration; that Ireland was the most miserable country in the world; and that, in short, every thing O'Connell said at aggregate meetings was as true as holy writ. Absence, however, though unable to efface my love of country, has modified many of my opinions: I now view men and things with a dispassionate eye, compare them with what I have observed elsewhere and under other circumstances, and draw my conclusions from deductions uninfluenced by prejudice. I can, therefore, safely say that Dublin, at the present day, presents to me as many living objects of study as Rome could dead ones to the most infatuated of antiquaries; and, if I possess half as much industry in my inquiries as I do enthusiasm, I cannot fail to collect much amusing and instructive matter during my stay here.

Dublin, like London, is now rather dull; the law courts are closed, the Catholic Association hardly sends forth any indication of existence, and the public mind would run the risk of becoming stagnant, were it not for an occasional sermon on controversy, and the battle of the grocers, which, I assure you, is now carried on very fiercely between an English house and the ancient fig-fixtures of the place. Strange! these people are perpetually crying out for the introduction of English capital, but no sooner does it make its appearance, than the bearer of it is assailed with the utmost fury, even by those who be-

nefit most by his coming. Still, Dublin is far from presenting that dead monotony which at this season characterizes the English metropolis. The freshness of the season is breathed as it were in the city; the blast comes charged with health into its farthest corner, and the ample dimensions of the streets permit the sun of heaven to look down upon the inhabitants with uninterrupted joyfulness. There is no opaque canopy of smoke and fog above; no tedious tiresome chain of dull heavy dray-horses, linked for no purpose under heaven but to annoy pedestrians below; nothing to stop either the progress of your eyes or limbs, or impress you with the consciousness of sojourning in a place where there are more of the works of man than of God. Such a conviction seems to have a powerful effect upon the people, for the looks of all indicate something more than a vacant cheerfulness,—they tell of a happiness distinct from that which arises from “meat and clothes,”—a happiness which even the partial absence of these could not destroy. This is, I fancy, particularly observable at this season; and Donnybrook is but an outlet where it exhibits itself in a richness and vivacity which old associations call forth freely. I recently visited this scene of mirth on my way to the Dargle; for, though but little known to fame, the environs of Dublin present more objects of natural curiosity—more natural scenes of magnificence and beauty, than any city in Europe. Why are not these better known and more frequented? Is it because they are in Ireland? I think not: things are not despised because they are Irish, but because the people of Ireland have sadly mistaken the methods of interesting foreigners in matters which concern either themselves or their country. More of this anon; I dine with Sheil at five, and it is now half-past four. Adieu.

Your's truly,

OS—B.

P. S. You have seen a report of the proceedings at the Munster Catholic Meeting, and have, no doubt, read the apologies of certain representatives: Villiers Stuart had some folk to dine with him! and young Hutchinson, I suppose, had to dine by himself! More of this by and by. Every event, my dear captain, illustrates your theory: namely, that nothing patriotic or wise is to be expected from M. P.s. When will men suffer the Almighty only to legislate for them? Is Dennis Murphy gone to Cork? Is Shea in London yet? The last *Edinburgh Review* is as dull as one of Magee's Visitation Sermons, or Murthough O'Sullivan's Church of Ireland Magazine, and that, goodness knows, is stupidity itself. Adieu!

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#### THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

THE English and Scotch newspapers have teemed during the last few months with lamentations over the fall of the English peasantry. This calamity they attribute not to the poor laws—not to taxation—not to the game laws, or the unpaid magistracy, but to the emigration of Irishmen! The Morning Chronicle was the first to point out the supposed evil; and, as John Black is famous for giving tongue, the whole pack of scribblers, from John O'Groat's to the Land's End, soon joined in the cry. It is not a little singular that the *Scotsman*, and the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, in the very teeth of their published theories, were prodigal of tears over the calamity.—

One of the most undoubted truths in political economy is, that labour should be free, and that the labourer should be allowed to dispose of the produce of his hands in that market which produces the best price. To this the economists have assented over and over; yet they have the inconsistency to tell us, that the emigration of Irish labourers will ruin the English labourers. Now, in the first place, if the Irish labourer who works in England be an evil, it inevitably follows that the produce of the Irish labourer, whether he lives at home or abroad, must also be an evil, if disposed of in the English market. There is no escaping from this dilemma. Either the emigration of Irish labourers is no evil, or the free importation of Irish manufacture is an evil, when that manufacture is a commodity which could be produced in England by English hands.

Machinery, they say, ought to be freely exported and imported.—Now, M'Culloch says, man is a machine: *ergo*, man ought not to encounter any obstruction either in his ingress or egress. The economists must either admit the harmlessness of emigration, or abandon the whole reasoning upon which their theory is founded. The truth is, a labourer, being a producer, is, in the commercial sense of the word, a commodity which will cease to be imported when there is no demand. If there be a demand, he benefits the country he comes into; if there be not a demand, he will soon cease to offend strangers with his presence.

But is the fact established that Irish emigration has increased to such an alarming extent? Who are those who give evidence? One or two Scotchmen, and John Black, of the Morning Chronicle. It is very true, there are thousands of Irishmen in England,—the vast majority of them are to be found in London; but still their numbers are far from being what is generally supposed. This I shall show by and by; but, in the mean time, I must observe, that a Connaught man has just as much right to seek employment in London as the Devonshire man. It is really the capital, not only of England, but of the empire; it is the seat of government, the emporium of trade and commerce. There is Irish as well as English capital in it; and therefore any native of Ireland has just as good a right to take up his residence and pursue his interests in it, as a native of England.

But I deny *in toto* the statements recently made; I deny that the emigration of Irish labourers has been greater this year than last.—On the contrary, I maintain, that it was much less. In the first place, the peasantry are now much better off in Ireland than they had been twelve months ago; and the Glasgow Chronicle, who published daily lists of arrivals, disclosed in an unguarded moment the fact. On a Monday it sighed for the fate of the Scotch peasantry; they were to be supplanted by the “woild Hirish,” who had come over in droves, eager to work for mere salt with their porridge, and content to sleep in a pig-sty. These fellows were worse than locusts; more were ready to emigrate, and then, alas! for poor Sawney! On Wednesday, however, the editor discovered his mistake: the “woild Hirish” would not—actually would not—work for the wages paid to Scotchmen!! In their own words, they had money enough left to pay for their passage to Ireland, where they could get better wages, better food, and better beds and barns to sleep in!! This little fact illustrates what I had often said of Scotland. There is not a more

wretched people under heaven than the people of that country. In the Highlands there are periodical famines and perpetual misery.—Every statistical work on the country shows that the people live upon a scanty supply of potatoes, with hardly an occasional supply of oatmeal. This is and has also been the diet of the peasantry of the north of England, as recently stated by Sir James Graham; and be it observed, these northern peasantry are the most moral and honest in Great Britain.

Strange, that foreign agricultural labourers should seek employment in Scotland! They must have been grossly imposed upon; it fact, they were deceived, and the extent of the poor people's disappointment may be estimated by the fact, that the land o'cakes is perpetually discharging the excess of her beggarly population upon the agricultural counties of England. The Highlands and neighbouring isles are swarming with unemployed poor: Dr. McCulloch bears unequivocal evidence of the fact; and I say, without the fear of contradiction, that these parts of Scotland send out, comparatively, more emigrant labourers than the county of Cork—and nine-tenths of those Irish in London are from that part of Ireland. It is, however, very true, and not, perhaps, very strange, that the Highlanders, and their neighbours in the adjoining islands, when they leave home, are like the blacks in the West Indies, anxious to be thought natives of Ireland. Scots they hardly ever call themselves; and, as their brogue, accent, habits, and appearance, are exactly Irish, the harmless imposition is seldom detected. Hundreds of them—and I ought to know an Irishman—have deceived me, and, to their credit be it spoken, they do no dishonour to the land of their adoption.

Scotland having, therefore, a large portion of her population constantly unemployed, the poor Irish were particularly unfortunate in trying their fortune in the north. The truth is, I believe all the statements hitherto made respecting the Irish, in Scotch papers, to be gross exaggerations. An Irishman's instinct, if he had no reason, would warn him from such an inhospitable shore; and, therefore, all Sawney's apprehensions for his peasantry are groundless,—all his fine talk about high wages and luxurious diet, mere moonshine.

But, supposing these statements respecting the numbers of Irish emigrants into England and Scotland to be correct, the conclusions sought to be drawn from such an admission display the gross ignorance of all the newspaper editors of the three kingdoms. In fact, they reason upon false data altogether.

In the first place, it is said by the English and Scotch editors, that, in as much as the Irish labourers increase the number of hands, a diminution in the rate of wages necessarily takes place; for, if there be an excess of labourers, competition among themselves will reduce the amount of remuneration. In addition to this, it is said that the immoral habits of the Irish must cause a sad deterioration in the manners of the English peasantry. The Irish editors do not attempt to deny all this; but exult in seeing what they call the poisoned chalice, commended to the lips of their oppressors. In their estimation, Irish emigrants will reduce England to the verge of misery, and force the legislature to provide Paddy work at home, that he may not beggar and contaminate John Bull abroad!

*(To be continued.)*

## THE REV. JOHN BURNET.

"I am as one, who, in a misty dream,  
Listens to things wild and fantastical."—MISS BAILLIE.

"THE first necessary qualification," says Lady Mary Wortley Montague—a kind of philosopher in petticoats, "is impudence; and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory), the second is impudence, and the third is impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make a fortune." Now, whether Mr. Burnet shall make a fortune, I know not; but those who are acquainted with the man and the nature of his talents, will admit, unhesitatingly, that if there be any truth in her ladyship's dogma, he ought, if he lives to an ordinary age, to be as rich as Cæsus. He is a Scotchman, was a private soldier, fulminates oracles in a conventicle, and has crowds of admirers. If wealth do not follow, chaos is come again.

There is a great charm in walking through the fields, where the pressed herbage return odours for injury, and where you cannot be alone though in solitude. I have often felt all the irresistible happiness of such a recreation, and have experienced at such times a holy expansion of the heart,—an elevation, in the language of devotion, of the soul to God. The country undoubtedly ought to be the scene of piety:—

"The wandering streams that shine between the hills;  
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills;  
The dying gales that pant upon the trees;  
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze,"—

Are so many living monitors, who remind us of the presence and goodness and superintendence of the Deity. But, those who have to battle with the world—who have to acquire wisdom by the contemplation of man and the works of man, commend them to the town, where huge piles of brick and mortar almost exclude the day; and where crime and folly meet you at every corner. Savage composed his Wanderer—and a sublime poem it is—in the streets; and Gibbon never felt better inclined to write than after a jostle among M. P.s, demireps, and hackney-coachmen. A walk through St. Giles's always makes me eloquent; I meet there, heaven knows, many a frail memorial of my poor country's degradation—many things and men which would not offend the eye of a voluptuous censor, were it not that injustice and imbecility have been too long residents—whoever have been absentees—in Ireland.

But let me quit the subject, if I can; but I cannot, for it is intimately associated with the reverend gentleman whose name is at the head of this article.

I have already said that a walk in the streets makes me eloquent. That, however, is not my motive for rambling alone through noisome lanes and dark alleys,—I am always eloquent, but not always happy; I think of home and Ireland,—start up, pace the narrow limits of my apartment, and eager, without knowing exactly why, to expatiate, as it were, in a more unconfined sphere of action, I rush into the streets, and, chance-directed, proceed—I know not whither. On Sunday



evening last, I found myself in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, and, being in a fit of abstraction, I jostled against some people who were spelling their way through a placard; I looked up, and my eye instantly encountered the name of the Rev. John Burnet, in brawny capitals. It notified that he was that evening to hold forth in an obscure conventicle, in the notorious Crown Street, in the immediate neighbourhood; and that a collection was to be made immediately after the sermon, in aid of funds to build a chapel in Ireland; *patron*, that illustrious saint—Lord Carbary.

Hem! said I, and my hand involuntarily buttoned up my breeches pocket. Though determined not to part with my money, I resolved to give him my ear, and accordingly soon found myself very comfortably seated in a pew, alongside a sanctified old man, in a very well-furnished conventicle. The fame of the theological "star" had preceded him; the chapel was crowded, but the eye looked in vain for either beauty or elegance. Women are called the pillars of the church,—it ought to be ugly women, for a handsome face is a great enemy to devotion: your fair damsels appear to be aware of it; for, with, I should suppose, great violence to their own piety, they generally abstain from the canting tabernacles of the age.

With nothing, therefore, to distract the attention of the most wandering intellect, it was no wonder that some impatience was manifested—at least in a constant gaze towards the pulpit—for the favourite performer of the night. In due time he appeared, and soon evinced his intimate acquaintance with the style of his craft. Cant was the inspiring Goddess of his discourse, and truly it was no wonder that there was an abundance of words where sense was lacking. He seemed to be a kind of saintly improvisator—pouring out words and sentences without any premeditation; and, though his meaning, like the moon in a mist, was but dimly visible in the fog of mystery, there were parts of this pulpit oration which could not be misunderstood. At the beginning he relieved the religious ark from the unsteady ballast of good works. They had no business there; they were altogether unworthy of the notice of those for whom a Saviour died; Christians could not co-operate in the great work of redemption—all was to be thrown in holy confidence upon the shoulders of the Redeemer! The Papists, poor fools, were taught by their priests, and were silly enough to believe, that relieving the wants of others, acting justly, and practising all the works of charity, would tend towards the securing their salvation! It was blasphemy—rank folly—and not tolerated by Scripture. Popery, therefore, was a bad, very bad religion! Its professors held good works to be meritorious; and, therefore, the Catholic religion ought to be banished from the earth, and from Ireland in particular, where, unfortunately, it had taken deep root—even on the estate of that noble saint, Lord Carbary. Perhaps, in their simplicity—their natural goodness—they did not believe that Popery was such as he had described. Well, then, he would prove his words—from what? Butler's Catechism. Would they believe it? This tome for infant minds did not say one word about the second commandment; but it gave directions for going to confession (here the rigid muscles of the fair auditors relaxed), and for the performance of good works. Oh, what an abo-

minable creed! what an unhallowed system! Surely, the congregation would come down liberally, when their pious offerings were for the purpose of rooting Popery out of Ireland, &c. &c.

This is a fair sample of the sermon, and it affords a good clue to the moral honesty and Christian sincerity of the man, as well as of the degree of merit to which his talents, natural and acquired, entitle him.

When I said Mr. Burnet was a Scotsman, and had been in the ranks, I did not mean to cast any thing like a reflection upon him for either of these circumstances. For the intellectual industry of Scotsmen, I feel nothing but admiration; I never did refuse them the meed of my praise for their aspirations after literary distinction; and more than once I have wished that Irish patriotism had more of those qualities which constitute a Caledonian's love of country. But still there is an egotism, a restless endeavour to elevate his country and countrymen, at the expense of other nations and people, in a genuine Scot, which I consider very reprehensible, and which really detract from his numerous good qualities. For the accident of birth Mr. Burnet is not accountable, neither has he any cause to blush for it; and that he has burst through the trammels of circumstances—soared above the poverty of his lot, and elevated himself from a condition unfavourable to literary acquirements, by mental exertion, constitutes, perhaps, his best claim to our praise. Had that elevation, however, been obtained more by dignity than cunning—more by manly honesty than obsequious subserviency to the dominion of cant, he would undoubtedly challenge our admiration more boldly and less suspiciously. The circumstances of his early life have left their hue upon his character: a soldier in his youth, he wanted opportunities of acquiring knowledge; and, perhaps, had not the genius of his country thrown her inspiring mantle over him, infused shrewdness into his mind, and banished the habit of blushing from his face, he might yet be doing duty, under the dubious distinction of the kelt and VVV upon the arm.

Circumstances, perhaps, even did more for him than the attributes of a Scot. The religious phrenzy of the times afforded him what the unfortunate Chatterton calculated on—the prospect of a Methodist pulpit. Nothing was wanted but sheer impudence and a superficial knowledge of cant. The Bible afforded all necessary theology; and, though he wanted that dismal cast of countenance elongated by the pious elevation of the eyebrows and the depression of the chin, there were sects who required a less revolting face than Frankenstein bestowed upon his unhallowed creation. Mr. Burnet looked about him carefully; and, after examining the nature of Wesleyanism and Southcoteanism, and deeming his qualification but ill adapted for either ushering in the Shilo or itinerant preaching, very wisely took up his *billet* in the city of Cork; and, instead of fighting for tyrants, became a soldier of Christ, and a most formidable foe of that sable illegitimate—the Prince of Darkness. For some years back he might be seen on a Sunday morning, like the cork of a champagne bottle, starting up in the pulpit of Cook-Street Conventicle. The congregation are called independent, and the same epithet may be applied to Mr. Burnet's sacred harangues. They consist merely of a cloud of words, into which the electric spark of genius never in-

trudes; they are a dense mass of verbiage, devoid at once of thought and method; holy rhapsodies, to which the remnant of a Scotch brogue gives a particular charm; they defy criticism, and delight a willing audience.

I would not for the world insinuate that Mr. Burnet considers himself as only acting a part in the little conventicle in Cook Street. But when I see him—and have seen him—despite what he is not altogether incapable of, manly and sober eloquence,—when I see him gratifying the vitiated taste and wild desires of the Cork Independents, by descending to rabid absurdities—religious mummeries;—when I see his powers of face—and it is little less comic, though more vulgar, than Liston's—to create a laugh in the house of prayer, an indistinct something creeps over me, and I feel half inclined to exclaim, this man is only acting a part! When I hear him stating that from the pulpit which he knows, or ought to know, is untrue;—when I hear him denying now what he affirmed before,\* my suspicions are almost confirmed; and, though I dare not pronounce him a hypocrite, I feel no small inclination to charge him with a want of moral honesty.

Though entirely ignorant of history, civil and ecclesiastic—though evidently unacquainted with books, I do not mean to deny that he is a man of considerable abilities. Had his education been liberal, he might have attained a respectable rank in any profession requiring talent; but, as it is, he can claim notice only for a fund of common sense, when he chooses to exhibit it, and a considerable knowledge of men—religious men. To this he adds much tact; in the pulpit he deals in that sanctimonious drivelling which passes in conventicles for illumination; but at public meetings he is a more rational being—he talks common-place well, and tells a funny anecdote to set the petticoat gods of such an assembly in a roar. It is no wonder that he is a great favourite, and it is no wonder that trick and cunning have been so far successful.

Still there were apprehensions that he might die and leave no name behind—he remembered only in the neighbourhood of Cook Street. Fortune, however, ever propitious, brought him before the public in a less questionable character than that of a ranter. He was summoned to give evidence, before a parliamentary committee, on the state of Ireland; and, not long since, accident brought him in contact, in London, with Mr. O'Leary, a native of Cork. A discussion took place—O'Leary had the best arguments—Burnet most talk; and it now happened, as it commonly does, the victory was claimed by the loudest brawler. Mr. O'Leary, however, was a layman, and Mr. Burnet, in emulation of Mr. Pope, longed for an opportunity of measuring, to use one of his own military phrases, his weapon with a priest; and the opportunity lately presented itself at Birmingham. Here, however, his defeat was too signal to allow his very partisans to lay claim to victory.

The reports of these discussions are now before me: they illustrate very forcibly the foregoing remarks. In them Mr. Burnet evinces a total want of information on historical questions,—a complete ignorance of all the rules of reasoning. His similes are neither drawn

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\* See Nicholls's edition of the Discussion at Birmingham, p. 109.

from books nor nature; on every subject his former profession supplies him with illustrations. He asserts boldly and confidently, but proves nothing; denies and admits any thing and every thing, and is prodigal alike of affirmation and scriptural phrases. The latter are generally oracularly dubious; for the Bible, like Fortunatus's purse, to use a profane illustration, contains something for all his wants. It is, in his hands, an Euclid and a history—a book of life and a school-book. Indeed, it is nearly the only book he ever read. At another time I may, perhaps, illustrate these remarks by quotations from the reports of the discussions. At present I shall only add, that the *vulgarity* of Mr. Burnet's original associations offensively exhibited itself at Birmingham; in answer to a learned speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Donnell, he stood up and said all his opponent had been labouring at was nonsense!

I have already said that Mr. Burnet's conduct on some occasions impresses me with a notion unfavourable to his moral honesty. I shall allude only to two: on Sunday evening last, he charged the Catholics with suppressing the second command in their catechisms. This charge was made in Parliament during the session before last, and was satisfactorily refuted in the public papers. Was Mr. Burnet ignorant of this fact,—if he were not, why renew the foul calumny? At the public meeting, out of which grew the discussion at the Argyle Rooms, Mr. Burnet, as usual, amused the ladies with an anecdote. He stated, that a parson in Ireland, zealous in distributing the Bible, succeeded best by stratagem. On one occasion he left a parcel of the sacred word in the care of a schoolmaster; "I'll not read 'em," said the pedagogue. "I don't want you," said the parson; "just take care of them till next week." The poor man consented, but the priest, hearing of the circumstance, came in a rage with a knife in his hand, for the purpose of *cutting in pieces the Sacred Volume*. The schoolmaster remonstrated, said he was merely taking care of them, and that, if they were spared, he would carry them out of the parish. He did so, and left them with a blacksmith. The people, hearing of the "row," came to the smithy in droves, "Yea then, won't you let us have one of the bukes Father John made such a noise about." To the truth of this Mr. Burnet pledged himself.

Here the auditors laughed, but a Catholic gentleman stood up and asked where did the occurrence take place. Mr. Burnet shrunk down upon his seat and thought to escape, but he was not on his way out. The question was renewed; a reverend friend pledged himself that Mr. Burnet would answer.—He never has.

ROCK.

## O'SULLIVAN'S LETTERS FROM DUBLIN.—LETTER II.

### OPINION IN IRELAND.

*Bilton's Hotel, Monday.*

YOUR first number, my dear captain, has caused great rejoicings in Lady Morgan's coterie. The shape, the size, the matter, and the manner, are approved of; it is a most convenient vehicle for conveying such mental food as the Irish literati can digest. You do not oppress them with too much of one thing, but, in the pleasing

variety of your bill of fare, there is something for every palate. Besides, it comes so opportunely; once a week never allows a suspension of interest, whilst those who wish, may convert you once a month into a sizable and cheap magazine. You will thus more than supply the vacuum occasioned by the cessation of the London and Dublin. In truth, the people were crying out, "*Rock, you're wanted!*"

"The degree of estimation," says Burke, "in which any profession is held, becomes a standard of the estimation in which the professors hold themselves." This is universally true, not only in respect to bodies of men, but when applied to nations. We may find ample illustrations of the fact in the very instructive, though very humiliating, history of Ireland.\* The success of William the Conqueror in England impressed Europe with magnificent ideas of his power and splendour. This opinion was favourable to his successors, and begot naturally enough in themselves corresponding notions of their own consequence. The people shared in the implied exaltation of their monarchs; and, when they invaded Ireland, their own pride and presumption, as well as the fame that preceded them, tended very much to impress the natives with awe, and somewhat of dubious veneration. As the invaders ascended in the ideal scale of moral worth, the Irish of course descended; for all the attributes of individuals and a whole people admit of no estimation but the comparative. The Peruvians and the Mexicans were a great people until the arrival of the Spaniards. Previous to that event, they had no equals; but the assumed, and in some things the real superiority of the strangers, quickly reversed the nature of public opinion; and perhaps their subsequent subjection was owing less to Spanish bravery than to the sudden contemptible notion which the Americans were taught—in some things erroneously—to hold of themselves.

Although I would by no means wish it to be inferred that I hold my ancestors in as low a grade of civilization as the Peruvians, I wish to illustrate their fall by the causes which led to the downfall of the precocious nations of America. In point of courage, skill, and moral polish, I maintain that the Irish were superior to their invaders; and would have proved at least more difficult of conquest, were it not for the humiliating opinion they prematurely, if not groundlessly, entertained of themselves. There were circumstances of another nature which not a little tended to give efficacy to the absurd claims of the English. The Pope, who was then in the plenitude of his power, signed the death-warrant of Ireland's independence, not only in direct, but in indirect terms. He calls the English his enlightened, his Christian people;\* and he very civilly tells the countrymen of *Johannis Scotus Erigene*, that they were

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\* A few years after the invasion of the English, a religious disputation was held at Baltinglass, between the Bishop of Ferns and Cambrensis, in the course of which the Irish bishop inveighed bitterly against the IMMORALITY of the English clergy, then imported in great numbers. The Welshman defended them, but he admitted the correct and pious deportment of the Irish clergy without hesitation! This fact shows, that not only learning, but religion, still flourished amongst us.

barbarians,\* that they were in need of the English to teach them religion! This was the language of the Popes for subsequent centuries; and, as the Irish then entertained those fatally mistaken

\* I cannot help giving here, though of some length, in a note, the following translation of an old Irish MS. It is a description of Ireland, and appears to be a dialogue between a father and son. The translator is Mr. Scurry, the author of "Remarks on the Irish Language," a work to which, captain, I hope you will shortly do justice:

*Translation.*—"What description of country is Ireland!—It is a beautiful and fertile country; abounding in flesh, fish, and other necessities; overflowing with the milk of all kinds of herds and cattle. In it are high-cliffed verdant mountains, and flower-scented, arboreous, fruit-abounding vales, as described by the poet:—

'Vales of yews knotty and branchy,' &c. &c. &c.

"Is Ireland a champaign country?—It surely is, and abounds in barley, wheat, and all other kinds of corn.—How long is it inhabited?—Since the time of the Patriarch Abraham, and that by a valiant, just, affectionate, faithful, and pious race; so much so, that during two thousand years, the whole land was a nursery of science and learning.—You say it was a pious country?—What! is it the island of saints?—Certainly it was, as Bede bears testimony, when he says, that it was St. Colman and his companions that preached the faith in North-Britain, Furse in the eastern parts, and holy Aedan, who is highly venerated by the English to this day. Behold! the monks Clement and John founded the great University of Paris, in France, and that of Padua. Irishmen founded the magnificent colleges of Oxford, Landisfarn, and Malmesbury, in England; of Heriopolis, Cullen, Sengallensis, and Fulga, in Germany; and of Bobio, in Italy. And youths repaired from all parts to Ireland, insomuch, that it became proverbial with eminent scholars, 'that such a person travelled to Ireland to acquire learning.' St. Adelm, writing to King Alfred, says, that 'The learned of Ireland were as numerous as the stars; that they were transplendant luminaries, enlightening all Europe in wisdom, to their immortal fame; they were unceasingly combating the world, the devil, and the flesh, and every evil which flowed from them, as is evident from the numerous army of martyrs whose blood was shed in defence of the faith; the noble Christian heroes who forsook their native country and possessions; and who endured persecution, poverty, afflictions, and, finally, death itself, for the love of God.' St. Bernard says, that 'Like a mountain torrent, hosts of the saints of Ireland rushed forth into all the nations of the earth;' and that 'Columbanus founded the Abbey of Luxovium, in France.' Henry Antisiodrensis says, 'what necessity is there to speak of Ireland? Out of it there comes to us a phalanx of philosophers to enlighten the ignorant, suffering voluntary banishment.' Joceline says, that 'there was not in the whole island a mountain or desert, a vale or recess, which was not filled with monks and nuns, so that it justly and deservedly obtained the name of the 'Isle of Saints.' The holy Father Theodorus says, 'as the goodness and fertility of her soil excel all others, so the sanctity, constancy, and simplicity of her saints transcend all others.' Gaufridius says, that 'Ireland is an isle prolific of saints, who are almost as numerous as the stars of heaven.' Scotus says, that 'Ireland is filled with saints, men most wonderful.' Jonas, the abbot, says, that 'Ireland surpassed the surrounding nations in constancy of faith.' Baronius says, that 'Ireland was unshaken in, and truly attached to, the ancient faith.' Santars says, that 'the Catholics, inhabitants of that country (Ireland), are better than those of most other countries. Flodoardus says, 'Ireland has surpassed in faith many of the adjacent nations.'

"Behold! dear son of my heart, Colum Cille and his twelve companions converting Scotland to the faith. Calumbanus and his twelve fellow-labourers instructing in France. Saint Clement and his twelve associates preaching the faith in Germany. Saint Baithan, in Iceland. St. Chillin, in Franconia. Saint Servan, in the Orcades. Saint Brendan, in the Fortunate Isles. Saint Aedan, in

notions respecting the papal power, it is not to be wondered at that they instantly fell into the opinion of their enemies, and believed themselves every way their inferiors! There really was no real

Northumberland. St. Finian, in Marcia. St. Alban, in Lorrain. St. Gall, in Switzerland. St. Virgil, in Corinth. St. Cathaldus, in Tarentum, &c. But be not surprised at this, for even this very day, it is a positive fact, that an Irishman of the race of O'Byrne presides over one thousand one hundred students in the city of Caen, in Brittany, in France. Under your tutelage, dear father, and from your entertaining narration in describing our land, I have received much information.—I could relate more, a thousand-fold, respecting the transcendent merits of our renowned countrymen, were it not too tedious to enumerate them.—It would never be irksome or tedious to me to hear thy melodious accents describing my native country. Pray tell me, then, how many colleges are there now in Ireland?—One only, the College of Dublin; the Monastery of All Saints being converted thereto by Queen Elizabeth, and now called 'Trinity College:' but, in Catholic times, all Ireland was one vast college, and remained so until the incursion of the Danes, for it was quite different from all other nations, from its insular situation, not being exposed to the devastation of ruthless invaders, and consequently has not suffered either destruction or adulteration of its laws, morality, or language. This can be easily conceived, for it is usual with conquerors to eradicate the vernacular dialect, and to keep the inhabitants in subjection to themselves: this was not the case in Ireland, for it was not conquered from the Milesian invasion to that of the Danes. The language of the aboriginal inhabitants, in all likelihood, has been preserved to our own time, and the literary labours of our ancestors, which were written anterior to the Danish invasion, or transcripts from them, were at that eventful and disastrous period (and many of them still are), in existence. What type or letter more beautiful than that of the Irish?

"The French nation requested of the Irish to send them some of their learned men for the purpose of instructing them in the jurisprudence and laws of Ireland. The Gael complied with their request, and ever since many Irish words are found incorporated with the French language. That people show that they are not forgetful of that benefit, by the esteem, respect, and affection which they entertain for Irishmen.

"The Irish language was in high estimation at home and abroad. It was considered a polished, pointed, bland, copious, energetic, facetious, philosophic, sweet, and melodious dialect, during some thousands of years, until the land was overrun and infested with the depredations of the Danes. It was cultivated and spoken by poets, bards, minstrels, physicians, druids, antiquaries, men of science, judges, priests, chieftains, and kings. It was the language which St. Patrick and his disciples spoke when propagating the Gospel in Inisfail of Kings. It was the same which Colum Cille spoke when preaching to the people of Alba; and, formerly, it was the peculiar language of the tutors of learning in the west of Europe; hence it is obvious that it was held in high estimation by kings as well as their subjects. But now, as a lofty and stately tree of the forest, when felled, falls with more dreadful ruin to the earth than the lowly shrub, so has it happened to the Irish nobility and language. It grieves me to see this illustrious, accomplished, and brave race deprived of chieftainry, patrimony, and property, of whom Mr. Good (an English priest, who kept a school in Limerick, in the year 1566), bears the following testimony: 'They are people robust in body and agile, magnanimous and high-spirited, quick-witted, warlike, prodigal of life, patient of labour, cold, and hunger, most generous to guests, constant in love, implacable in hatred, credulous, ambitious of fame, rash in resenting insults and wrong.'—And O, God of all glory, recall and restore to their country and to their rights, thine own faithful Irish children, who are dispersed emigrants throughout the various regions of the earth. Relieve such of them as are at home, groaning under the yoke of bondage, aliens in their native land, and on whose toil the merciless and cruel stranger banquets—whose rights he enjoys. Reward them for the goodness of their hearts, words, and actions, in thy heavenly kingdom."

inferiority—the English, or rather the Normans, were uncultivated barbarians, and, instead of having laws worthy of Irish acceptance, they might advantageously have borrowed laws and institutions from the Irish. I am sick of all the canting nonsense that has been written about not extending English laws to the Irish : those who talk such stuff know nothing of either men or history.

Irish degradation, therefore, had its foundation in OPINION, and it is to OPINION that all her subsequent oppressions and humiliations may be traced. Nay, *erroneous opinion*, and not acts of Parliament, now keeps her in the humble posture of a suppliant, and makes her in every respect a thing of pity, if not of scorn, in the eyes of Europe. Those who flatter the people of Ireland, who administer to their prejudice, are not their friends. No disease can be cured by the use of aliment which superinduced it. A good fit of indignation—something that would restore the people to more manly notions of themselves—that would give a tone of dignity to public feeling, is what is wanted. Until this occurs, acts of Parliament, and parliamentary committees, may multiply, but Ireland must continue—a beauty indeed, for that is the gift of nature—but a beauty without attraction.

The effects of self and needless degradation are visible throughout the whole of Ireland's annals. With the exception of Roger, O'More, and O'Neill, nothing like a patriot arose for five hundred years subsequent to the English invasion. All was obsequious submission, or local insurrection ; there was no national effort at liberation ; no one breathed a wish for liberty. The love of freedom was blotted from the minds and hearts of men less by English tyranny and injustice—for these ought to have restored it—than by the poor contemptible opinion Irishmen entertained of themselves. It is impossible to read without disgust the base submissions made by the Irish chiefs on different occasions to the English monarchs. "Prostrate on my knees !" was their general exclamation. Scoundrels ! I blush to think they were my countrymen.

Passing over the most gloomy period of our annals, we come to *eighty-two*, when a new impulse was given to the national mind. Here, again, we encounter the self-humiliation of the people ; like infants, relieved from the barbarous restraints of flannel bandages, they rejoiced indeed, but it was the rejoicing of big children, actuated more by a fulness of animal spirits than by any rational feeling. Their declaration of independence contained a clause of perpetual slavery ! In every speech of her orators this humiliating opinion of self may be traced ; and perhaps it exists this moment, as fresh and as vigorous as ever it did. No one can read Shiel's account of the journey of the Catholic deputation, or the newspaper account of the conduct of the deputies while in London, without being impressed with this conviction ; and, as I shall show hereafter, this taint of slavery is largely infused into all Shiel's articles—stupid ones—in the *New Monthly*. At the meetings of public bodies it betrays itself—to England a perpetual and deferential reference is uniformly made—English capital—English enterprise, can do every thing for them ; and yet these will do nothing—could do nothing, that they could not do themselves. The source of all this is clearly



visible in the operations of the Irish press : the editors are thrown into raptures when they are quoted by the London *Times* or *Morning Chronicle* ; and the columns of the Irish newspapers are daily filled with extracts from the English prints, which have often puzzled me to discover how they could possibly interest their readers. This might be excused ; but I know not how to palliate our editors for inserting the crude opinions of the London press on Irish affairs, without comment or observation. The press of one country evidently pays homage to the other—our Irish literati have not learned to think for themselves.

This state of things, however, is rapidly drawing to a close. The youth of Ireland have minds formed in moulds very different from that which caused the abortive intellects of their fathers. These are already beginning to influence the press of the country, and, as it were, to belie the generally received opinion, not the north, but the south, is teeming with these children of promise. Bolster's Magazine is an evidence at once of their youth and their genius ; and, I believe, Catholic Cork alone now contains more undoubted talent than the whole of Presbyterian Ulster.

Having now, my dear Captain, elucidated the nature of opinion in Ireland, I shall proceed to illustrate these remarks with living models : without the foregoing facts to guide us, we should be liable to error in our progress, and accuse an individual only of that which he shares in common with the whole nation. The clearing up of this mystery also throws light upon many questions of Irish history and Irish policy ; and, as I know my opinion in this particular to be right, I subscribe myself, without any apology for the length of my remarks,

Your's, &c. &c.

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.

P. S.—I walked yesterday to Dromcondra, and knelt upon the grave of poor Furlong ! He lies in the " narrow house " adjoining the antiquarian Grose. Peace to his manes—his history will form the subject of my next letter. Adieu.

SKETCHES IN THORNEY STREET.—BY RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ.

NO. I.—THE BRITISH CATHOLICS.

"Fond of a land which taught them naught but life."—BYRON.

If you happen to be in St. Giles's, call upon Cash, the bookseller, and, when there, you may as well give him an order for " Captain Rock," and he will direct you, for he is very obliging, to No. 1, Thorney Street. If you do not chuse to *progress* through the " back slums"—" a paradise of wildernesses"—you may walk round by Tottenham-Court Road, and the place of your destination will be pointed out to you—perchance by the street-keeper. The house itself stands boldly forward, where four streets meet—a kind of cross-road of fame—and is a plain structure of brick and mortar, ornamented, one story high, by a stuccoed sign-board (is that a bull ?) on which was not long since written the name of Ireland's patron saint ; but probably those " whom it did concern," having

fallen into Dr. Ledwiche's opinion, thought St. Patrick *non est inventus*, and accordingly blotted his name from the wall. Though they ejected the saint, they retained his little ones, and the *green*\*-frocked little girls, strangers in the land, are yet sheltered and protected here by the hand of English charity.

Having thus moralized a little outside, step in, with your Irish blood, if you be Irish, sunk to the freezing point. Afterwards, ascend a staircase, somewhat aristocratical for the entrance to a public assembly. It is carpetted, and, that you may not soil the Kidderminster, be sure to wipe your boots on the rug at the bottom. No doubt, you expect an ample door, flung open to invite the popular tide to enter, or, at least, a porter to direct you where to stop. There is neither one nor the other. On the first floor there are two doors; knock at either, and some obliging hand will open the front-room, or drawing-room door—ten feet by eleven, where you may sit down and look about you. It is, I take this for granted, a committee-day. There are twenty or thirty persons present—not one more—and all as sober and as silent as quakers, ere the spirit moves them. You cannot suppose for an instant that they have Hibernian blood in their veins, or Irish heads on their shoulders. They sit too steady, and look too tranquil for that, and consequently you are not surprised to find that the assembly is not honoured by the presence of any popular representative: the poor man cometh not here to offend the nostrils of nobility.

Before the chair is taken, just listen, and I shall label a few heads for subsequent reference. See that gentleman at the table, seated between the windows. How very like Jeremy Bentham's portrait: fine manly features, high forehead, how venerably shaded with the silvery locks! how full of national devotion it seems! what pious dignity it displays! You take him, at once, for an Irish Catholic priest of the old school—one whom you long to speak with—one whom you wish for an opportunity to oblige. You are right, he is an Irish Catholic priest; but—"aye, there's the rub,"—he has been long resident in England.—It is Dr. Collins.

On his left hand sits, as motionless as a mummy, the counsellor of Lincoln's Inn. The countenance is heavy, the eyes are extremely small, the mouth indicates nothing, but the loss of teeth; yet it is no common head, there were and are brains in it; but more of this anon.—Put down Mr. Charles Butler, as No. 2.

On the other side of Dr. Collins is placed a low, red-faced, rather mean-looking personage, with nothing very dignified or intelligent about him. You would not take him for a lord. No! there is your judgment.—It is the Duke of Norfolk.

Beside his grace sits a very different sort of personage. He appears to have all that visible air of dignity which Frenchmen formerly said was a proof of true nobility; I think I never saw a man who so soon impresses you with a favourable opinion. There is something extremely amiable, not only in his looks but in his manner.—Lord Clifford.

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\* Nature's child should nature's livery wear,  
And *green*'s the badge that Ireland's son should bear.  
I give this stanza for the good of the weavers.

Next to him sits Arundel, Stafford, and Stourton. At the other extremity of the table you see Mr. Blount, the secretary; and the Castor and Pollux of the Association, Messrs. Quin and Rosson—the former has very little of the fop, the latter a sufficient quantity: his dandy coat buttons very tight about him—his hair curls well—I assure you it is not artificial. Beside him, stands Mr. Thomas Murphy; his is a very intellectual-looking head. Mr. Dios Santos says he writes for Captain Rock. But see, the hour is nearly arrived when the chair ought to be taken. Let me employ the interval in saying a few words respecting the British Catholics; their history would form the subject of an appropriate chapter on religious persecution, in the history of civilized man.

There can be no doubt that the Catholics of England have been persecuted with greater severity than their brethren of Ireland. The penal laws of each country may have approximated in atrocity, but there must have been a great difference in the manner of execution. Distance, and a more feeble executive, must have rendered those vile statutes partially inoperative, otherwise how account for the fact of the one nation being now almost Catholic, and the other almost exclusively Protestant? It is very true, that circumstances aided the spread of the Reformation in England, even during the reign of Henry VIII.; but still we must recollect, that at the very time of the enacting of many of these laws, the Catholic population amounted to several millions. The records of the time bear ample testimony to the activity of the Protestant persecutors; and, unfortunately, England is not the only country where people have been dragooned and tortured out of their religion. They gave way, no doubt, first in specious conformity; and, the principle once abandoned, the sheet-anchor of Catholicity was lost. Amidst the general wreck, however, there were those who “stood, wan and faint, but fearless still;” and who, more fortunate than their colleagues, survived the storm that swept Catholicism almost from the face of England. In general, these were families of rank and consequence; the poor almost universally yielded to the tide, and floated into Protestant ports, or resisted, and were massacred. This appears but too evident. There are not in Great Britain more than one million Catholics, yet nine-tenths of these are Irish, or of Irish descent.

Whatever were the cause, whether honour or conscience—and perhaps there were both—the English Catholics challenge our respect and admiration. Standing alone, amidst surrounding temptations, it was no common fortitude that enabled them to resist—the faggot on one hand, and the reward, ample reward, of apostacy on the other. This praise more particularly belongs to the nobility. They are a class generally supposed less influenced by religious motives than men more humbly born; and, of course, where the restraints were relaxed, there was the more likelihood of submission. Many of them, however, did not submit; and to their virtue, and the circumstances of the times that succeeded, may be traced most of those peculiarities which distinguish the English Catholics from their more determined and less timid brethren of Ireland.

Persecuted for their belief, it naturally followed that all their associations were of a religious character. They loved Catholicity

not only for its own consoling and redeeming worth, but because it was persecuted in them. Besides, driven from the bustle of politics and pleasure, they were forced to live more within themselves, and had more leisure to estimate the value of religious meditation. They became pious—are now perhaps the most religious nobility in the world; and are not the less estimable, because some of the original apprehensions of their situation occasionally come across them. This they cannot help; it has been a part of their education.

Living in prudent seclusion, and hating Protestants, because Protestants had persecuted them, the English Catholics necessarily moved in a limited circle, and all within that circle were almost as necessarily Catholics. Marriage was hardly ever contracted beyond its bounds; and hence the British Catholic nobility form now only one great family of cousins—of relations. This has tended to protract their admixture with the great body of the people; and from this moral separation proceeds some of those antiquated notions, which a more unreserved intercourse would long since have disabused them of. Perhaps to the same cause may be traced their almost visible contempt for every thing democratic; they are, however, a century too late for such conduct; and, if they wish to be respected either by Catholics or Protestants, they will descend from those aristocratic stilts, which now only make those who use them conspicuously ridiculous. If they are wise, they will pay more deference to the people, and give a less willing ear to the hereditary tales of the nursery. Men are ruled by opinion, and opinion never stands still.

In their domestic lives, nothing can be more amiable than the conduct of the British Catholics. A long course of national injustice, of which they have been the victims, has given a tone of subdued and timid feeling to their manners. They appear more like the inhabitants of the cloister than men—titled men—struggling with bigoted oppressors. Individually they challenge our regard, collectively we cannot help thinking somewhat meanly of them. If this opinion be harsh—for I would not insult fallen greatness—I shall watch for those events which will enable me candidly to retract it.

I had intended in this paper to review the conduct of the British Catholic Association; but that subject must stand over till next week.  
*Bedford Square.*

#### THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

*(Concluded from page 16.)*

I HAVE thus stated briefly, but correctly, the nature of their arguments, and I beg the reader to observe with how few words I can demonstrate their absurdity.

In the first place, the rate of wages does not, in all cases, depend upon the number who are seeking to be employed. Mind this: for this fact is of first importance in all inquiries of this nature. When the wages are at what economists call their natural rate, they cannot possibly descend any lower: no redundancy of labourers can cause a reduction, for this simple reason, because man cannot labour and subsist upon less. Now, it is notorious, that has been the case both in the manufacturing and agricultural districts of England for the last

two years. The operatives were all but starving; no Irishmen could possibly subsist upon less than fell to their portion; and, as for the agricultural peasantry, we have parliamentary documents in proof of the fact, that they were almost universally living upon parish rates; upon less food than was allowed the felon in the goals! Observe here, too, that there was, all this time, a redundancy of hands; thousands every where eager to work, but who could not find employment. Now, a redundancy of ten per cent. must unquestionably have the same effect as a redundancy of fifty, because an excess, more or less, will cause the vessel, when full, to overflow.

From all this it is quite obvious that Irish emigrants could not affect the rate of wages. In point of fact, they never have done so, because, during their sojourn, all are employed. No peasant is idle during that brief season, and were it not for Irish labourers, who come over to gather in the English harvest, one or two things (from the paucity of the English peasantry) must take place: either the corn must rot on the ground, or the farmers must employ machinery. There can be no doubt they would do the latter; and hay and corn can now be made and stacked by machinery. Irish periodical emigration (and they only visit England at certain seasons) can therefore do no possible injury, in a pecuniary sense, to the English peasantry.

Supposing, however, that this reasoning is inconclusive, let us see how the reverse would operate in favour of the position of the Irish editors. For the sake of argument, let us grant that the influx of Irish emigrants was such as to cause the rate of wages to decline one-fourth,—and what then? Would this ruin England and benefit Ireland? Quite the contrary: it would be to the commercial interests of this country, the greatest possible good,—and to all the people of Ireland, collectively, under present circumstances, the greatest possible mischief.

It is well known that high wages, or, in other words, the high price of provisions—for it is that now regulates the rate of wages—is not only a drawback on profit, but, in some measure, a prohibition on the exportation of manufactured articles. From the necessarily high price of English manufactures, foreigners are able to compete with us, in distant markets, in almost every branch of business, and to exclude us altogether in respect to some articles—particularly those which require most manual labour. Now, reduce the rate of wages by the influx of Irish emigrants, and you give a new impulse to English manufactures; you send them to foreign countries with new claims to consumers, and of course you extend all, and revive some, of John Bull's manufactures. The amount of labour is not thereby diminished; on the contrary, it is increased. But, suppose that some thousands of English operatives are thrown out of employ,—what then? The nation, collectively, is not injured by their distress; and Malthus will tell you, that in a few years these will either emigrate or be killed off. Their misery, like the death of a traitor, is a benefit to their country.

So far, therefore, from Irish emigration being, as Irish editors erroneously supposed, a means of degrading and impoverishing England, it would, were their primer true, be the direct means of increasing her commercial resources and activity. But how would

this operate on Ireland? Would the diminution of her amount of labourers increase the employment of those who remain? Quite the contrary. It is well known that nothing would be manufactured in Ireland that could be manufactured in England, were not wages lower in the former than in the latter. Now mind, were wages to decline here in consequence of Irish emigration, wages should either decline in the same proportion in Ireland, or labourers would cease to be employed. In either case, the suffering of the Irish poor would be increased. It is very true, that in this case the stream of emigration would continue; but it is equally true, that Irish capital and Irish manufactures would follow it! There is not a rational man in existence who would refuse his assent to these abstract facts.

I say nothing about morality here; that will come before us in another shape. Enough, however, is advanced, to show that nothing but a knowledge of the principles of political economy will enable us to detect and expose the wild notions and popular assumptions of the times.

ROCK.

## IRELAND.

### A PINDARIC ODE.

LONG hast thou hung, my gentle lyre,  
Untouched, unstrung, and voiceless all:  
Long hast thy song of minstrel fire

Forgot the tones of bower and hall!  
Oh! where, oh where has been the wand  
That waved in music from my hand?  
And where the strain I loved to wake,  
By mountain rock and tideless lake?  
The morn of life has yet a smile for me,  
And poesy many a charm I love too well;

Oh! then in all its numbers floating free,  
Let Erin's youthful minstrel touch the shell:

While havoc, writhing in its desperate pain,

Flings its dark picture to arouse the maddening brain.

Child of crime and spectres pale,  
Red Ambition's offspring you;  
Nurs'd by Freedom's dying wail,  
When her last sigh upward flew!

O'er the wave that sparkles fair,  
Why descend in tempest there?  
On our mountain's silvery brow,  
Why thy reeking visions show?  
Lo! proudly from her toppling throne of crime,

The spirit of destruction lifts its form,  
And, honoured with the guilt of gathering time,

It seems the rising genius of a storm;  
Vindictive, dark, and robed in shame,  
The meteor demon streaks its path with flame.

Low is Ireland's blaze  
Of warriors and of plumed kings;  
While the "sun-burst" of her power,  
Rising on its bannered wings,  
Sinks, quivers, and decays,  
Like foliage 'neath the lightning's shower.

Shrouded and shined in tombs of blood,  
The falchion withers from their grasp,  
And lance's braste and morion's clasp  
Are widely scattered o'er the bubbling flood.

Where'er the wildering fancy roams,  
The lord of carnage strides the soil:  
While, rent from temples, altars, homes,  
Our chieftains mount the reeking pile!

Oh! hark the sound that flies around,—  
Annihilation tunes its note;

And every breath its wild strings breathe,  
In one full diapason float;  
While spectres join a gray and heartless dance,

Beneath the gory play that twines around each lance!

Pavilioned on the rosy sea,  
That flowed in kindling smiles around,  
As if its waters heav'd to see

Their azure brow so fairly crown'd,  
IRELAND awoke—a fairy land—

Like Delphos at the god's command,  
With every isle and every shore

More bright than earth had seen before  
The matin star of valour roll'd on high,

And shed its vesper twinkling o'er her streams;

As every golden orb that fills the sky  
Uprose in glory o'er her children's  
dreams,

Smiling, like beauteous woman's early  
love,

As if its evening hopes no sadder course  
should prove.

'Mid her feasts of banquet roses,  
Where every flow'ret looked a gem;  
While each chieftain soft reposes,  
'Neath his feudal diadem,

Like the whirlwind rushing through  
Those lofty orbs of seraph blue,  
The British vessels walk'd the wave,  
And gave to liberty—a grave!  
Down, down,—each happier seeming  
rolls away,

And harp and song have melted on the  
air,  
And only when the night-winds some-  
times stray  
Across the chords, we know not voice  
was there:

For those soft strings which ran through  
"Tarra's halls,"  
Are mutely sleeping now on Tarra's ivied  
walls.

Dash down the frothing bowl,  
And raise the crimson spears,  
Until the flashing of their steel  
Beams through a sea of tears.

Mark how the armies roll,  
And ride, in death, upon the cannon's  
peal!

Temples smoke, and altars burn,  
With their vengeance to the skies:  
The soldier's whoop, the matron's  
cries,

Are pouring from their gore-ignited urn;  
And death and valour, on the battle met,  
Are bound together in that curs'd  
embrace,

Which foes will give, when peace and  
hope forget

To hold within the breast their wonted  
place.

The charger's mane, his floating rein,  
Trail wildly through the fight;  
And floods of gore—behind, before—  
Are boiling to the sight;  
While every thing that breaks upon the  
view

Is tinged and coloured with the same  
unholy hue!

With sabre blushing from the deed  
Its adamant blade hath done,  
With courser foaming from a speed  
His gory hoofs hath seldom run,  
Incarnate slaughter issues forth,  
And, locust-like, destroys the earth;

Nor innocence nor love can check  
The tossing of the frightful wreck.  
A blasting crew of fateful sisters meet,  
Revenge, Despair, Hypocrisy, and  
Death;

Famine, with eye that wanders in its seat,  
And Irreligion, with its Siroc breath—  
All, all in one appalling chorus stand,  
And dance their witch-dance o'er Hiber-  
nia's lovely land.

Isle of my birth—my hopes—my loves—  
Where my young days began to flow—  
Land of the mountains, lakes, and groves,  
That kiss the sun's all radiant glow;  
When shall thy mountains see  
Those sunbeams sleep upon the free?  
Oh! when the white surge of the wave  
Afford a tomb to every slave!

When Freedom's all-redeeming falchion  
leaves  
The scabbard, to assert a nation's  
laws,

May thralldom blight the dastard hand  
that grieves

To drown in blood the despot's fading  
cause;

And may a blast come on his fairest  
morn,

Who thinks of aught but vengeance,  
chains, and mortal scorn?

IRELAND has had her host  
Of brave and valiant ones;  
Whose creed was "RIGHT,"—whose  
motto—"HOPR AND FAME,"

To leave their free-born sons.  
Nurtured for war and flame,  
A galaxy of valour lit her coast,  
When More, O'Neil, and others gave

A ray of glory to the gloom  
That mantled round the sable doom  
Which sat upon the brave.

Souls of the mighty! where is now the  
spark

That warmed within your veins the  
heavenly fire?

When your high feelings, 'mid the  
lengthened dark

Of ages, blazed in one ascent of ire?  
Oh! where the glow that touched the  
brow

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! that its living spirit yet would  
throw

Annihilation round the glories of our foe!

Osc—t.

D. S. L.

## THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

THERE are now dreadful principles in operation in Ireland, which, if not speedily arrested, will lay the foundation of a century of increased misery in our poor unfortunate country. I have long since raised my voice against the erroneous opinion generally entertained; I have exhausted facts and argument, but still the infatuation prevails; and I confess, not without mortification, that I am very likely to experience the fate of Cassandra—to find no credence until too late. Still I draw some consolation from individual pride. I was the first to foresee the consequence and point out the error; I have pleaded honestly, fearlessly, and perseveringly, though in vain. I have given utterance to political truth under covert of other names and other publications; and, if all my labour has failed of being immediately useful, posterity will do honour to my motives and my wisdom when the wind whistles through the rank grass that will grow upon my grave,—

~ “ Let one poor sprig of bay around my head  
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead; ”

For I have done my duty.

There are, amongst others, two mischievous opinions generally entertained in this country and in Ireland:—first, that the population of Ireland is superabundant; and the second, that farms are too small. This is the language of the English press and Scotch economists; and, I am sorry to add, the Irish journalists re-echo the sentiments of their brethren on this side the channel. Perhaps these are their individual opinions; there can be no doubt that they are the opinions entertained by the reading public, otherwise they would not find a place in newspapers. Not long since—in fact, it is only a week or two—the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* lauded the patriotism of the present home secretary—the Marquis of Lansdowne. For what, think you? For abating his rents, for building or repairing colleges for his poorer tenantry? No; but for disinheriting them—for turning them upon the road—for realising Goldsmith's idea of a deserted village! Poor houseless things, their misery, their anguish—the ten thousand natural pangs which such an event must have occasioned, excited no commiseration—in Ireland. The unfeeling proprietor—the titled M'Culloch—was praised (*proh pudor!*) for his patriotism; for his attention to the interests of the people of Ireland! O shame, where is thy blush! No Irish journalist (that I know of), was found to reprobate the deed or the approver. An Englishman, however, stepped forward, and impressed, with burning brand, the epithet, “ screw,” and “ unfeeling landlord,” upon the forehead of his lordship. Let his parasites erase it—if they can.

With all submission to his lordship, I apprehend that he is acting from a gross miscalculation. He is not improving his estate—he is not increasing the sum total of his rent-roll; on the contrary, he is laying the foundation for a diminution of his Irish income.

There are at least two ways of judging of the truth of all questions propounded to us. If they admit of calculation, an appeal to arith-



metic decides ; but, if they be of a more abstract nature, we resort at once to facts and experience. Each and all of these will prove that Lord Lansdowne and his parasites are wrong; they will also demonstrate, that the notions respecting Irish population and the subdivisions of farms, are erroneous.

In the first place, a people who pay for imported luxuries by the exporting of farm produce, cannot be superabundant; they may be miserable—they may be barbarous; but these do not prove that they are too numerous; they simply prove that they are misgoverned. Ireland can produce provisions for as many more inhabitants. How, then, can it be said, that her population is superabundant? Hundreds, thousands, millions, may be beggars—may be constantly unemployed, but that only demonstrates the badness of the system which prevails; it does not show, that under other circumstances there would be too many people. Reckoning by square miles, and comparing the density of population in one country with another, proves nothing; the simple fact of there being more food produced than the people could consume, settles the question of population.

But the people of Ireland are very poor—very much distressed. Granted; so are the people of Spain, the people of Portugal, the people of Hungary, the people of Poland, the people of Prussia, the people of Russia; yet in none of these countries is the population more than half as dense as that of Ireland! We have facts nearer home to prove that a thin population does not make even the same people more comfortable. The least thickly-peopled portions of Ireland are the most distressed; and, to put these new-fangled theorists at once to the blush, I shall ask them, was Ireland more happy when her inhabitants did not exceed one-third of their present amount? If they know history, they must reply in the negative; but, for fear they are ignorant of by-gone time, I shall adduce one or two proofs out of ten thousand now before me; I shall not go back to times of anarchy and rebellion, I shall confine myself to a period of tranquillity.

Sir Henry Piers, in his Chorography of the County of Westmeath, gives us a lively picture of the state of Ireland, in 1682. His description of the peasantry will show, that they were then far from being comfortable. Bishop Nicholson, in a letter dated Londonderry, June 24, 1718, gives a deplorable account of the poor and the peasantry, as he saw them along the road from Dublin to Derry, when on his way to take possession of the latter see. "I saw no danger," he says, "of losing the little money I had, but was under some apprehension of being starved; having never heheld, even in Picardy, Westphalia, or Scotland" (even then Ireland was not a solitary instance of poverty), "such dismal marks of hunger and want as appeared in the countenances of most of the poor creatures that I met with on the road. The wretches lie in laky sod-hovels, and have generally no more than a rag of coarse blanket to cover a *small* part of their nakedness. Upon the strictest inquiry, I could not find that they are better clad or lodged in the winter season. \* \* \* A ridge or two of potatoes is all the poor tenant has for the support of himself, a wife, and commonly ten or twelve bare-legged children."

Hear that, Malthus! The prelate adds, "to complete their misery, these animals are bigotted Papists."\*

Now, making every allowance for prejudice and exaggeration, this is a very uninviting picture. Yet then the population, according to historians, was under two millions.

If we go to other countries, we encounter the same facts. The most densely peopled portions of Italy are the most happy. "We left Venice," says Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Notes through France and Italy*, "with mingled satisfaction and regret. We had to retrace our steps as far as Padua, on our way to Milan. For four days' journey, from Padua to Verona, to Brescia, to Treviglio, to Milan, the whole way was cultivated beauty and smiling vegetation. Not a rood of land lay neglected, nor did there seem the smallest interruption to the bounty of nature or the industry of man. The constant verdure fatigued the eye, but soothed reflection. For miles before you, behind you, and on each side, the trailing vines hung over waving corn-fields, or clear streams meandered through rich meadow grounds and pastures. The olive we had nearly left behind us in Tuscany, and were not sorry to part with its half-mourning appearance amidst more luxuriant scenes and various foliage. The country is quite level, and the roads quite straight for nearly four hundred miles that we had travelled after leaving Bologna; and every foot or acre of this immense plain is wrought up to a pitch of neatness and productiveness equal to that of a gentleman's kitchen-garden, or to the nursery-grounds in the neighbourhood of London. A gravel-pit or a furze-bush by the roadside is a relief to the eye. There is no perceptible difference in approaching the great towns; though their mounds of green earth and the mouldering remains of fortifications give an agreeable and romantic variety to the scene; the whole of the intermediate space is literally, and without any kind of exaggeration, one continued and delightful garden. Whether this effect is owing to the felicity of the soil and climate, or to the art of man, or to former good government, or to all these combined, I shall not here inquire: but the fact is so, and it is sufficient to put an end to the idea that there is neither industry nor knowledge of agriculture nor plenty out of England, and to the common proverbial cant about the sloth and apathy of the Italians, as if they would not lift the food to their mouths, or gather the fruits that are dropping into them. If the complaints of the poverty and wretchedness of Italy are confined to the Campagna of Rome, or to some districts of the Appennines, I have nothing to say; but if a sweeping conclusion is drawn from these to Italy in general, or to the north of it in particular, I must enter my protest against it. Such an inference is neither philosophical, nor, I suspect, patriotic. The English are too apt to take every opportunity, and to seize on every pretext for treating the rest of the world as wretches—a tone of feeling which does not exactly tend to enhance our zeal in the cause either of liberty or humanity. If people are wretches, the next impression is that they deserve to be so; and we are thus prepared to lend a helping hand to make them what we say they are. The Northern Italians are as fine a race of

\* See Mr. Ellis's *Letters illustrative of English History*, Second Series, vol. 4, p. 318—19.

people as walk the earth; and all that they want, to be what they once were, or that any people is capable of becoming, is neither English abuse nor English assistance, but three words spoken to the other powers: 'let them alone!' But England, in the dread that others should follow her example, has quite forgotten what she herself once was. Another idea that the aspect of this country and of the country people suggests, is the fallacy of some of Mr. Malthus's theories. The soil is here cultivated to the greatest possible degree; and yet it seems to lead to no extraordinary excess of population. Plenty and comfort abound; but they are not accompanied by an appearance of proportionable want and misery, tracking them at the heels. The present generation of farmers and peasants seem well off; the last, probably, were so: this circumstance, therefore, does not appear to have given any overweening presumptuous activity or headstrong impulse to the principle of population, nor to have determined those fortunate possessors of a land flowing with milk and honey, from an acquaintance with the good things of this life, to throw all away at one desperate cast, and entail famine, disease, vice, and misery, on themselves and their immediate descendants."

Here is a proof that small farms and dense population are not incompatible with the happiness of a people. Compare this with the agricultural counties of England, where "few the hamlets, scarce the rustic cot," and say do large farms make a prosperous peasantry? Can any of these facts be disputed? If not, shall the Irish press continue to give currency to that *cant* which is so pregnant with mischief.

Rock.

#### O'SULLIVAN'S LETTERS FROM DUBLIN.—LETTER III.

IRISH LITERATURE.—THOMAS FURLONG.

THE humiliating opinion entertained by Irishmen, of every thing appertaining to themselves, when compared to those of England, is evident no less in what they fail to do, than in what they actually perform; there are negative as well as affirmative proofs against them, and in nothing more than in the conduct of our press, as far as it regards the literature of the country. On all questions of criticism the Irish journals are the echoes of the worst part of those of England; they seem totally unacquainted with the standard of literary taste—they appear to have no wish to communicate literary information, unless in those columns where every thing is thrown promiscuously, for the purpose of filling up; their's appears an irresponsible task, and accordingly it is performed with the utmost slovenliness. They hire out their pages, like many of the London papers, at so much a line; and, when they occasionally surprise us with a literary notice, the writer, like one of Warren's panegyrists, labours only to deceive the unwary—to put forth a good *puff*, and not to direct the literary inquirer to the merits or defects of the work under consideration. The very wording of it—common-place and hackneyed—shows that he entertains but a very humble opinion of himself; his criticism is evidently prostituted, for, while he overlooks altogether the claims of the talented and deserving, he overloads, with praise ephemeral, trash which should have been left in the undisturbed repose of its original obscurity.

Perhaps there are one or two—and there are not more—exceptions to the worst part of this charge; but the whole Irish press is guilty of a culpable indifference to the growing claims of Irish literature. They are continually reproaching, not only the London press, but the people of England, with indifference to Irish affairs—to every thing Irish. Were this true, the accusation might be retorted, and, in my opinion, the charge comes with a very ill grace from those who are daily listening to the purest display of forensic eloquence in our courts of law, without making an effort to rescue them from oblivion. Whoever reads their reports of law cases—of legal investigation in which every man has an interest, will be prepared to say that they have little right to taunt the London press with indifference to Irish affairs. The proceedings of the Catholic Association are frequently given with much correctness, but, on the whole, not with greater accuracy than the parliamentary debates, on Irish questions, by the calumniated reporters of the London press. The truth is, this charge, so often made, is an idle one; the reporters are guided by the interest which the debate excites, and, if their reports are occasionally deficient in fulness, this does not arise from the question being Irish, but from its possessing little interest, or from the circumstance of its occurring late at night, or rather, late in the morning, when the necessity of publication renders it impossible for the reporter to avail himself fully of his notes. The rivalry among morning papers renders a conspiracy among the “gentlemen of the press,” to treat any member with injustice, impossible. It is true they have their favourite speakers; and why? Because they are easily followed. No doubt, as Mr. Peel said, there is an apathy among M. P.s on many Irish questions, but there is also an apathy among them on many English questions, too; and, if Ireland is treated with neglect, let my countrymen reproach only themselves: they have, on almost every subject, submitted their judgment to the guidance of English precedent; they are unjust to each other—they are unjust to themselves. Is it, then, any wonder that they are not respected as they ought to be.

In a barbarous age, courage and fortitude, the attributes of a soldier, are held only in estimation; the people who excel in these will be lauded and admired; but in a civilized age, like this, these are dubious claims to notice; there must be something else to make a people respectable: they must have knowledge—they must have a literature, before they can take their place in the rank of thinking nations. It is true, English literature may be said to devour that of Ireland, but it is equally true that Ireland may have a national literary character. Scotland—where they manage these things better—has an independent literary character, while she lays claim to much of that to which England is entitled. Now, Ireland has contributed her full share to the intellectual fund of the age, but still she draws, for her portion—nothing but a blank. The reason is obvious: her literati not only pay homage to those of England, but wish to rank as English, while Irishmen, of all descriptions, treat with coldness and neglect every claimant for a sprig of Daphne's deathless plant, if his reputation have not been first returned, sealed with the approving signet of English criticism.

Scotsmen have erected a monument to Burns, and they celebrate the anniversary of his birth: they differ as widely in politics as my

countrymen, but still they do justice to each other; every man of them considers himself honoured in the fame of their literati. Alas! the case is very different in Ireland: they have erected no monument to their Carolan or their Goldsmith—their Grattan or their Curran. They have no cheering anniversary—no moral landmark, to guide or stimulate their rising genius; all is sluggish and thoughtless—a dead flat surface—an uninviting uniformity—a cheerless gloom. My heart swells with indignation at this national apathy; it looks like Irish ingratitude; there is in it an implied want of national pride—a cruel indifference to the best of all claims—those of intellect. The circumstances of the times cannot justify this; it exists still. If you disbelieve me, go to Drumcondra church-yard, and ask the shade of Furlong. His fate singularly illustrates the foregoing remarks.

This "sleepless boy, who perished in his pride," had no claims to notice but those which genius furnished; but these were of an order which gives an immortality to his name, despite the neglect of his countrymen. He was, in the words of Ferguson, "one of God Almighty's nobility." He derived no intelligible dignity from his ancestors, but he reflects back upon them a kind of posthumous vitality; he rescues them from the oblivion of the grave, and bestows upon them a lustre not the less brilliant or lasting, because it is derived from reflected rays. He owes them nothing; they become in death his debtors.

The county of Wexford has the honour of giving Furlong, as well as Moore, birth. His father was a respectable farmer, and Thomas, one of his youngest sons, was born at a place called Scarawalsh, a romantic part of the country, midway between Ferns and Enniscorthy. In his forthcoming poem of the "Doom of Derenzie," he has, I understand, bid this wild region live in "deathless song." His education qualified him for the counting-house; and, at a very early age, he was apprenticed to a grocer, in Dublin. With his master he continued many years after the expiration of his "time," and subsequently became "salesman," I believe, in Mr. John Jamieson's distillery. Here he continued until the period of his death—a month or two ago; and it does honour to Furlong, as well as to his worthy patron, that Mr. Jamieson wept like a child the day of his funeral. His years hardly exceeded thirty.

Such is the brief history of one of Ireland's most gifted sons; and that genius and that industry must have been of a very superior order which could, under the circumstances of such a brief life, raise the individual to a station in the republic of letters, to which few of his countrymen have as yet attained. Furlong was not one of those whose poetical stimulus was derived from a diseased mind and body—the source, according to a paradoxical critic, of all poetical inspiration. He was the poet of reason: rational manly sense prevail in all his writings, and gives even an additional attraction to those of his works which belong more immediately to the regions of fancy; his imagination never runs riot; his pegasus bounds, indeed, from the three-forked hill, but he is nevertheless under the judicious restraint of his rider; he drinks of the waters of Helicon, but not to intoxication; he owns the influence of the muses, but not their uncontrolled dominion. He wrote for men, and hence men must be pleased with his writings.

From a very early age, Mr. Furlong wooed the "sacred nine." His early effusions, however, I have never seen; but a poem of his, entitled "The Misanthrope," published by Colburn, as early as 1819, is now before me, and, though of a didactic nature, it abounds with beauties, and shows that, even young as the author then was, his powers of versification were of a very superior order. His epithets are chosen with great happiness and propriety, and his arguments are managed with surprising skill. The poem was addressed to one who delighted not in the converse of his species. "The little piece which follows," says the author, "was written in the hope of reclaiming him." It failed of its object, but the writer consoles himself with the satisfaction of thinking that his labour was commendable. The reader will undoubtedly be of the same opinion.

After stating the creed of the misanthrope, the poet proceeds,—

"Struck by the fond remembrance of each day,  
Spent amidst scenes that now are past away;  
Led by the thought of many an early friend,  
Who shar'd our joys, nor dream'd such joys could end;  
Mov'd by a weakness which impels this heart,  
To like and love thee, tainted as thou art:  
For once, though trembling at the task, I'll try  
To tear this veil from off thy mental eye;  
And make thee own, yea! even against thy will,  
*That man, though faulty, may be trusted still.*"

Having made a truce with criticism, he continues,—

"Who but in youth's more early day hath seen  
Some traveller loitering on the village green;  
Who, if, by chance, his rapture-stricken ear  
Happens some wildly warbled air to hear—  
He stands, as though half-rooted to the ground,  
Nor stops to ask, from whence proceeds the sound?  
Quick through each nerve the thrilling magic flies—  
Plays o'er each pulse, and brightens in his eyes;  
He tastes the pleasure which that sound bestows,  
Nor waits to ask from what that pleasure flows?  
Blind to those rules that claim the aid of art,  
He merely marks the note which strikes the heart!  
He feels the spell that prompts him yet to pause—  
And owns the *effect*, unconscious of the *cause*."

This extract betrays the genuine power of the poet,—it is beautifully natural. There is much of Goldsmith's sweet simplicity in it, though Pope's style was evidently the model on which the poem was formed. After adducing numerous examples of virtue, he alludes to the philanthropist, Howard:—

"Where is that heart, alive to praise or blame,  
That hath not warm'd or kindled at his name?  
Who but, while hearing it, hath learn'd to feel  
Some spark, some portion of his holy zeal!  
Who, but for once, hath wish'd with him to go,  
At least, in fancy, through his walks of woe.  
By night, by day, his healing hand is found  
Shedding, like heaven, the sense of bliss around.  
See, through the widow's low and lonely cot  
He turns—nor is her poverty forgot.  
Anon he seeks the dungeon's tainted air,  
And light, and health, and life attend him there.

O'er the sick bed he next asserts his sway—  
 Chasing the fiends of foul disease away!  
 In such pursuits his lengthen'd life was pass'd,  
 And in such acts he lost that life at last."

\* \* \* \* \*

"He died—his bones, as yet, were doom'd to lie  
 Bleach'd by the wind that fans a foreign sky!  
 His form, as yet, a distant tomb confin'd,  
 But still his high example stay'd behind!  
 Like a calm voice to kindred souls it came,  
 As though it said, 'Go thou and do the same.'"

This affords the poet an opportunity of paying a merited compliment to a religious establishment in Dublin:—

"Even here,\* before us, in this passing hour,  
 We stop to trace its life-inspiring power.  
 Even at this day, in holy robe array'd,  
 We see its followers seek the cloister'd shade:  
 We view the train, who promise to restore  
 Whate'er a Howard show'd the world before;  
 We mark the group who share his sacred flame,  
 And do his deeds, though with another aim.  
 'Tis theirs with firm unflinching step to go,  
 Wherever pity finds the child of woe!  
 Theirs the dark haunts of ling'ring grief to tread,  
 Where guilt is hov'ring round the weak one's bed!  
 Theirs still to lull each earth-born care to sleep,  
 To soothe his pangs, and tell him not to weep!  
 Theirs to repress each life-regretting sigh,  
 To point to heaven, and teach him how to die!  
 'Tis theirs to hear the gasping sufferer own,  
 'That aid is sweet from woman's hand alone!'"

One extract more, and I have done. It will serve to show that Furlong knew every avenue to the human heart. The blood runs cold as we read:—

"In danger's dark and trying hour,†  
 A feeble female met the arm of power:  
 Daughter of V——, it was thine to prove  
 The force—the constancy—of filial love!  
 Thine, though all blameless, with thy sire to share  
 Thirst—hunger—grief—a dungeon and despair!  
 The night went by—the dreaded morn arose,  
 And vengeance rous'd thee from a short repose:  
 Close by thy couch the gory murderers stood,  
 And show'd thy father's sentence trac'd in blood:  
 Gaz'd on their prey with keen malicious eye,  
 And bade him rise, and stand, and dress—to die!  
 Slowly he went—he breath'd the open air,  
 But heard, not long he should be breathing there.  
 Calmly he pass'd—he reach'd the fatal ground,  
 And stood and look'd in steadiness around:  
 The marks of murder near the place were spread;  
 He saw—but what has innocence to dread?"

\* "A religious establishment has been formed some years ago at Summer Hill, Dublin. The ladies who are members of it style themselves 'Sisters of Charity,' and are bound to visit the sick, relieve the poor, &c. &c."

† "The circumstance mentioned here actually took place at Wexford, in the rebellion of 1798."

The shriek of terror echoed in his ear;  
 'Twas sad—but guilt alone should yield to fear;  
 Group follow'd group, and throng came after throng,  
 He hardly mark'd them as they mov'd along:  
 Threats, prayers, or curses, from their lips might fall,  
 Cool and unchang'd he stood, and bore it all!  
 His voice already hath each wrong forgiven,—  
 His eye already bends its sight to heaven!  
 Already yielding to the heartless foe,  
 He bows his neck, and bids them strike the blow:  
 The word is pass'd—the weapon rais'd on high,  
 And stern suspense marks every anxious eye!  
 Forth from the train the trembling daughter sprung,  
 And wildly round that outstretch'd neck she clung;  
 Caught the red blade, its vengeance to delay,  
 And gently turn'd its dreadful edge away:  
 Call'd on the crowd to lend an earnest ear—  
 A daughter's claim—a daughter's cry to hear;  
 Entreating each, in pity's tenderest tone,  
 To save that parent's life, or take her own!  
 Mov'd by each tear, and melted by each charm,  
 Relenting hatred dropp'd the uprais'd arm:  
 For once, O, Villainy! thy glance confess'd  
 The power of beauty o'er the throbbing breast!  
 For once, calm Cruelty, thy voice could give  
 That mild command, which bade the lov'd one live!"

A second edition of this poem was printed in Dublin in 1821. It never sold. There would be nothing extraordinary either in England or Ireland in that; but it is somewhat remarkable that the Irish press never noticed it! It was the production of a *resident*; and that was proof enough of its worth to those who are continually declaiming against *absentees*!!

In 1824 he published "The Plagues of Ireland;" one of the most caustic satires that ever appeared on this side of the channel. I have not time to do justice to it. The following extract, however, must find a place here:—

" Oh! could I once with serious face appear  
 Where cant and craft pursue their calm career;  
 Could I, as yet all carnal and profane,  
 Sit for one hour amid the saintly train;—  
 Could I but play the hypocrite, or strive  
 To keep old bigotry's last spark alive;  
 Could I but teach my features to assume  
 Singer's sleek leer, or Cooper's look of gloom,—  
 Of long Tobias catch the holy whine,  
 Or learn, O, Bushe! that frothiness of thine;  
 Run Limbo down, like Daniel Mac-affee,  
 Or grope like Cope for Pope and Popery;  
 Copy old Kelly in his tuneless strains,  
 Or prate like Orpen, though devoid of brains!  
 Low as these are, could I be lower still,  
 Could I but wield a tract-inditing quill;  
 Let me but frame a page of pious prose,  
 Flat as the wit that Pott's vile paper shows;  
 Let me but work a string of holy rhymes,  
 Bad as the scraps that sink the Irish Times:

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Could I act thus, my recompense might be  
 Something more sure than sneers or flattery.  
 Oh! many a sage one on my name would dwell,  
 O'erlook my faults, and vow I reason'd well;  
 Oh! many a hand my drooping course should cheer,  
 Help me to heaven, or try to help me here!"

Their help, whether earthly or spiritual, he disdained; and was, during his brief career, what Mr. O'Connell described him, "a thorn in the side of the enemy." Nothing, however, could be further from the mind of Mr. Furlong than illiberality or injustice: he lashed the vices and hypocrisy of those who were the enemies of truth and Ireland, but was not blinded to the demerits of those in whose political opinions he generally coincided. Decidedly one of the most powerful pieces of ridicule in the English language is his verses on O'Connell, in the *Dublin and London Magazine*, beginning, "'Twas I."

It was not till about three years ago that Mr. Furlong acquired any notoriety as a literary character. Since then, however, he has been constantly before the public, both as a poet and prose writer. He contributed largely to the *New Monthly* and the *Dublin and London Magazines*. In the latter, his talents for lyrical compositions became fully developed; and, when his translation of Carolan's songs is published, the world must concede him a place next to Moore, if not before him. His diction and simplicity are those of Burns; whilst his songs have all the correctness and polish which those of the Caledonian bards want. His "Doom of Derenzie," you tell me, has obtained the suffrage of one of the greatest of our living poets. Your own opinion of its merits would be quite sufficient.

Abounding in talent, and not more distinguished for his genius than for his patriotism—a resident in Dublin, remarkable for his convivial qualities, and possessing the esteem of all who knew him—his death, at the premature age of one or two and thirty, ought to have excited the sympathy and regret of his countrymen. It did so; nearly forty coaches followed his remains to the tomb, and amidst those who attended were the members of the "Press Club,"—the young literati of the Irish metropolis. There was something in the poet's fate to fill sensitive hearts with melancholy; and certainly all who knew the man—his heart—his goodness—lamented the sad decree that tore him from the friends he loved, the land he loved equally as well, and, still sadder than all—from life, ere he had matured that fame, the desire of which was the noble—the long-cherished wish of his heart. He sank into the tomb—not obscurely; for there stood around kindly feeling-hearts—intellects that felt what it was to be honoured in death by the living. Strange! that notwithstanding all this the Dublin press was silent! Some of the newspapers announced his death in the usual way in that dark corner devoted to such events. John Lawless, in a burst of feeling, paid the deceased the tribute of a tear. The *Morning Register* copied the paragraph from the *Irishman*. The last sentence was, "We shall do justice to his memory—if we can." This promise has been forgotten by both; and those brawlers about Irish talent and Ireland, left the task of doing justice to one of their most gifted cotemporaries, to a London journal—the *Literary Gazette*!! I trust

these gentlemen have not forgotten the habit of blushing—I trust they are not insensible to just reproof. Of Mr. Staunton, of the *Register*, I would not wish to say any thing harsh; he has done more, perhaps, than any man living towards the dissemination of knowledge in Ireland, and I believe a more worthy or patriotic man does not live. But he forgot the memory of his friend; he—"that was the unkindest cut of all,"—let one whose merits were known to him, sink unnoticed into the tomb. This should not have been: when he started the *Morning Register*, poor Furlong wrote those inimitable parodies which ran the rounds of the English press, and were subsequently copied into the American journals. Mr. Staunton admits, I believe, that they gave a character to his paper, and he knows that the writer never received any remuneration. Did this merit neglect? Was this Irish gratitude?

Poor Furlong, poet like, died poor, and, though his countrymen may forget his memory, his friends will not. One of these has already given orders for the erection of a monument over his remains. This gentleman needs no eulogy—for what could add to the veneration which all his countrymen feel for the amiable and learned historian of Galway.

Adieu.

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.

#### THE TRUTHTELLER.

I HAVE news for the Andrewites! The last number of their grand lama's journal was *really* worth sixpence! Not because the original nonsense was bumped out by the aid of thick leads, and the intermediate space filled with useless extracts from police reports—not because it gave a good deal of fudge about the to-be University of London,—but because it contained the whole of my friend O'Rourke's article, entitled "Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty." It is a long time since the readers of the Truthteller had such an intellectual treat; it must have proved quite refreshing at the district meetings. It acted, I understand, as a kind of catholicon upon the nervous irritability of Phil Duignam of the "Black Boy;" it cured him of an inveterate gout, and he laughed so much—for Phil is no fool—it would also have relieved him from the quinsy, had he been afflicted with that terrible disorder. Andrews must have lost all the little wit God gave him; he committed, in inserting that unanswerable article, a kind of literary *felo de se*; he put the extinguisher upon his own reputation.

Talk about "evangelical" humbugs, and "saintly" hypocrites indeed! here are friends of civil and religious liberty resorting to the most miserable subterfuge for the purpose of evading a direct charge. Andrews, indeed, has fallen lower than I could wish, when he is obliged to take assistance from an ignorant illiterate creature like Grady. Instead of boldly standing forward to vindicate, if he could, his literary character, he holds half a dozen consultations with his friends, and as these, like sundry other consultations, ended in nothing, he calls upon his "tool," the "little busy body," to help him out of the difficulty. Grady, of Grove Cottage (*Query?*), accordingly transmitted a note composed in BAD ENGLISH, and evincing in its terms the vulgarity of his habits, and William Eusebius Andrews

subjoins the following, "Coinciding in opinion with my valued friend (how are the mighty fallen!), I here lay before the readers of *The Truthteller*, and the friends of civil and religious liberty, the article alluded to, which appeared in a revived publication, which shall be nameless, because *mis-named*."

Bravo! veracious truthteller! thou recorder of truth and all truth! Then *you do* acknowledge my power—you shrink from directing your readers to the original source—you dare not measure weapons with "Captain Rock." But I know your contemptible motive, and it shall not avail you; for, as the painter said to the statue of William, in College Green, Dublin, "I am not done with you yet." There can be nothing very formidable in a literary adversary, who, in last week's *Truthteller*, makes at least a dozen blunders in the compass of half a dozen pages.

In fact, the writing of this man is the merest *cant*, which could impose upon none but the most superficial; he is one of those intuitive scholars who consider themselves qualified to decide upon historical subjects without having taken the trouble to read history. In the second page of his last journal he tells us, that Alfred "gave to the people trial by jury." This is merely the echo of a vulgar opinion. Alfred had just as much notion of a trial by jury—such as we have at present, as he had of Protestantism, or Johanna Southcot. The truth is, men were tried by their peers, centuries before Alfred's time; it grew out of the nature of things, and a jury of twelve was unknown for centuries after he had ceased to reign. In the same page, this advocate of the people—this brawler for popular rights—this champion of civil liberty, tells us, that the "dark ages" were "the best days of old England." This is more of the *cant*. I admit—I have proved elsewhere, that the Catholic religion, and nothing but the Catholic religion, emancipated England from barbarism, and laid the foundation of civil liberty. I admit that men were happier in the "dark ages" than in the ages that preceded them; but I unhesitatingly deny that the people of England were as happy then as they are now—bad as things are. If this be not the case, civil liberty—personal liberty, has no advantage for the possessor; if men were happier in the "dark ages" than they are now, "slavery" is devoid of a sting; and all our notions of freedom and feudalism are erroneous, idle, and absurd, and the labours of the real friends of civil and religious liberty not only useless, but mischievous. In the "dark ages," the labourer was a SLAVE—a VILLEIN! This little fact has escaped Cobbett, and nearly all the writers on the state of England preceding the reformation. And this little fact will serve to throw much light on the subject of wages and domestic economy. At the period of the "dark ages," properly so called, men and women were sold in England like "black cattle." Nay, at this very time, Bristol was a slave mart, where Irish traders were in the habit of supplying themselves; and, as showing the superior freedom of the Irish, it may not be irrelevant to mention that no Irishman was then a "slave."

So much for the "dark ages," about which *The Truthteller* is constantly full of *cant*. I am one of those rational Catholics who believe

\* See Lingard, Millar, Hallam, Turner, Hume, &c. &c.

that my religion is erected on the irremovable foundation of truth ; I believe that the Redeemer promised to be with her to the end of time. I believe that she was the greatest benefactor of man—not only as it respects his eternal, but his temporal happiness ; and, believing *this*, it necessarily follows that I consider catholicity disserved by falsehood and sophistry. Let those whose creed has no foundation in Scripture and reason, resort to subterfuge—to lies ; the Catholic Church has nothing to apprehend from investigation and discussion. She stands forth to the eyes of mankind like the sun of heaven, with some external spots of apparent dimness, but still glorious from internal brightness ; the eternal source of life and light to all who travel on the road of salvation. I do not consider myself called upon to defend all the acts of those who profess my creed ; and, while I stand ready to claim for my religion all which Catholicity has done for England, I will not give it credit for what it did not do. I will not hesitate to condemn the Catholic clergy of the “dark ages” for declining to do what they might have done. I have been engaged during the last six years on a “Political and Philosophical History of the Church of Rome,” and which history I intend to submit shortly to the public, when they will have it in their power to ascertain who is the greater benefactor of Catholicity—he who deals implicitly in truth, or he who deals only in *cant*.

Since the publication of Cobbett's History of the Reformation, Andrews, and such shallow minds as his, have been in the habit of talking a great deal of nonsense about “our Catholic ancestors ;” and, what is not a little singular, they have got even Irishmen to listen to them. This is passing strange ! That man has not got an Irish heart within his breast, if he stands silently, much less approvingly, by, while England of the twelfth and three succeeding centuries is lauded for justice, and religion, and humanity. What ! has he forgotten that Catholic England and Catholic Englishmen treated his ancestors as they treated wolves ? Has he forgotten that these Englishmen considered the killing of a *mere* Irishman as a guiltless act ? Protestant England has treated Ireland atrociously, but not a whit more barbarously than “our Catholic ancestors.” I am of opinion that there is a great deal of misapprehension entertained on constitutional questions ; and that we have been in the habit of lauding deeds and acts which are more worthy of execration. In the last Truthteller, Andrews says—“The representatives of the people in those days (“dark ages”) had to face their constituents annually ; and, when the time arrived for them to render an account of their trust, they would be sent to the right-about, and more faithful guardians of the public trust *elected*,” &c. &c. This is the assertion of self-sufficient ignorance—of one totally ignorant of parliamentary history, and justifies Mr. O'Rourke's assertion, that Andrews could not define what he means by “Radical Reform.” Surely, the friends of civil and religious liberty, and of a Catholic free press, ought to be proud of the advocacy of such an erudite journalist !

I find that these remarks have extended to a length which will prevent me from giving, as I intended, this week, a further and complete exposé of the management of the “tracts.” I would leave the subject in the hands of Mr. O'Rourke, but that he is more pleasingly employed in Thorney Street. Before I conclude, however, I must

once for all observe, that Grady has no chance of being dignified by my anger. If he be ambitious of further notoriety, there are a thousand roads to dubious fame; but he may rest assured, that the rays of my indignation shall not irradiate the obscurity to which fate has subjected him. He is too contemptible, too ignorant, too vulgar, for further notice. I believe he has no motive but the gratification of a puerile ambition, for acting as nominal secretary to the friends of civil and religious liberty; and, having done him this piece of justice, I beg leave to dismiss him. Mr. Andrews, however, having sanctioned his impudent vulgar note, in which there are some dark insinuations, I now call upon him to be explicit; not to stab, assassin like, from beneath a mask, but to state openly all he knows. The world, I thought, had been pretty well acquainted with the particulars of Captain Rock's Memoirs; but, if Mr. Andrews imagine that I am vulnerable in either my public or private character, he is welcome to strike—I give him a *carte blanche*—a full indemnity from all legal consequences. Let him say what he pleases; but let him be sure that the charges may not recoil upon his own head, instead of descending upon mine:

“ All my faults perchance thou knowest,—  
All my follies none can know.”

I have, however, never eaten the bread of vulgar charity;—I have never pocketed the reluctant subscriptions of individuals;—I have never solicited a favour from greatness, or done aught else, the publication of which could wound my friends. Now, Mr. Andrews, proceed. You dare not—you cannot! The truth is, Andrews lies under a misapprehension: he is as ignorant of the person of Captain Rock, as he is of English history.

Rock.

\* \* It is but right to state here, that I have received several letters from individual members of the Society of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, all of which shall meet immediate attention, particularly those from Mr. Giligan, “ ex-secretary of the western district,” and M—— B——. I beg now to assure the latter, that I am not, nor ever was, the personal enemy of Mr. French; I know his family well, and am ready to bear witness to its great and hereditary respectability. I admit that his talents are respectable, and might be useful to himself and others, if directed into a proper channel. I have said this before; and it is because I know all this that I lament his having identified himself with the Andrewites. I felt for him at the Crown and Anchor, when Grady called him his “ supereminently-gifted friend!” Mr. French, I have heard, was importuned to drag me before a court of law—(only think of Daniel French v. Captain Rock!)—but, as he had the good sense to refuse, I will now do unsolicited what persecution could never have made me do—I will confess that I regret having let Mr. O'Rourke's allusion to Mr. French pass without being modified. If it wounded his feelings, I am sorry for it; because I would not willingly give pain to a member of his family.

## MR. SOUTHEY.

THIS is a most philosophical world. Men, it appears, bottle up their humanity as they do their small beer, that it may improve; they have abundance for suffering three or four centuries, or three or four thousand years old, but none at all for that which stares them daily in the face. Our "Saints"—fanciful people—cannot discover the wants and privations of their fellow-countrymen, but they see very plainly the mark of the Scotch driver's whip upon the brawny shoulders of a West Indian black. Charity, too, as well as humanity, is somewhat like a half-gentleman in Connaught, a little too ostentatious; it descends, we are told, like dew. Alas! the modest miserable, like the plains of Egypt, are seldom moistened by such heavenly visitations; obtrusive paupers absorb it all! Not long since, the brother of the celebrated Barry was starved in London; and, soon after, *I* wrote a paragraph in the papers, stating that the sister of Father O'Leary was dying in the workhouse of St. Giles's. I was wrong, she was only his first cousin, but no matter for that; no one ever inquired whether she was there or not! So much for Irish enthusiasm, patriotism, &c. &c. I am sometimes angry with my countrymen, but I hope there is not one among them capable of acting towards a guiltless brother after the manner of the poet laureat, Southey. Mr. Southey was an officer in the Portuguese service; is a man of candour and honour, and has a wife and several helpless infants; yet, will you believe it? he is now all but a pauper in London. I have heard, but I cannot believe it—that he is to be seen sweeping the crossings. Could the poet relieve him? Yes. Will he? No. And why? Because his brother has the honesty to adhere to religious tenets which he believes to be true. He is a Roman Catholic! He no sooner discovered the truth, than he embraced it; and persuaded his wife to follow his example. Place, pension, fortune, and friends, await him if he returns to Protestantism; but, with a moral heroism, he is inflexible. Such virtue ought to be rescued from an indirect persecution; and the facts above stated ought to be universally known. Let the reproach rest with those who deserve it.

ROCK.

## RELIGION IN GERMANY.

THE good effects of toleration are now visible in Germany. Catholics, to the surprise no doubt of Sir Thomas Lethbridge, do not cut the throats of their Protestant fellow-subjects, while Protestants feel no ill effects from Catholics being allowed equal privileges. The following statement is given in a German paper:—

## Protestants under Catholic Princes in Austria:

In the countries below the Emo	4,300
Above the Emo	24,700
In Styria	2,500
In Illyria	17,000
In Bohemia	50,000
In Moravia	68,—

Total in Austria. 166,500

In Bavaria . . . . .	1,100,000
In Saxony . . . . .	1,420,000
In Anhalt Coethen . . . . .	34,000

In the two principalities of Hohenzollern, and in that of Lichtenstein, there are very few Protestants.

**Catholics under Protestant Princes :**

Prussia . . . . .	3,250,000
Hanover . . . . .	250,000
Wurtemburgh . . . . .	470,000
Baden . . . . .	800,000
Hesse Cassel . . . . .	106,000
Hesse Darmstadt . . . . .	165,000
Holstein Launburgh . . . . .	1,000
Luxemburg . . . . .	285,000
Saxe Weimar Eisenach . . . . .	10,000
Saxe Meiningen . . . . .	300
Saxe Altenburg . . . . .	100
Saxe Coburg Gotha . . . . .	200
Brunswick . . . . .	2,500
Mecklenburgh Schwerin . . . . .	1,000
Mecklenburgh Strelitz . . . . .	60
Oldenburgh . . . . .	75,000
Nassau . . . . .	150,000
Anhalt, Desein, and Bunburgh . . . . .	100
Hesse Homburgh . . . . .	5,000
Frankfort . . . . .	6,000
Hamburgh . . . . .	5,000

**Total 5,580,200**

In the dominions of the two houses of Schwartzburg, of the princes of Reuss, Lippe, Delmold, and Schaumburgh, Waldeck, and in Bremen and Lubeck, there are very few Catholics.

THE length to which the articles in this number have extended, obliges me to postpone some contributions of decided importance until my next. One of these was the first of a series of articles on the history and antiquities of Ireland; another was the first chapter of a tale, entitled the "Apostate," for which I am indebted to the active friendship of a very popular author. The reader will soon recognise in the tale the pen of one who was a deserved favourite with the subscribers to the "London and Dublin Magazine."

Several other literary friends have been equally kind. One gentleman has transmitted me a series of articles on the "Cork poets;" and another has furnished a valuable dissertation on the songs, romances, poems, and odes of the Irish bards.

My object is to make this journal a vehicle for conveying useful and entertaining matter; and to render it acceptable to the philosophic and literary reader, as it undoubtedly is to the politician. We must occasionally, however, have some fun; and accordingly Denis O'Kavanagh is bringing forth an ode to rival Dryden's, to be called, "The Feast of the Andrewites." These gentlemen, it appears, dined together a few days ago; the press was silent—no speech was reported. I have inquired of several whether it took place or not, but no one could inform me. I inquired of those whose names were down for stewards, but they were equally as ignorant; their names, it appears, were made rather free with; Mr. Dias Santos did not ask their permission before the honour was thrust upon them!

SKETCHES IN THORNEY STREET.—BY RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ.

NO. II.—THE BRITISH CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

“In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim.”—BYRON.

LIKE Cobbett, I am a great admirer of pig philosophy; and whoever attentively observes the operations of that useful animal, will learn—directly and indirectly—more than how to distinguish good from bad turnips. An Irishman—for an Hibernian will always serve “to point a moral or adorn a tale”—was one day met on his way towards Kilfane with a pig at the end of a *strap*: “Ah, then, where would you be goen, paddy?” inquired his neighbour. “To Knockmore *aughud!*” replied paddy. “To Knockmore! why, man alive, this is the road to Kilfane!” “Whist!” whispered paddy, “an’ spake azy, for sure enough ’tis there I’m goen, but if the *bonyeen* knew it, the devil a bit ov ’im but would be after turnen towards Knockmore.”

Now Paddy and his pig bear a remarkable resemblance to the people and their guides—that is, to the people and their guides hitherto; for the time has arrived when the “herd of mankind,” as we have been politely called, have learned to walk alone—to guide themselves. Every man, as Hobbs said, is the enemy of every other man; and every body of men have been the enemies of every other body. The people, like Paddy’s pig, were never more astray than when they flattered themselves that they were right; for the “superior orders” generally contrived to go to Kilfane, when they pretended to be going to Knockmore; they had their own interest uniformly in view, when they ostensibly affected to be pursuing the interest of the people. This will account for the little good which has resulted from the deliberations of collective bodies. The “guides” of popular assemblies have been either dupes or knaves; they must absolutely deceive themselves, or those who confide in them. There can hardly be—there is not, that I know of—an exception. Want of capacity—opposing circumstances, have, no doubt, frequently rendered the results harmless; and peculiar times and situations, the ambition of demagogues, and the frenzy of enthusiasts, have very often rendered the proceedings of collective bodies beneficial to the interests of mankind. Things bad in themselves may be indirectly productive of good.

“In all bodies,” says a celebrated Irishman, “those who will lead must, also, in a considerable degree, follow. They must conform their propositions to the taste, talent, and dispositions of those whom they wish to conduct; therefore, if an assembly is viciously or feebly composed, in a very great part of it, nothing but such a degree of virtue as very rarely appears in the world, and for that reason cannot enter into calculation, will prevent the men of talents, disseminated through it, from becoming only the expert instruments of absurd projects. If, what is the more likely event, instead of that unusual degree of virtue, they should be actuated by sinister ambition, and a lust of meretricious glory, then the feeble part of the



assembly, to whom they at first conform, becomes, in its turn, the dupe and instrument of their designs. In this political traffic, the leaders will be obliged to bow to the ignorance of their followers, and the followers to become subservient to the worst designs of their leaders."

However this reasoning may apply to other bodies of men, the most timid or the most virtuous can have no apprehension of delinquency in the British Catholic Association; it has neither the capacity nor the opportunity of effecting mischief; it may do, and unquestionably has done, much good, though not the tithe of what it might have done. Placed between two powers of somewhat equal attraction, its energies are held in suspense, while all its productions take that dubious form which is neither aristocratic nor democratic; it wants the haughty repulsiveness of the one, and the conciliating urbanity of the other. Knowing that numbers constitute power, it affects to lean towards the people; but, influenced by the gentry, and appreciating, in this lord-loving age, the advantage of apparent respectability, it now and then turns up its most prominent feature at the "mob," while it laughs and winks most familiarly with my lord duke. The result is, it has the confidence of neither party: it has lost the bone for the shadow,—it pursued a Venus and embraced a cloud.

No public body can be either formidable or respectable which has not the support of the people—which is not cheered and encouraged by the popular voice. The Catholic Associations of Ireland and England are illustrative of this very obvious fact. In the one country, we see it attracting the attention of the civilized world, striking dismay into the national enemy, and filling an impolitic government with an apprehension of being obliged to concede justice to a patriotic people. The support of free men is transmitted across the Atlantic, while the sympathy of a polished nation is wafted from the shores of France. How did the Irish Catholic Association acquire all this power—this extensive influence? Simply, by leaning on the people, by appealing to the "lower orders." It is true, the Irish Association is aristocratic in all its institutions, but the actors are democrats. The "gentry" appear there only like the shadows of another age—memorials of absurd systems and exploded opinions—they are only *great* little men—they are out of their place—their pure blood disqualifies them from performing a part where men are actors:—they come but seldom to the Corn Exchange; and then only to convince the world that the lords of the soil—the creatures of kings—are very far inferior to those who are self-ennobled—to God Almighty's nobility.

The case is different in Thorney Street: the popular voice is not heard there. The committee have more the character of a divan than of a popular assembly, and evince, in all its proceedings, a cowardly apprehension, derived from habits acquired when there was really cause to fear the consequence of publicity. Not long since, the British Catholics dare not meet in public; and when there remained no legal prohibition, the prejudice of the English people compelled them to assemble by stealth, behind the security of closed doors; and, lest they should give alarm, the carriages of the nobility never approached within a street or two of the place of meeting. It is not to be won-

dered at, therefore, that the shreds of former fears still cling to the nobility; and, as their parasites affect the opinions of their betters, it is no wonder that these, contrary to their conviction, appear to be alarmed where the most prudent would not pause to examine the nature of their footing. All this gives to the British Catholic Association an air of cautious prudence, which, to people acquainted with the times, and with public opinion, appears somewhat ridiculous. Men less timid than the prominent members of the committee would, ere this, have doubted of the propriety of that conduct which drew from their enemies commendations at the expense of their Irish brethren. It was a bitter sarcasm to be told that they acted wisely in not imitating the Irish Association; while those who told them so, refused to vote them even as free as the Catholic people of Ireland!

Notwithstanding this appearance of imbecility, the line of conduct pursued by the British Catholic Association is not altogether so indefensible as at first sight it may appear to be. We must recollect that the managers undertook to unite all classes of Catholics, and have failed, because they mistook the way: the opinions and sentiments of the great body of the people are diametrically opposed to those entertained by the aristocracy; the "lower orders" are half a century in advance of the "superior classes." The association, therefore, had not only a difficult but a delicate task to perform; and it must be confessed, that when the managers found the thing impracticable, they needlessly abandoned the people, and on one occasion, I understand, offered them a direct insult. This occurred during the time when the "rent" was collecting; and the "rent" might yet be forthcoming, were it not for the groundless fears and aristocratic insolence of some active members of the association.

If I be wrong, I am ready to stand corrected; for, so far as the association is concerned, I have no propensity or prejudice to gratify. I love the cause which they advocate; and I lament the impediments which have arisen from time to time to interrupt the efforts of the British Catholics. There are faults on both sides: the aristocrats are too haughty and repulsive; the people are too suspicious and too hasty. Both act from mistaken notions: the nobility are wrong in supposing that the popular voice would prevent theirs from being heard, or that the proceedings of an assembly promiscuously composed would not partake of that grave and dignified character which ought to characterize the deliberations of authoritative and responsible men. This view of the case is essentially erroneous. In the first place, rank, and wealth, and education, and titles, are sure of respect and deference from the people, under ordinary circumstances; and more particularly so, when the possessor of one or all of these comes to unite his voice with theirs for the obtaining of a common benefit. In the second place, the people are very far from entertaining that levelling principle which would seek its own elevation in the degradation of honest and honourable men. Rank and its attributes create in their minds nothing like envy: with many of them it has the effect of a distant prospect, alluringly beautiful—it stimulates their exertions. When the plebeians of Rome succeeded by menace in obtaining some popular right, they uniformly deposited the power secured by so much blood and danger in the hands of one of those from whom they wrung it—in those of a patrician. So far from the people being unwilling to concede respect

and deference to those of rank and opulence, their great error has been directly the reverse: they do not tread upon the kibe of nobility as often as they ought to do. Were the British Catholics of rank and consequence to take a more decided part in political affairs, they would soon discover how groundless are those fears which they entertain of democratic contamination: there can be no doubt that such a line of conduct would be beneficial. Opinion, in England, is certainly very much of an aristocratic cast; and those who sneer or smile at plebeian efforts would condescend a more polite hearing if the appeal came from lords or dukes, men of name and title. In Ireland the case is different: a whole people speak there; here the cry of complaint issues only from a comparative few. Any effort in England, to be decidedly successful, must be made in conjunction with that of the Catholic nobility: it must have their sanction—their support. We cannot dispense with their approval; but we may, nevertheless, compel them to give it: they will not *lead*, they must *follow*.

The British Catholics, like other persons, are ignorant of their own strength; where opinion is power, the people must be obeyed; and if, instead of seceding—of forming counter associations, we rushed to Thorney Street, hissed or applauded in spite of this or that person's want of courtesy, we should soon find the aristocrats submitting to our will: the proceedings of the association would soon become as popular as we could wish, because they would then owe to us their "form and pressure." In doing this, however, we should be guided by that respect we owe at once to ourselves and to our cause. We should have other speakers than such boys as Grady, and forego much of that skin-deep sensitiveness which many of our body are in the habit of betraying before the aristocrats. The first object of Catholics ought to be emancipation: many other things, such as various kinds of reform, are necessary; but first let us seek our own individual rights, collectively. When we ask emancipation, we are British Catholics—when we ask for reform, we are British subjects. By not passing this obvious line of demarcation, the Catholic gentry can have no views different from ours; and, while unanimity and temperance would characterize our proceedings, the nobility dare not desert us—dare not secede. Popular opinion would frown them into activity—would teach them the necessity of foregoing their apathy, and uniting heart and hand with their fellow Catholics. If the association, therefore, have been aristocratic, the fault, in some measure, has been our own. The only method of keeping public bodies honest is to put it out of their power to play the knave.

It is very true that we cannot, of ourselves, persuade the legislature to concede us our rights; but we can do much in seconding the efforts of the Irish Catholics; and, to confess the truth, the British Catholic Association—numbers apart—has done comparatively as much for the cause of emancipation as the "Catholic Parliament" of Dublin. Perhaps it has done more in England; it has certainly availed itself more diligently of the press: it has not talked so much, but it has distributed more publications,—and that is what is most wanted.

I have been in this sketch more than usually serious: I could not approach it with levity; it would not be becoming in me to do so. My opinions are here stated candidly. All who consider me right

ought to attend with me on the next open day at Thorney Street, and I shall teach them the practicability of my plan. If they do not, I shall proceed with my sketches.—Mr. Charles Butler in my next.

#### EMIGRATION REPORT.

THE third report of the Emigration Committee has just been published. It is a tissue of absurdities, as I shall demonstrate in my next; when I shall make the question of emigration as plain as that one and one make two. In the present number, I have room only for that part of the report which relates to

#### IRELAND.

"Your committee deem it unnecessary to expatiate upon the extreme wretchedness of a great portion of the peasantry in many parts of Ireland. The evidence which has been produced before successive committees of the house cannot fail to have made a strong impression on this subject, upon those members who have not themselves been eye-witnesses of the circumstances; and whatever complicated causes may have led to this state of things, the fact is undeniable, that, generally speaking, there is that excess of labour, as compared with any permanent demand for it, which has reduced and must keep down the labourer at the lowest possible amount of subsistence. It even appears in evidence, that private individuals have frequently employed labourers at this low rate, rather from motives of charity than from any beneficial interest accruing to the party employing them. Under the present circumstances, the opinion entertained of the insecurity of property in Ireland, arising from the state of the population, must operate as a most effectual discouragement to the introduction of capital; that is to say, no person will be disposed to establish large manufactories, or to make great agricultural improvements, in a country which has been, and may again be, the scene of insurrectionary movements, and where his return (which alone can insure the introduction of capital) may consequently be affected by such contingency.

"The question of emigration, as connected with Ireland, has been already decided by the population itself; and that which remains for the legislature to decide is, to what points the emigration shall be directed, whether it shall be turned to the improvement of the North American colonies, or whether it shall be suffered and encouraged to take that which otherwise will be, and is, its inevitable course, to deluge Great Britain with poverty and wretchedness, and gradually but certainly to equalize the state of the English and Irish peasantry. It may not be superfluous to state, that subscriptions have actually been entered into for this very purpose of promoting emigration to Great Britain; and the daily increasing communication between the two shores affords a facility for the execution of this system, the consequences of which cannot be viewed without alarm. In point of fact, the numbers removing from Ireland to England have infinitely increased, and the character of the emigration has been changed from one of labourers leaving their small farms and cottages, to which, after a temporary absence, they were in the habit of returning, into an emigration of vagrants, who have neither the ties of home, nor the hope of obtaining provision, to induce them to go back; their only hope is to obtain in England the means of subsistence, which they can effect in no other way than by displacing a certain proportion of the labouring English classes, in consequence of their competition.

"Your committee cannot too strongly impress upon the house, that between countries so intimately connected as Great Britain and Ireland, two different rates of wages, and two different conditions of the labouring population, cannot permanently co-exist. One of two results appears to be inevitable—the Irish population must be raised towards the standard of the English, or the English depressed towards that of the Irish. The question whether an extensive plan of emigration shall or shall not be adopted, appears to your committee to resolve

itself into this simple point, whether the wheat-fed population of Great Britain shall or shall not be supplanted by the potatoe-fed population of Ireland; whether Great Britain, in reference to the condition of her lower orders, shall or shall not progressively become what Ireland is at the present moment.

"From the uniform tenour of the evidence given by the Irish witnesses, it appears that there is now among the landowners in Ireland a growing conviction (already almost universal) of the mischief of the system of an under-tenantry, and of the excess of population which attends it. They are satisfied that the best chance for the improvement of their estates and the amelioration of the condition of the people is the removal of this grievance, by the ejectment of that excess of tenantry, under the precautions which the late act affords against its recurrence. In many parts of Ireland, and those obviously the most crowded, this process is constantly and extensively in force, checked only in some cases by motives of humanity, and the dread of immediate disturbance of the peace. The miserable beings thus dislodged from their abodes, find themselves without resource or refuge. They first make an attempt to establish themselves on the next estate, upon the same footing; if that expedient fails, with the trifling pecuniary means derived from the remission of their rents, and the sale of the stock which their landlord may relinquish, they proceed to the nearest bog, or to a neighbouring town; the little money acquired by these means is soon spent, employment is scarcely to be obtained, and the most abject existence is supported by the assistance of the establishments for the suppression of mendicancy, and the government, which contributes to provide funds for the purpose. In the towns distress accumulates in proportion as it decreases in the country, whilst a population of vagrants is gathered together in a state of misery, thereby affording materials for disorder and crime. By such a population, the rate of wages also is generally depressed, the means of obtaining comfortable maintenance is rendered impossible, and the most miserable cabins are multiplied on the bogs, and in the suburbs of the great towns. The ultimate consequences appear in contagious fever, of the prevalence of which an illustration will be found in the fact, that within the city of Dublin alone (where it has been accurately ascertained), out of a population of 200,000 inhabitants, 60,000 cases have passed through the hospital in the course of last year.

"Your committee are convinced of the general feeling entertained by Irish proprietors of the advantage to be derived from diminishing the population on their estates. Your committee entertained no doubt that this feeling is strong enough to induce them, in many instances, to make a pecuniary contribution towards the expense of emigration; and your committee are further of opinion, that the same feeling would lead them more extensively to avail themselves (as they would then be able to do) of the provisions of the act already alluded to, for preventing the recurrence of the evil; in which case alone the removal could be beneficial to the proprietor or to the country. If an Irish proprietor were to remove five hundred persons, including one hundred heads of families, from his estates, for the purpose of throwing that estate into larger farms, and were to pull down the one hundred cottages in which those one hundred families may have lived, and not suffer them to be re-occupied, no comparison can exist, with reference to the advantages of emigration, between a supposed state of things, and the mere abstraction of labourers to the same amount, whose tenements may be immediately inhabited by a similar class of peasants. That which is true in a single instance, is equally true in considering emigration as a general measure in Ireland. It will be impossible to show that so great a ratio of increase can be expected to take place, in consequence of the emigration of pauper tenants, as would have taken place, in the population that might have existed in Ireland, had they not been removed to the colonies. Your committee, however, are not prepared to recommend that any legislative provisions should be made to prevent by law the re-occupation of those cottages, or to enforce their destruction, because they are satisfied that it is from the growing opinion, which is spreading itself among the whole gentry of Ireland, that the principal security is to be derived for their not being again occupied: if it were not for this growing opinion, that it is to the interest of the proprietors, in the best understood sense, to resist all collateral

circumstances in favour of the excessive growth of population. Your committee are aware that any legislative measures of a compulsory nature might in various ways be evaded.

"Mr. Malthus was asked, whether he had taken into consideration what may be the effect of the continued increase of the population of Ireland, upon the condition of the labouring classes of England? He stated, that, in his opinion, the effect will be most fatal to the happiness of the labouring classes in England, because there will be a constant and increasing emigration from Ireland to England, which will tend to lower the wages of labour in England, and to prevent the good effects arising from the superior prudence of the labouring classes in this country. He stated, that he has understood that in the western parts of England and Scotland, in the manufacturing districts, particularly in Manchester and Glasgow, the wages of labour have been lowered essentially by the coming over of the Irish labourers; which opinion, your committee beg to observe, is confirmed by the evidence that has been given by witnesses resident in those districts. Mr. Malthus is of opinion, that this emigration will tend materially to alter the habits of the labouring class of England—to force them into the habitual consumption of a sort of food inferior to that to which they are now accustomed, namely, potatoes; and the danger of the use of the lowest quality of food is, that it leaves no resource in a period of scarcity; whereas, in the case of a population habitually living on wheat, there is always the resource of potatoes to compensate for the failure of an average crop. He is also of opinion, that it will necessarily throw a greater number of the English labourers upon the poor-rates, inasmuch as, if there be a redundancy of labour in any English parish, the presence of Irish labourers, universally seeking for employment, would prevent such English labour from being absorbed. He stated, that he was satisfied no permanent improvement would take place in the case of the English poor, if a portion of them were removed by emigration, as long as this influx of Irish labourers into England continued without a check. Mr. Malthus stated, that unless a change took place in the management of the land in Ireland, he can only anticipate an increase of poverty and misery; and that such change cannot take place, unless something is done to remove the people. He admitted, that if the people increase, and continue in their present state, there can be little prospect of any greater degree of tranquillity and security in that country; and for those reasons, he is of opinion that it is particularly expedient to attempt to introduce emigration on a large scale from Ireland, especially as he understands there is an intention on the part of landlords to make the change in question in the management of their properties. He was finally asked, 'What is your opinion of the capability of Ireland to become a very rich and flourishing country?' he answered, 'My opinion is, that it has very great capabilities; that it might be a very rich and a very prosperous country; and that it might be richer in proportion than England, from its greater natural capabilities.'—'Do you think any one circumstance would more tend to accelerate that state of things, than a judicious system of emigration put into force in that country?' 'I think that a judicious system of emigration is one of the most powerful means to accomplish that object.'"

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#### THE APOSTATE—A TALE OF TO-DAY.

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"How art thou changed! We dare not look upon thee."

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#### CHAPTER I.

THERE were few spots in Ireland more picturesquely situated than the little village of Ballybeg. A river of moderate size, and tolerable swiftness, passed through it; and, as the domain of my lord Gracewell nearly encompassed the place, it had what most Irish "towns" want—abundance of trees and shade. The dwellings of the inhabitants had an appearance of comfort and neatness; the sign

of the "Harp" had a "loft," as was evident from the upper row of windows; and the house of Tim Nowlan—the Caleb Quotem of the village, was absolutely built of stone, and covered with slates. The chapel fronted the road; and, judging from its gloomy thatched roof, low mud walls, its weather-beaten door, and broken windows, ecclesiastical architecture had made but little progress in Ballybeg, since the days of St. Patrick, when pious people worshipped God in churches of wicker-work. The people themselves had somewhat of an antiquated appearance; the mutations of fashion were unknown among them; they were clothed in the produce of their own hands, had warm hearts and cheerful countenances; they were alike ignorant of poverty and wealth, and had no ambition to introduce improvements, which have every where been followed by misery.

A novel-writer—however stupid—would grow florid on the mere mention of May; but, as I have little fancy, I shall simply state, that the last time Ballybeg glistened in the sun of that delightful month, the village and its inhabitants were as lovely and as happy as ever they had been. Vegetation was more than usually forward; and the genial influence of the season seemed to have been felt no less by nature than by the people. Providence was good, and they evinced their gratitude after the manner of Sterne's Frenchman,—their animal spirits boiled over, and the old, as well as the young, thought an indulgence in innocent pastime by no means offensive to the DEITY—who had, as they thought and believed—made Sunday the most cheerful day of the week. It was also a day of relaxation—of cessation from bodily toil; and accordingly the Sabbath was selected for those amusements which delight the minds of simple peasants. The "nine holes" were dug where the cross roads met, and the shade of a large elm was selected for tripping it on the light fantastic toe—whether blind Mick the fiddler was present or not:—in his absence, Nancy Carroll's "jig" answered nearly as well. On a Sunday, about the middle of May last, just as the sun had begun to recede from the meridian, the boys and girls had commenced their sport, mass had been heard, dinner eaten, catechism "said," and nothing remained but to laugh and play for the remainder of the evening. The bowlers were stripped, and Mick's fiddle tuned, when, at a distance, was seen Lord Gracewell, his lady, and daughter, followed by a footman, who bore their Bibles and Prayer-Books—for, though a saint of the first water, though he might be said to live upon scripture, yet his lordship would not condescend to carry the "word of God" from church.

Lord Gracewell and his family had long been absentees, and only returned in the beginning of May, from their residence in England. His tenantry knew very little of his habits or disposition: he was a lord—their landlord—and, consequently, entitled to their respect and veneration; and these they unequivocally paid him. On his approach, the pastime was suspended; the girls and women courtesied lowly; the men and boys took off their hats; and many other indications, bordering on servility, were shown him. But the return he made had an unkindly stiffness in it: he appeared to be offended—but that might be only a way he had—the people thought nothing of it: the graceful smile of the Lady Louisa, as she passed, fully atoned for the forbidding

glance of her "papa." The "great man" proceeded on his way, and the sports were resumed: but in less than half an hour they were again suspended on the approach of the Reverend Mr. M'Intosh, a Scotch Independent clergyman, who constantly resided with Lord Gracewell. This gentleman, in the fiery zeal of his country, commenced a lecture on the profanation of the Sabbath, which was heard very patiently; but, when he adverted to the priest and the chapel, accused the people of ungodliness, and attributed their sins to their belief in the doctrines of the Church of Rome, a spirit of decided opposition was manifested; the women assailed him with their tongues, and the men threatened him with their fists. But these Mr. M'Intosh disregarded. He was sent by his lordship, and he commanded them to listen, on pain of his lordship's displeasure. This only served to increase the clamour, and, after an hour's ineffectual effort to obtain a hearing, he descended from the eminence he stood upon, and slowly returned to Gracewell House.

From this day the peace which had sojourned there for centuries fled the little village of Ballybeg. A spiritual campaign was commenced, under Lord Gracewell's direction, and the poor people were incessantly assailed with holy missiles, in the form of tracts and Bibles, essays on Popery, and sermons against the Jesuits. These having fallen harmlessly upon the impenetrable dulness of the Papists, other methods of persuasion were resorted to, and nothing could exceed the chagrin and indignation of the people, when they found the good old cause deserted by a few dependents of his lordship. These "converts" were paraded in the church; their recantation of the "damnable errors of Popery" was formally made, and the newspapers were filled with anticipations of the millennium which is to take place when the people of Ireland become Protestants—but not till then.

Some people were uncharitable enough to accuse my Lord Gracewell of bribing the poor peasants out of their belief, and, in proof of the charge, they alleged that all the new converts were of that description of persons very unlikely to be influenced by any but tangible arguments: four tinkers, two sturdy beggars, a girl who had made two "mistakes," his lordship's gardener, and drunken Tom of the hollow. The noble apostle did not deny that these were the ornaments of the new light, but he indignantly spurned the charge of bribery; he gave meat, drink, and clothes, to be sure, but these were not bribes—the dispenser of spiritual food had a right to see that the body did not languish in want. He rejoiced in being the instrument, under divine providence, of sowing the seeds of the "new reformation;" and boldly asserted that the harvest was ripe for the sickle. His enemies laughed at all this, and flattered themselves that no more "scandal" would be given; but they were mistaken. Their piety, their prejudice if you like, had to encounter a still greater shock—to suffer a still deeper mortification.

One Sunday morning, early in July, every road to the Protestant Church was crowded with pedestrians: some went without any intention of entering its portals—some not knowing whether they should or not; but all with the hope of seeing the other new convert. Report had been busy about him during the preceding fortnight: he was



represented as a person of some consequence—one who had been educated for the Catholic church. The public, however, remained ignorant of his name; and the uncertainty respecting him which prevailed, helped not a little to give a greater intensity to that curiosity which all felt: the Protestants were eager to ascertain the value of their new acquisition—the Catholics to see the renegade who had disgraced his country and religion. Long before the hour of service, every pew in the church was filled. The more scrupulous Catholics only ventured to look in; the more indifferent, but not the less zealous, boldly took a seat, and exhibited in their countenances a decided contrast to that which marked the features of the regular congregation. On their lips sat a smile of complacency; their eyes shot forth looks of triumph, not unmingled with scorn; while the “strangers in the place” yielded to the dejection of the moment, heightened by the uncomfortable feeling of being present in a place suited neither to their habits nor their opinions.

At the proper time, the clergyman called upon John O’Brien to come forward; and at the instant every eye was fixed upon a young man, who stepped from behind the shadow of the pulpit. The eyes of the *saintesses* glistened with delight; for—

“Never raptur’d Greek  
Struck from the parian stone a nobler form,”

than that exhibited in the person of the convert. He was about the age of two or three and twenty; his features were boldly marked, but still so regular that they appeared full of manly beauty, without the least taint of effeminacy. Still there was a restless activity in the eye—a hollow in the pallid cheek, that indicated a youth of habits far from settled—something within that would not be at peace. He betrayed, however, nothing of shame or reluctance; he cast his eyes upon the congregation with considerable indifference, and stood boldly forward to read the recantation, which abounds with so many reflections upon the Catholic religion. He made his first response in a firm tone, but he had scarcely pronounced it, when a stentorian voice exclaimed, “He is a liar!” and the roof re-echoed the word liar! At first, it was impossible to say from what part of the church the voice proceeded, but all doubts were quickly removed by a repetition of the indignant exclamation, a grotesque figure at the same time advancing from behind the door. He wore the remnant of a soldier’s jacket, and a sheepskin breeches completed the remainder of his dress. His feet were bare, with the exception of scanty *traheens*; and, while his right hand was elevated above his head, his left held, shield-like, a small leather cap—like that formerly worn by monks, upon the top of which was imprinted the symbol of Christianity—the cross, which now, as if in derision, was pointed at the apostate. “I tell you,” said the uncouth stranger, taking advantage of the momentary suspense occasioned by his interruption, “I tell you, that John O’Brien is a liar—a hypocrite! He has already drawn drops o’ blood from his parents’ hearts—he’s now come to brake ’em entirely.”

“Remove that man,” said the rector; and the beadle quickly obeyed his orders, not, however, without some apprehension of opposition from the crowd without, who were now doubly enraged on

finding the "convert" to be one whom they would have last suspected. Some audible groans were given—some shed tears—some looked unutterable things—but the convert heeded them not—he read his recantation, and was driven from church in the coach of Lord Gracewell. His father—but of him in the next chapter.

#### EXPLANATORY NOTES.

THE last number of this publication contained some assertions, which, judging from the number of anonymous contradictions that I have received, seem to require explanation. They occurred in the article on "The Truthteller." The first was

#### TRIAL BY JURY.

Mr. Andrews asserted that Alfred gave us trial by jury. This is the vulgar opinion, but it is erroneous. "It is not surprising," says Mr. Hallam,\* "that the great services of Alfred to his people, in peace and in war, should have led posterity to ascribe every institution, of which the beginning was obscure, to his contrivance, till his fame has become almost as fabulous in legislation as that of Arthur in arms. The English nation redeemed from servitude, and their name from extinction; the lamp of learning refreshed, when scarce a glimmer was visible; the watchful observance of justice and public order; these are the genuine praises of Alfred, and entitle him to the rank he has always held in men's esteem, as the best and greatest of English kings. But of his legislation there is little that can be asserted with sufficient evidence; the laws of his time that remain are neither numerous nor particularly interesting; and a loose report of late writers is not sufficient to prove that he compiled a dom-boc, or general code for the government of his kingdom."

Millar, in his "Historical View of the English Government," has also deprived Alfred of the honour of having originated either trial by jury or frank-pledge:

"After all," says he, "though the history of this monarch may be accounted sufficiently authentic to afford a solid conviction of his exalted merit, some allowance, no doubt, must be made for the colouring produced by that admiration which was due to his character, and which has been heightened by the remoteness of the period in which he lived. We need not be surprised, therefore, to meet with errors and prejudices concerning his public transactions; and, in particular, to find that he was supposed to be the author of several regulations which he only revived, or brought to greater perfection than they had formerly attained. The great changes which he produced in the state of his country, by bringing it from anarchy and confusion into a degree of order and regularity, led his countrymen, in subsequent ages, to fix their attention upon him, as the person from whom they had derived the entire model of their constitution. He is thus held, by many historians, to have first divided the kingdom into tythings, hundreds, and shires, and to have introduced a peculiar system of policy connected with those divisions; though it seems now to be clearly proved, that these regulations existed in England before his time, and that they extended to other European kingdoms. The institution of *juries* has, in like manner, been ascribed to this monarch; though there is good reason to believe that it arose from the general situation of the Gothic nations; and that it had a very early establishment in all of them. Alfred, in a word, has become the English Lycurgus; and his inter-

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\* History of the Middle Ages, vol. II. p. 402, third edition.

position is the great engine which politicians have employed for explaining the origin of such particulars, in the English government, as have excited uncommon attention, and are too remote, in their beginnings, to fall within the limits of authentic history."

Dr. Lingard seems to have considered the popular opinion unworthy of contradiction, while he has pointed out the many defects of Alfred's early character.\*

His summary of the obstacles to the administration of justice, during the "dark ages," will show that "trial by jury" was then a very different thing from what it is at present :

"Before I dismiss," says he, "this subject, I may observe that the national manners opposed many obstacles to the impartial administration of justice. The institution of lord and vassal secured to the litigants both abettors and protectors : and the custom of making presents, on all occasions, polluted the purity of every tribunal. In criminal prosecutions, conviction was generally followed by pecuniary punishments : of which a part, if not the whole, was the perquisite of the principal judge, or of the lord of the court. In civil causes the influence of money was employed to retard or accelerate the proceedings, to defeat the upright or support the iniquitous claimant. Bribery, under the disguise of presents, found its way to the prince on the throne, as well as to the reeve in his court. When Athelstan the priest was prosecuted for theft and sacrilege by his bishop, he sold an estate at a nominal price to the ealdorman Wulstan, on condition that he would prevent the trial : and when Alfwyn, abbot of Ramsey, despaired of protecting the interests of his monastery against the superior influence of Alfric, he gave twenty marks of gold to king Edward, five to queen Editha, for the interposition of the royal authority in his favour. We repeatedly meet with complaints of the expense and uncertainty of judicial proceedings; and many individuals deemed it more prudent to sit down in silence under their present losses, than to injure themselves still more deeply by purchasing the protection of their friends and judges."

"Trial by jury, such as it was, in the "dark ages," was not peculiar to England; it existed in Spain, Germany, and even in still greater perfection in Scandinavia. Being of Gothic origin, wherever the Goths, that great family of warriors, wandered, they carried it with them. The Norway kings were elected by *juries*, and so were the Gothic generals, admirals, and every other person of authority. We read of the twelve judges beneath the ash Ygdrasil, and of the twelve seats of doom in the vale of Ida.\* In every branch of Gothic policy and jurisprudence, we observe the veneration in which the decisions of twelve men were held; our ancestors, however, did not leave every thing to the determination of this number of persons, for their juries were hardly ever limited simply to twelve men—"good and true;" they might be thirty-six, forty-eight, or even one hundred and forty-four, or any multiple of that number. They assembled in dozens. This appears to have been merely a customary number, for we find it frequently departed from in England, during the "dark ages."

"That this form of trial," says Millar, "obtained universally in all the feudal governments, as well as in that of England, there can be no reason to doubt. In France, in Germany, and in other European countries, where we have any accounts of the constitution and procedure of the feudal courts, it appears that law-suits of every sort, concerning the freemen or vassals of a barony, were

\* History of England, vol. I. p. 242. At page 488 of the same volume, we have a clear view of the manner in which judicial proceedings were conducted. A jury was a *dernier resort*.

\* See a most erudite article on the subject, in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 31, p. 94.

determined by the *pares curiæ*; and that the judge took little more upon him, than to regulate the method of proceeding, or to declare the *verdict* of the jury.

"The number of jurymen was originally varied in each cause, according as the opulence and power of the parties, or the magnitude of the dispute, rendered it more or less difficult to enforce the decision. So little, after all, was the authority of the court, that, in many cases, the party aggrieved by the verdict assumed the privilege of challenging the jurymen to single combat. From the progress of regular government, and in consequence of the disposition among mankind to be governed by general rules, a certain number of jurymen became customary in ordinary causes; and at last was universally established. From accidental circumstances of little importance, a different number has been established in different countries; as that of twelve in England and fifteen in Scotland."

So much for trial by jury: let us now turn to the next subject.

#### SLAVERY IN THE DARK AGES.

"In England," says Mr. Hallam, "it was very common, even after the conquest, to export slaves to Ireland; till, in the reign of Henry II., the Irish came to a non-importation agreement, which put a stop to the practice.\*"

Dr. Lingard is still more explicit. After enumerating the different orders into which society was divided, he says:

"The several classes, whose manners have been hitherto described, constituted the Anglo-Saxon nation. They alone were possessed of liberty, or power, or property. They formed, however, but a small part of the population, of which, perhaps, not less than two-thirds existed in a state of slavery.† That all the first adventurers were freemen, there can be little doubt: but in the course of their conquests it is probable that they found, it is certain that they made, a great number of slaves. The posterity of these men inherited the lot of their fathers: and their number was continually increased by the free-born Saxons, who had been reduced to the same condition by debt, or had been captives in war, or had been deprived of liberty in punishment of their crimes, or had spontaneously surrendered it to escape the horrors of want.‡ The degradation and enslavement of a freeman were performed before a competent number of witnesses. The unhappy man laid on the ground his sword and his lance, the symbols of the free, took up the bill and the goad, the implements of slavery, and falling on his knees, placed his head in token of submission under the hands of his master.§

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\* "William of Malmesbury accuses the Anglo-Saxon nobility of selling their female servants, even when pregnant by them, as slaves to foreigners, p. 302. I hope there were not many of these Yaricoes; and should not perhaps have given credit to an historian, rather prejudiced against the English, if I had not found too much authority for the general practice. In the canons of a council at London in 1102, we read: Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals. Wilkins's Concilia, t. i. p. 383. And Giraldus Cambrensis says that the English before the conquest were generally in the habit of selling their children and other relations to be slaves in Ireland, without having even the pretext of distress or famine, till the Irish, in a national synod, agreed to emancipate all the English slaves in the kingdom. Id. p. 471. This seems to have been designed to take away all pretext for the threatened invasion of Henry II. Lyttleton, vol. iii. p. 70."

† "The number of freemen in the county of Kent, according to the enumeration of Domesday, amounted to 2,424; of villeins to 6,837; of bordars to 3,512. The burghers were 1,991: and of these the greater part were only a privileged kind of slaves. Taking these only at 1000, the number of freemen to that of slaves will be 4,315 to 11,349. To these ought to be added their wives and families."

‡ "Leg. 15, 16, 22."

§ "Leg. 291."

"Before I conclude this subject, it is proper to add that the sale and purchase of slaves publicly prevailed during the whole of the Anglo-Saxon period. These unhappy men were sold like cattle in the market: and there is reason to believe that a slave was usually estimated at four times the price of an ox. To the importation of foreign slaves no impediment had ever been opposed: the export of native slaves was forbidden under severe penalties. But habit and the pursuit of gain had taught the Northumbrians to bid defiance to all the efforts of the legislature. Like the savages of Africa, they are said to have carried off, not only their own countrymen, but even their friends and relatives; and to have sold them as slaves in the ports of the continent. The men of Bristol were the last to abandon this nefarious traffic. Their agents travelled into every part of the country: they were instructed to give the highest price for females in a state of pregnancy: and the slave-ships regularly sailed from that port to Ireland, where they were secure of a ready and profitable market. Their obstinacy yielded, however, not to the severity of the magistrates, but to the zeal of Wulstan, bishop of Worcester. That prelate visited Bristol several years successively; resided for months together in the neighbourhood; and preached on every Sunday against the barbarity and irreligion of the dealers in slaves. At last the merchants were convinced by his reasons, and in their gild solemnly bound themselves to renounce the trade. One of the members was soon after tempted to violate his engagement. His perfidy was punished with the loss of his eyes."

The fact was, the "trade" continued until the Irish bishops put their pious prohibition upon it. Dr. Lingard himself has recorded the fact in a subsequent volume.

#### VILLEINAGE.

Bondsmen, under this title, existed in England from the earliest period to the time of James I.

"All slaves," says Dr. Lingard, "were not, however, numbered in the same class. In the more ancient laws we find the esue distinguished from the theow; and read of female slaves of the first, the second, and the third rank. In later enactments we meet with bordars, cocksets, pardings, and other barbarous denominations, of which, were it easy, it would be useless to investigate the meaning. The most numerous class consisted of those, who lived on the land of their lord, near to his mansion, called in Saxon his tune, in Latin his villa. From the latter word they were by the Normans denominated villeins, while the collection of cottages in which they dwelt, acquired the name of village. Their respective services were originally allotted to them according to the pleasure of their proprietor. Some tilled his lands, others exercised for him the trades to which they had been educated. In return they received certain portions of land with other perquisites, for the support of themselves and their families. But all were alike deprived of the privileges of freemen. They were forbidden to carry arms; they were subjected to ignominious punishments; they might be branded and whipped according to law. Their persons, families, and goods of every description, were the property of their lord. He could dispose of them as he pleased, either by gift or sale; he could annex them to the soil or remove them from it; he could transfer them with it to a new proprietor; or leave them by his will to his heirs. Out of hundreds of instances preserved by our ancient writers, one may be sufficient. In the charter by which Harold of Buckenhole gives his manor of Spalding to the abbey of Croyland, he enumerates among its appendages Colgrin his bailiff, Harding his smith, Lefstan his carpenter, Elstan his fisherman, Osmund his miller, and nine others, who probably were husbandmen; and these, with their wives and children, their goods and chattels, and the cottages in which they live, he transfers in perpetual possession to the abbey."

This was in the "dark ages:" in the "middle ages" things mended a little:—

"In a former passage," says Mr. Hallam, "I have remarked of the Anglo-Saxon ceorls, that neither their situation nor that of their descendants for the earlier

reigns after the conquest appears to have been mere servitude. But from the time of Henry II., as we learn from Glanvil, the villein, so called, was absolutely dependent upon his lord's will, compelled to unlimited services, and destitute of property, not only in the land he held for his maintenance, but in his own acquisitions. If a villein purchased or inherited land, the lord might seize it; if he accumulated stock, its possession was equally precarious. Against his lord he had no right of action; because his indemnity in damages, if he could have recovered any, might have been immediately taken away. If he fled from his lord's service, or from the land which he held, a writ issued *de nativitate probandâ*, and the master recovered his fugitive by law. His children were born to the same state of servitude; and contrary to the rule of the civil law, where one parent was free, and the other in villenage, the offspring followed their father's condition."—Vol. iii. p. 254.

\* I cannot presume to conjecture in what degree voluntary manumission is to be reckoned among the means that contributed to the abolition of villenage. Charters of enfranchisement were very common upon the continent. They may perhaps, have been less so in England. Indeed, the statute *de donis* must have operated very injuriously to prevent the enfranchisement of villeins regardant, who were entailed along with the land. Instances, however, occur from time to time; and we cannot expect to discover many. One appears as early as the fifteenth year of Henry III., who grants to all persons born or to be born within his village of Contishall, that they shall be free from all villenage in body and blood, paying an aid of twenty shillings to knight the king's eldest son, and six shillings a year as a quit rent \* So, in the twelfth of Edward III., certain of the king's villeins are enfranchised on payment of a fine.† In strictness of law, a fine from the villein for the sake of enfranchisement was nugatory; since all he could possess was already at his lord's disposal. But custom and equity might easily introduce different maxims; and it was plainly for the lord's interest to encourage his tenants in the acquisition of money to redeem themselves, rather than to quench the exertions of their industry by availing himself of an extreme right. Deeds of enfranchisement occur in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth;‡ and perhaps a commission of the latter princess in 1574, directing the enfranchisement of her bondmen and bondwomen on certain manors upon payment of a fine, is the last unequivocal testimony to the existence of villenage;§ though it is highly probable that it existed in remote parts of the country some time longer."—Vol. iii. p. 270.

Want of room compels me to postpone the few remarks I had to make on Representation during the "dark ages." Enough, however, has been stated to make the friends of civil and religious liberty proud of their president. Verily he is a deep-read journalist. The

\* "Bloomfield's Norfolk, vol. iii. p. 574. † Rymer, t. v. p. 44.t"

‡ "Gurdon on Courts Baron, p. 596. Madox, *Formulare Anglicanum*, p. 430. Barrington on Ancient Statutes, p. 278. It is said in a modern book, that villenage was very rare in Scotland, and even that no instance exists in records of an estate sold with the labourers and their families attached to the soil. Pinkerton's *Hist. of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 347."

§ "Barrington, *ubi supra*, from Rymer."

|| "There are several later cases reported, wherein villenage was pleaded, and one of them so late as the fifteenth of James I. (Noy, p. 27.) See Hargrave's argument, *State Trials*, vol. xx. p. 41. But these are so briefly stated, that it is difficult in general to understand them. It is obvious, however, that judgment was in no case given in favour of the plea; so that we can infer nothing as to the actual continuance of villenage."

"It is remarkable, and may be deemed by some persons a proof of legal pedantry, that Sir E. Coke, while he dilates on the law of villenage, never intimates that it was become antiquated."

quotations I have made are taken from popular authors and accessible works. Next week I shall have something to say respecting the tracts—I have a friend in the enemy's camp—something very strange is coming.

ROCK.

#### THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

THIS instruments of religious discord will soon be without the power of doing mischief. The "saints" have quarrelled among themselves; the cloven-foot has not been sufficiently concealed under the robe of external sanctity; and, though the deficiency in the annual subscription does not this year exceed £2,500, we shall have a much greater falling off by and by. The last *Quarterly Review* contained a pretty full exposé of the "holy humbug," and said enough, heaven knows, to fill Christians with horror at the monstrous blasphemies sanctioned by this society—by men who are perpetually railing at Popery, yet who prove, in their own case, that the very means resorted to by the Catholic Church, for preserving the fidelity of the sacred text, are absolutely necessary and essential. The writer in the *Quarterly* said much of translations; I wonder how he could overlook the observations of the Abbé Dubois, who has exposed the doings of the "holy ones" in the east. He has demonstrated that Protestant Missionaries have prevented the spread of Christianity in Asia—that they have rendered it problematical whether there be any chance of converting the natives under present circumstances; and this melancholy state of things is in a great measure owing to the mistranslations of the Bible circulated in Hindostan. In fact, the Bible Societies' versions serve the Bramans in place of jest-books, when they want literary amusement. Speaking of the Canada translation, the first chapter of which he translates, the abbé says, "I have been so thoroughly disgusted in going through the translation of the first chapter, that I beg you will excuse me the trouble of translating the three others; for I cannot disguise to you, that, as a most sincere believer in the divine origin of our Holy Scriptures, I cannot help experiencing the most distressing feelings of indignation, when I see those sublime books, the sacred word of God himself, so basely, so shamefully, so sacrilegiously defaced, debased, and perverted, and held out, under such a shape, to the very enemies of our holy religion, as the pure word of God.

"If one of the many proofs of our holy books being of divine origin be derived from their intrinsical worth, from their noble, inimitable, and majestic simplicity, there is, alas! on the other hand, but too much reason to fear that the Hindoos will form a directly opposite judgment on the subject, when they behold the ludicrous, vulgar, and almost unintelligible style of the versions at present circulated among them; and that even the most reasonable and best-disposed, in beholding our Holy Scriptures under such a contemptible shape, so far from looking upon them as the word of God, will, on the contrary, be strongly impelled to consider them as forgeries of some obscure, ignorant, and illiterate individual, and of course a downright imposture."



*Yours very faithfully*

*Richard Sheil*





## O'SULLIVAN'S LETTERS FROM DUBLIN.—LETTER IV.

THE ASSOCIATION.—MR. SHEIL.

“But what of this? A careless one may sneer,  
 At blarney there, or bull and blunder here;  
 The men are public, and the ground they take  
 Is one that sneers or snarling cannot shake;  
 They stand for nature's right, in freedom's cause,  
 And, even if failing, they deserve applause.  
 Let them proceed, nor heed the knave who cries—  
 Keep bowing, crawling, cringing, and be wise!  
 Nay! while to crush them faction seems agreed,  
 To be quite calm would show them slaves indeed.”

FURLONG.

You have learned, no doubt, my dear captain, from the newspapers, that the “Popish Parliament” has resumed its sittings at the Corn Exchange. Of this event, contemporaries may take no note, but posterity must. The historian, centuries hence, will, in all likelihood, attribute the then state of the empire—of Ireland at least, to the proceedings of this national body, the virtual representatives of the people, without being elected. The French revolution was foretold—the independence of America was foreseen, and this was not prophecy—it was merely reflection; for, as long as causes produce effects, we may calculate, with almost mathematical certainty, respecting the result of political agitation, when we take into account the form and nature of surrounding materials—the coinciding and opposing circumstances—the force of public opinion, and the capacity and situation of those who most influence it. Whoever does this calmly and dispassionately will look beyond the space to which Mr. O'Connell's voice extends, and see, amidst the dimness of futurity, a moral vista, bright and alluring; and, if he be of a sanguine disposition, he will fail to discover any intervening obstacle—any thing to deter a humane man from desiring such a scene. He will overlook altogether those revolting impediments which stare the timid at every step; and, giving way to patriotic anticipations, he will suppose the reward attainable without any very painful labour.

To me the association supplies nothing but the most delightful reflections. A less philosophic spectator would probably see in it nothing to admire but the talents of its most distinguished members—O'Connell's broad humour, or, what poor Furlong called, “the bitter, biting, bantering, points of Sheil.” These are good and useful in their way, but I look farther than such short-sighted people; I see, perhaps, the individuals who compose this assembly with too much indifference—I smile, in the profundity of my own sagacity, at their unconsciousness of the results they have produced, and are producing. I look abroad—I behold the mighty but moral ramifications of this body, and I cannot refrain from returning thanks to the man—the patriot, who first laboured with the grand conception, and who brought it forth, and matured, and perpetuated it. O'Connell is far, very far, from coming up to my ideas of a good patriot; he is too aristocratic for that; but still his parturient mind gave birth to the Catholic As-

sociation, and for that I bless him, and for that his country will love his memory.

Previous to this event, we are told the public mind was stagnant in Ireland; it is in vain, they say, to deny this: the people, under the influence of despondency, were giving way rapidly to the growth of slavish sentiments. They regarded their political chains as incapable of being corroded by time, or burst asunder by individual efforts; many looked upon themselves as irrevocably doomed to bondage and subjection; and this state of feeling had nearly thrown its withering mildew upon public opinion, and must have been fatal to the growth of Irish freedom, had not the association arose, like a morning sun, and dispelled the noxious vapours which were beginning to settle upon the moral landmarks of the country. The few who were inaccessible to either fear or despair quickly rallied, ready to fight the battle over again, and their example stimulated others to buckle on their political armour, and enter the ranks of O'Connell's legion.

All this is very specious, but it is not true. The people, the bulk of the peasantry, were always free from slavish sentiments; their manners may appear to partake of unbecoming habits of deference towards their task-masters, but the undying embers of liberty always burnt brightly within them; they hated their oppressors, and accordingly they hoped for freedom. "Whom a people fear," says the poet Drummond, "they hate, and whom they hate they wish to take away." Theirs was a steady patriotism; they waited but for an opportunity to evince it; when the association put forth its thousand conductors, it was soon discovered that the political elements were filled with electrical matter. It did not create the desire of freedom; it only prevented—happily indeed, a premature explosion. Of itself, it could do nothing. A ship can make no progress unless there be a breeze to swell the sails; and, unless there had been numbers and energy and public spirit, the Catholic Association could have done nothing: its great merit consists in having given public opinion a direction; let its sins of omission be ever so numerous, it has been a great *palavar*—it has been a national mouth-piece—its members talked much—many of them talked well, and this was doing a great deal—almost every thing; they arrested attention; some admired their politics—some their eloquence; many hated, detested them and their cause. But this was effectually doing the national business: it set people thinking, talking; discussion arose in the city, and the hamlet—at the bishop's table, and the poor man's fire-side. The Catholic Association was in every man's mouth; the priest mentioned it from the altar, and the parson from the pulpit. The Protestants hated because the Catholics applauded, and *vice versa*, and this set people thinking; the faction saw that monopoly was nearly at an end, and the degraded wondered why they had been so long silent. Public opinion acquired new force; the national character was redeemed; every one learnt "to venerate himself a man;" and it is this notion—this feeling, that will emancipate Ireland: all this has been done by talk. Mr. O'Rourke sneers at "talk," but see its results: it has changed the whole moral face of the country, and that for the better, too. Talking, my dear captain, will now accomplish more than fighting. The age of mere brutal

force is past, never to return. The trained mercenary was always more than a match for the patriotic citizen; hence, despotism in the dark ages; but a new principle of action has arisen in Europe—it is public opinion. Kings dare not outrage it—individuals dare not insult it, with impunity; hence, the utility of “talk;” it alone operates on public opinion when it is just and rational, and therefore, ye whose cause is just and rational, talk on “and tire not;” use no weapon but the tongue—confide in that alone, for, though the sound of your voice does not extend beyond the circuit of a few yards, the press will convey your words to the four corners of the world—to future times. Great are the benefits of talking!

There cannot be a doubt of this; the Catholic Association have accomplished much by talking alone; they have been the means of placing the affairs of Ireland conspicuously before the eyes of Europe; they have united the Irish people into an impenetrable phalanx; and, more than this, they have thrown the enemies of their country completely and irretrievably into the background; Orangemen are now things of contempt—Protestant England even loaths them as paricidal wretches without a redeeming virtue; and even, such is public opinion, those who formerly caressed and patronized them, now condemn and disown them; the Catholics now stand forward on the canvass, while Protestants serve merely to fill up the background; they claim to be the people, and none deny their claim.

Now what effected all this? Certainly not the wisdom of the association, for the persons who compose that assembly are by no means remarkable for deep political knowledge, for any public acts of manifest wisdom. On the contrary, they have done many foolish things: they took the people's money, and refused to apply it to public use; they asked for more, whilst thousands were uselessly lying in their coffers. This might be prudent, it was not wise; it was distrusting the generosity of the donors, and that the people were offended is now plainly evinced in the scanty amount of the weekly rent. The press, too, which gave to their words the power of ubiquity, was hardly put into requisition—they published nothing worth mentioning, and did not, that I know of, either reward or support any one of those who advocated their cause, through the medium of the press. On enumerating their sins of omission, of which these are only a sample, we are surprised that they have effected any good; the solution of the mystery is to be found in the beneficial influence of discussion—of agitation—of talk upon the public mind, rendered feverish and susceptible by unredressed political grievances. In this case, a good orator is a national blessing, and newspapers “the best public instructors.”

Still it is questionable, under all the circumstances, if the association had attracted the attention of foreigners, were it not for the talents of a few presiding spirits. Of these, Sheil stands foremost, and far above them all. His—but I must defer a sketch of this great man till my next. In the meantime, I send you a most characteristic profile, cut in paper by a most ingenious artist of this city. No portrait, however well executed, could give so good an idea of this celebrated orator.

Your's truly,

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.

## REPRESENTATION IN THE "DARK" AND "MIDDLE" AGES.

WILLIAM EUSEBIUS ANDREWS, once lauded "in the flowing periods of an orator"\* (!!!) and now president of the Society of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, has latterly been in the constant habit of writing much nonsense about the "dark ages," from which I gather that he is a great admirer of the parliaments, and the mode of representation during those times. Now, I am very far from thinking it necessary to point out all the errors—an auguean task—which William Eusebius Andrews has imposed for truths upon his unsuspecting readers; but, in order to prove that I have not made a charge which I cannot substantiate, I shall proceed to make a few remarks upon the subject.

The interest of truth cannot be served by falsehood; the Catholic religion is not accountable for the ignorance and tyranny—she opposed both—of the ancient aristocracy; and, when we make unfounded allegations, favourable, by implication or otherwise, to our church—we disserve her—for this reason, that a detection of our unintentional error leads those opposed to us to suspect that the blessings which we justly attribute to Catholicism proceed, in all cases, from ignorance or design. We fill them with scepticism; they think "the whole is mortal when a part's unsound," and one unsupported claim leads them to imagine that we have no title whatever to credit, even when we advance that which is really honourable and creditable to our religion. For this reason, Catholic writers, beyond all others, have need of circumspection, and for this reason I have thought it necessary to counteract the opinions now too often entertained by Catholics, respecting "men and things" in England, in the "dark ages." Specious statements, like Cobbett's, may, and do, for the instant, impose upon the ignorant; but let it be recollected, that opinion has no permanent influence upon the people, unless it originates with those who think—with men of mind—men of literature. These well know that Cobbett's statements, respecting the good living of the English peasantry in Catholic times, are mere moonshine; and ultimately this will be the opinion of even those who now think otherwise. But, were it not so, falsehood, under any circumstances, should not be countenanced, much less rewarded.

The Goths, wherever they went, carried with them the seeds of imperfect liberty; they had no hereditary officers, no "kings by divine right." The sanction of the people was considered necessary in the making or repealing of laws; but, alas! the vast majority of the people were then in slavery; the few usurped, not only the prerogatives, but the appellation of the many; the keepers of slaves, they ultimately became slaves themselves. In the "dark ages," a Wittenagemot, or assembly of wise men, was held in England, but it had nothing of the representative form.† Indeed, we find no proofs of any thing like popular representation until the middle of the thirteenth century. In 1265, while Henry III. was a captive in the hands of Simon de Montfort, writs were issued in his name to all the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for the body of their

\* See Truth-teller, of Saturday last, for this quotation and similar fudge.

† See Hallam's History of the Middle Ages, vol. ii. p. 388.

county, with two citizens for every city and borough contained within it. Still it is supposed that the electors were the king's military tenants, and not freeholders; and it is very well known that the representatives had nothing to do but state how much taxes their constituents were able to bear!\* The *Commons* are not even named in the preamble of any statute, till the latter year of Ed. I. Upon more than one occasion, the sheriffs were directed to return the same members who had sat before.—Hallam, vol iii. p. 54.

The houses of parliament were not divided, as at present, until the reign of Edward III. The proper business of the House of Commons was then to petition for redress of grievances,\* and to provide for the necessities of the crown. They were accounted effectual members of the legislature for no purpose but that of taxation. In the reign of Ed. III., however, they established three essential principles of government:—I. The illegality of raising money without consent. II. The necessity of concurrence between the two houses. III. The right of the commons to inquire into abuses, and to impeach

\* It is not generally known that, besides the bishop, and baronial abbots, the inferior clergy were regularly summoned to every parliament: the crown wanted their money. "The first unequivocal instance of representatives," says Mr. Hallam, "appearing for the lower clergy, is in the year 1255, when they are expressly named by the author of the *Annals of Burton*. They preceded, therefore, by a few years, the house of commons; but the introduction of each was founded upon the same principle. The king required the clergy's money, but dared not take it without their consent. In the double parliament, if so we may call it, summoned in the eleventh of Edward I. to meet at Northampton and York, and divided according to the two ecclesiastical provinces, the proctors of chapters for each province, but not those of the diocesan clergy, were summoned through a royal writ addressed to the archbishops. Upon account of the absence of any deputies from the lower clergy, these assemblies refused to grant a subsidy. The proctors of both descriptions appear to have been summoned by the *præmunientes* clause in the 22d, 23d, 24th, 28th, and 35th years of the same king; but in some other parliaments of his reign, the *præmunientes* clause is omitted. The same irregularity continued under his successor; and the constant usage of inserting this clause in the bishop's writ is dated from the twenty-eighth of Edward III."

\* The following will give a good notion of the grievances complained of by the commons, and serve to show what were their notions of right in the beginning of the **FOURTEENTH CENTURY**:

"The good people of the kingdom who are come hither to parliament, pray our lord the king that he will, if it please him, have regard to his poor subjects, who are much aggrieved by reason that they are not governed as they should be; especially as to the articles of the Great Charter; and for this, if it please him, they pray remedy. Besides which they pray their lord the king to hear what has long aggrieved his people, and still does so from day to day, on the part of those who call themselves his officers, and to amend it if he pleases. The articles, eleven in number, are to the following purport: 1. That the king's purveyors seize great quantities of victuals without payment; 2. That new customs are set on wine, cloth, and other imports; 3. That the current coin is not so good as formerly; 4, 5. That the steward and marshal enlarge their jurisdiction beyond measure to the oppression of the people; 6. That the commons find none to receive petitions addressed to the council; 7. That the collectors of the king's dues (*pernours des prises*), in towns and at fairs, take more than is lawful; 8. That men are delayed in their civil suits by writs of protection; 9. That felons escape punishment by procuring charters of pardon; 10. That the constables of the king's castles take cognizance of common pleas; 11. That the king's escheators oust men of lands held by good title, under pretence of an inquest of office."

public counsellors; and these privileges were confirmed during the reign of Richard II., and sustained under three kings of the House of Lancaster. Still the prerogative of the crown might be said to render the power of parliament nugatory.—The king could suspend the observance of statutes, and this was frequently done through all the reigns of the Plantagenets.

Of the mode of election we know little. Before the reign of Henry IV. a few great men returned, or rather sent, members to parliament;\* and, to remedy this evil, a statute was passed, extending the privilege of voting to all freeholders. This democratic mode, though never in general operation, was counteracted by a statute of Henry VI., which limited the right of voting to forty shilling freeholders. Respecting boroughs, however, the case was different. The writ was directed in general terms to the sheriff, and it rested entirely with that officer to determine what places should exercise their franchise. Instances of strange omissions occur, sometimes as many as eight in a single county; but these brought on the sheriff no popular odium; the boroughs were much obliged to him; they had no ambition of sending an M. P. to St. Stephen's—they would much rather be excused—in many instances they were excused, on representing that they could not afford it! The sheriffs of Lancashire, after several returns that they had no boroughs within their county, though Wigan, Liverpool, and Preston were such, alleged at length, that none ought to be called upon, on account of their poverty. This return was constantly made, from 36 E. III. to the reign of Henry VI. (Hallam,† vol. iii. p. 171.) No man was then ambitious of being an M. P.; the office was without honour or consequence;‡ yet these were times,

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\* "Even county elections seem in general, at least in the fourteenth century, to have been ill attended, and left to the influence of a few powerful and active persons. A petitioner against an undue return in the twelfth of Edward II. complains that, whereas he had been chosen knight for Devon, by Sir William Martin, Bishop of Exeter, with the consent of the county, yet the sheriff had returned another. In several indentures of a much later date, a few persons only seem to have been concerned in the election, though the consent of the community be expressed. These irregularities, which it would be exceedingly erroneous to convert, with Hume, into lawful customs, resulted from the abuses of the sheriff's power, which, when parliament sat only for a few weeks with its hands full of business, were almost sure to escape with impunity. They were sometimes also countenanced, or rather instigated by the crown, which, having recovered in Edward II.'s reign the prerogative of naming the sheriffs, surrendered by an act of his father, filled that office with its creatures, and constantly disregarded the statute forbidding their continuance beyond a year."—Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 178—9.

† This author, who has given great attention to the subject, says, in page 172,—  
"The elective franchise was deemed by the boroughs no privilege or blessing, but rather, during the chief part of this period, an intolerable grievance. Where they could not persuade the sheriff to omit sending his writ to them, they set it at defiance by making no return. And this seldom failed to succeed, so that, after one or two refusals to comply, which brought no punishment upon them, they were left in quiet enjoyment of their insignificance." The electors in boroughs were the corporation; originally they appear to have been delegates of the people.

‡ The wages paid M. P.'s were then as follows: the wages of knights were four shillings a day while in attendance, levied on all freeholders, or at least on all holding by knight service within the county. Those of burgesses were half that

forsooth, when representatives, according to the Truthteller, were to be "sent to the right about," &c. &c.—*Fudge!*

"Although the restraining hand of parliament," says Mr. Hallam, "was continually growing more effectual, and the notions of legal right acquiring more precision from the time of Magna Charta to the civil wars under Henry VI., we may justly say, that the general tone of administration was not a little arbitrary. The whole fabric of English liberty rose step by step, through much toil, and many sacrifices; each generation adding some new security to the work, and trusting that posterity would perfect the labour as well as enjoy the reward. A time perhaps was even then foreseen, in the visions of generous hope, by the brave knights of parliament, and by the sober sages of justice, when the proudest ministers of the crown should recoil from those barriers, which were then daily pushed aside with impunity."

I have referred exclusively to Hallam, because he has brought the whole bearing of the question into a narrow compass. The reader may, however, have recourse to a more elaborate work, by the same author, just published, or to Millar, Lingard, Godwin, and the other writers on the constitutional history of England. My limits will not admit of lengthy extracts. At another time, I shall show how the "Representatives" of the people then executed their task. One of their constant efforts was to keep the people in ignorance and bondage.\* They petitioned that villeins might not put their children to school, in order to *advance them by the church*, and "this for the honour of all the freemen of the kingdom."—Were not these blessed times? and were not these legislators to be lauded?

Rock.

## ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.—NO. I.

### INTRODUCTION.

ANTIQUARIANS, like other writers, are dull or amusing in proportion as they are talented or stupid; and antiquarian inquiry, like the game of chess, is intolerable only to the uninitiated. To those acquainted with its rules and laws, nothing can possibly be more engaging. In fact, the desire for antiquarian knowledge is universal: every one is anxious to trace customs to their origin—to know from whom proceed those puzzling symbols and signs which encounter their eyes at every corner. The three golden balls over the pawnbroker's door—from which good lord deliver you!—have often been considered as a prudent admonition, being two to one against entering: but, alas! "my uncle" is the last man to hang out such a lesson; his three balls are the arms of his ancestors, the rich Lombards,\* who

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sum—a pittance paid with reluctance. This honourable salary was paid so late as the reign of Henry VIII. Andrew Marvel, it is commonly said, was the last who received it. In Cornwall it appears to have been paid in the eighteenth century.

\* In the last number, page 62, bondsmen should be bondmen. This and another verbal error or two escaped my secretary, Morgan O'Doherty, who had, on Thursday last, made too free with a fresh importation of *potyeen*.

† Lombard Street took its name from these original pawnbrokers.



were the first, in this country, to oblige the needy by the loan of money—on, no doubt, good and sufficient security. Again, the tippler has often wondered—and no doubt so has the publican—why his landlord paints diamonds, or chequers, on his door-post: they now indicate XX Ale and Calvert's entire; they formerly merely assured the indolent that a draft-board was at their service within. My oilman has got a headless woman over his shop-door—and why?—But this is only the trifling of an antiquary: the science he loves has nobler aims—grander purposes. He teaches nations from whence and who were their ancestors. He vindicates the fame of some people, and strips the borrowed plumes from others. He wanders amidst the venerable ruins of other days: he converses with the dead, and bids the living learn a moral—perhaps a patriotic, a religious lesson—from the example of their forefathers. Without his labour, history would be a romance, and antiquity unknown: and, though heretofore considered dull and uninteresting, there is more of poetry about a genuine antiquary than is generally supposed: he does not write verses; but his soul is full of enthusiasm. He is a creature of abstraction—his converse is with beings that people the world of imagination; they may have once existed, but now they are, in fact, as unsubstantial as those of him who—

“Feeds on the aerial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt thought's wilderness.”

He gives immortality to those whom a nation's ingratitude had consigned to oblivion; and bids the fallen column—the mouldering wall—resume its pristine beauty, and vindicates the architect and the owner from our supercilious charge of barbarism. Such a man belongs to no common order of human beings. His labours are somewhat more than ingenious idleness: they are instructive in a national point of view. They inform individuals: they reform the theories of historians; and gratify that amiable propensity of our nature—of looking back into the gloom of the past—of seeking to know who our forefathers were—the nature of their manners—their mode of living—the labours they accomplished—and the gratitude we owe them.

“The gayest palace has its sinks and sewers;” but the temple of antiquity is without any thing repulsive; it is filled with endless curiosities—something for every body.

Perhaps it may be supposed that I am endeavouring to create an impression favourable to my own knowledge, but I beg to disclaim the honour which I voluntarily bestow upon others; I am merely a gleaner—a desultory antiquarian: I have plucked its flowers, but left the task of investigation to those more learned. I have trodden in the footsteps of those antiquarian pioneers, who have left us nothing to do but to appreciate their labours, and profit by their research. I hope I have done both: the readers of “Captain Rock” will now have an opportunity of judging; for I intend to write a series of papers on the antiquities of Ireland—a country whose claim to ancestral dignity has been sneered at by some, and badly vindicated by others. Her antiquarians, with the best of intentions, have been learnedly dull, and perversely wrong. They were surrounded by the materials of proof—almost speaking monuments—but they wanted art

to apply them: and to their feeble efforts may be attributed the contempt which not only their labours, but the subject they laboured on, now universally excites.

Overflowing as Ireland is supposed to be with inhabitants, it will, I hope, be granted, that people never sprung up there like mushrooms, out of the ground. Pugnacious as Paddy is, I do not think dragons' teeth were sown there, though the soil has frequently yielded some admirable crops of warriors—sometimes, alas! too often, the slayers of each other. I shall, therefore, take it for granted, that every man had a father—that the island was originally peopled—that the emigrants must have belonged to some particular race, or were composed of different races. The question, then, is, when was it peopled, and who were the people themselves? Were they Celts or Goths, Fomerians, Numidians, Firbolgs, or Tuatha de Danans? Were they a Scythian colony, a Phœnician colony, or a Milesian colony? Were they from Gaul or Britain? I shall not now decide the question, or expose the ignorance of our antiquarians. Some previous inquiry is necessary; we must ascertain some rule to go by, when records fail, and authorities differ.

It is generally supposed, that a language, and the people with whom it originated, must co-exist together—that is, where the Celtic is spoken, the people must be Celts. This has been considered an unerring guide; but it is a most fallacious one; it does not necessarily follow, because a country gradually usurped will retain the language spoken by those who have been disinherited, or driven out. The thing operates in this manner;—when the conquered are more numerous than the conquerors, the language will, in defiance of all laws to the contrary, be that of the majority. History supplies us with numerous instances. William the Conqueror gave the whole property of England, including the people, to his Norman despots, and made every possible effort to introduce the French language, and dispossess the Saxon. French was the language of the law, of the court, of the nobility, of every one pretending to gentility.\* The conquered even lent their aid; they endeavoured to acquire the favoured tongue; but all in vain: the language of the people triumphed, and in less than 150 years, the very nobles themselves, when carried to Normandy for interment, had the epitaphs on their tombs engraved in the Saxon or English language!

In like manner, the Franks were unable to introduce their language into Gaul, and Rollo failed to persuade the Normans, when that province was ceded to his Gothic followers, to speak Scandinavian. The Romans held Britain for centuries, yet their language never became popular; the same may be said of the Goths in Italy, the Moors in Spain, the Tartars in China, the Persians in India, and the Arabs in Persia. Even the Greek, it is well known, excluded the Latin from the West, in spite of the Constantines; and the English had long ceased in Ireland, were it not for the intimate connection of the two countries, and the domination of England. As it is, the Irish is yielding only to fashion—to utility—to individual sense

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\* Hence the popular proverb, "Jack would be a gentleman, if he could speak French."

of interest and convenience. The truth is, it is much easier for the few, however powerful, to learn the language of the many, than for the many to learn the language of the few.

When invasion is followed by extermination, or any thing approaching to it, the case is different; and when the conquerors and the conquered amalgamate in nearly equal numbers, something like a compromise takes place—the language of both becomes one—a mixed dialect, having its radical roots in the different languages; and that which is best adapted for the purposes of life will predominate.

But foreigners may become the people of a country, and yet not speak their mother tongue—but that of those whom they dispossessed. Suppose the invaders to come at intervals—at the distance of centuries; in this case, each successive horde will acquire the prevailing language, and they will retain it, though those who originally spoke it may, from feebleness or political causes, be driven out of the country, or to its inaccessible fortresses—I shall illustrate this by and by.

Identity of language is, therefore, no proof of an identity of people. Neither is it a safe criterion to judge of the descent of nations by, unless it be superadded to some other and more unequivocal proof; namely, that which the science of physiology furnishes.

It will be readily admitted, by all acquainted with the subject, that the inhabitants of Europe are derived from three original stocks. The Celts came first; the Scythians or Goths followed; and, lastly, the Sarmatians. The latter have nothing to do with my inquiry: they arrived too late, and are confined to the northern parts of Europe. Ireland must, therefore, have been originally peopled by either the Celts, or the Goths, or by both. These people are opposed to each other both in person and manners: they seem to spring from a very different parentage—from two Adams: they are totally unlike. The Goth is tall, robust, with blue eyes, light or red hair, and ruddy cheeks: they are full of what we call manly beauty—and as brave as lions. The Celt is small and slender; his eyes are as black as jet; his skin sallow, dry; his lips thin, his face sharp, with high cheek-bones; the expression is wild and keen—cunning—not at all improved by his straight shining locks of coal-black hair. Yet the physiognomy is far from disagreeable; it has a cast of melancholy and intelligence—one which excites more of pity than admiration. The stature of the Celt is small; his limbs are well formed, and marked by strength and activity; and, upon the whole, though much feebler than the Goth, he is not, perhaps, much less resolute under similar circumstances. Such are the distinguishing features of these people.

R. S.

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#### THE TRACTS.

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TO E. DIAS SANTOS, ESQ.

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SIR,—This letter will relate to the pecuniary affairs of the “Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty,” and is therefore, in my opinion, with great propriety, addressed to you, the TREASURER of the society. Before I proceed any farther, permit me to state, that I am far from imputing any improper, much less dishonest, conduct to you. I be-

lieve you are above the performance of an action that would be discreditable to a man of character. I would be the first to repel such an accusation, and, consequently, I do, in the outset, acquit you individually of the charge I am about to bring against the managers of the "Tracts." Who these are, you of course know; the secrets of the Chapter House Court Divan are unknown to me, although I have received some score letters relative to their proceedings: of these, however, I shall not avail myself. They may be worth notice, or they may not; but, as I have no personal enmity towards any individual of that body, I shall confine myself to mere matters of fact—to figures—to statements that cannot be controverted—to public proceedings only.

While I acquit you of every thing unworthy of a gentleman, I am bound to suppose that you have not lent your name to the forwarding of a mere "job," that you have not stood as a cloak for any man, and that, as treasurer of the Society of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, the moneys of that body have passed through your hands. I trust you have not been too confiding—I trust you have been more than a nominal officer. If you have not, the society will demand justice at your hands.

It may not be irrelevant to ask you here, how are the affairs of the society managed? Do a committee decide on the number and nature of the tracts to be printed? Do they or you settle with the printer—or do you or they check his accounts? These are questions which you ought to answer, and which, no doubt, you will answer.—In the meantime, I beg to point out an overcharge, which, I fear, is too gross and too serious to be unintentional—merely accidental.

According to the balance-sheet now before me, and which was stitched in the Truth-teller a week or two ago, I find the number of tracts said to be distributed, set down as 145,021, which, according to the same statement, cost the sum of £272. 4s. 6d. The report is eloquent in laudations of the parsimony of the managers; the cheapness of the tracts is dwelt upon with methodistical complacency, and the average price settled at a fraction. Was this flourish to GULL the subscribers? Was it to throw dust in their eyes? Was it to remove any suspicion of unfairness—of collusion? Perhaps not; perhaps the report was drawn up by some person officiously ignorant. No doubt you thought all right: I find, however, that, small as the sum of £272. 4s. 6d. was, it contained an overcharge of somewhat near ONE HUNDRED POUNDS!!!

What do you think of that? Brutus is a worthy man—they are all worthy men—all honest men; but pray tell us how came this overcharge of £100? Do you suppose this is not the case? Do you fancy I am wrong? Facts, however, are stubborn things, and here are facts—one, two, three for you; and I suppose the friends of civil and religious liberty will stare now: I suppose the few over zealous individuals of that body, who have calumniated me and Mr. O'Rourke, will forego their folly.\* We are not the enemies of the society, nor

\* In the last Truth-teller, there was a letter addressed to Rory O'Rourke, by John Cook—an anonymous signature, no doubt, filled with vapid nonsense, and the most low and vulgar abuse. Mr. O'Rourke will not take notice of such an antagonist, and I beg to step between that gentleman and his narrow-minded foolish calumniators.

ever were; we only lament the misdirection of that body—the wrong application of their money, and lament to see such meritorious persons made dupes and fools of, for the pecuniary interest of some individual or individuals.

The annual account now before me is so mysterious in its details, and so general as to its items, that the means of detecting errors on its principles of calculation are rendered nearly impossible. I shall, therefore, avoid the studied ambiguity of your accountant, and simplify the business in a very plain and intelligible manner. I shall state what ought to be the cost of each tract, taking the number as alleged to have been distributed, and then sum up the amount of the whole. Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, of the tracts, consist of four pages, or one-fourth of a sheet of demy paper each. Nos. 3, 6, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, occupy half a sheet each, and No. 7 is the only one that fills a sheet. With this fact to guide us, any one conversant with the business of printing can ascertain whether I am liberal or not, in the allowance I have made for paper, composition, and press-work.\* Indeed, no printer of conscience would charge higher than I have put down—many would gladly do them for less. Should the amount of cost annexed to each tract be disputed, I shall willingly furnish you with the particulars. There were distributed, of

No. 1—	14,762	which cost	£12	10	0
2—	14,512	_____	12	10	0
3—	8,549	_____	13	10	0
4—	11,862	_____	10	0	0
5—	10,787	_____	9	10	0
6—	5,234	_____	9	10	0
7—	8,465	_____	27	10	0
8—	12,775	_____	11	0	0
9—	9,025	_____	8	0	0
10—	6,400	_____	11	0	0
11—	7,775	_____	7	10	0
12—	6,625	_____	6	10	0
13—	7,025	_____	11	10	0
14—	7,650	_____	13	0	0
15—	4,900	_____	9	0	0
16—	2,675	_____	3	10	0
17—	2,900	_____	6	0	0
18—	3,100	_____	6	10	0
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Total	145,021	Cost	£188	10	0

In this calculation I have given the managers the benefit of every thing that told in their favour, and, according to the quantity of paper allowed by me for the respective tracts, there ought now to remain on hand *several thousand tracts*. Here then are **EIGHTY-FOUR POUNDS less** than the sum charged!!! Who pocketed this trifle? I do not accuse any man in particular; I can only state, like a country notice, that some person or persons “unknown” have possessed themselves, unfairly, of eighty-four pounds of the society’s money, unless it be yet forthcoming, or accounted for, in some way that I cannot even imagine. But this is not all: in the annual balance-sheet, I find

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\* Of course I have not supposed that the same composition served alike for the pages of the Truth-teller and of several of the tracts, although it is obvious that it did so. I have given the printer credit for the composition of each.

£105 17s. 10  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. (wonderful accuracy!) put down for sundries. The honesty of this charge I cannot investigate—I do not know the particulars, but one item in it is too glaring an imposition to be passed over unnoticed. Five thousand of Baines's Sermon—the only good tract distributed—is charged £30. Any one will detect an overcharge here, when I tell him that it occupies only a single sheet of paper—bad paper. Here is, at least, TEN POUNDS TOO MUCH!! Ten pounds in a charge of thirty! add this to the £84, and you have an overcharge, on the tracts alone, of £94!! Surely it will not, after this, be too much to give me credit for £6 more on the sundries, and thus make even money of it. An £100, certainly, on the outlay of about £300, is very good picking!

Verily, the humbug of the Bible Society—of the Irish Society—of the Gospel Tract Society, was nothing to this! Alas! there are knaves among the professors of all creeds: the robe of external sanctity covers the cloven-foot in every place; and, if this occurs less frequently amongst Catholics than Protestants, it is because we abhor it more, inasmuch as a hypocritical Catholic must, for many reasons, be a greater villain than a hypocritical Protestant—the latter having few religious constraints to guide or deter him.

Observe, here, that I accuse no individual of dishonesty, of malversation: I state facts; let those whose business it is repel them, if they can. They will find it, however, a task more difficult than that of abusing Mr. O'Rourke, who is, happily for himself, placed far above the reach of their malice.

I hope you will acquit me of all intention of throwing censure on the *real* friends of civil and religious liberty. Nothing could possibly be further from my intention; and I have all along considered their zeal calculated to do infinite good, if properly directed: but, from the commencement of the society, I saw clearly through the humbug—I knew it was got up for individual advantage, and, as such, I longed for an opportunity of exposing the thing. I have done so—successfully, every one must admit; and if, in discharge of my public duty, I have hit hard at one or two individuals, recollect they invited the attack: they were public men—seekers of notoriety—and, therefore, amenable to public opinion. Mr. Andrews I never saw but once or twice in my life: I heard him at a public meeting; and, most certainly, I wish never to hear him again. He is, I am told, a man of a religious turn, and, consequently, I am to suppose he is an honest man. With his private character I have nothing to do: I met him on public grounds, and I exposed his want of capacity, because I considered it discreditable to our body that we should not have a more efficient periodical advocate of our cause: I, for one, disclaim his advocacy. I set him down, however, well-intentioned—as a very ill-informed man. You praise his review of Fox's Book of Martyrs; in doing so, permit me to say, you do injustice to your own acquirements; for surely you must have read quite enough to know that Andrews's book contains nearly as many *lies* as the *lying* volumes of Fox. The first leisure moment I have, I shall convince you of this: at present I am more usefully employed. I have the Secret History of Orangeism in type: I have a word in favour of the poor jesuits; an exposé of the political economists on Irish affairs; and half-a-dozen "Irish popular stories," all waiting admission into these pages first. Oh!

for a broad-sheet as big as the main-sail of a man of war, to expatiate in. Even then, Sir, I would subscribe myself—not because you are wealthy (of which by the way I know nothing), but because I hear from every quarter that you are estimable—your obedient servant,  
 ROCK.

#### THE CANADA TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

LAST week I gave an extract from the Abbé Dubois, respecting this translation. I now subjoin a specimen, as given literally, by this Oriental scholar.

I shall select a few verses from the Translation of the Book of Genesis:

“ 1. In the beginning God created the earth and the air.\*

“ 2. But the earth was *uneven* and empty, and there was darkness *over water*; but God's *soul* † *was roaming with delight* ‡ on water.

“ 3. Next God said, Let *brightness* § be made! Then brightness was made.

“ 4. God seeing that *brightness* was good, he separated *brightness* from *obscurity*. ||

“ 5. God gave to *brightness* the name of day, and to *obscurity* the name of night; and *whereas in this manner the evening and the morning came to pass*, it was the first day.

“ 6. Next God said, Let the *orb of space* ¶ be made in the midst of water, and let it be separated *from this water, and from that water.*” \*\*

“ 25. Next God said, Let us create a man *similar to us, and having our form*! Let him command the *aquatic insects* of the sea; the birds that fly in the air; the beasts having life; all earth; and *the insects* that move on the earth.

“ 26. In this manner God created a man *having his form*. He created him *having the figure of God*. †† Moreover, he created him male and female.”

“ *Ex uno disce omnes*,” says the Abbé. “The other chapters are equally incorrect, and abundant in errors. Besides that, the style is quite ludicrous; and there is no Hindoo scholar who can keep a serious countenance in perusing such a performance. The words in *italics* are those whose meaning materially differs from that of the text.”

\* “Air is the literal meaning of the word *accossa*, and conveys to the mind a quite different idea from that of the heaven (*cælum*) of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *para-loca*.”

† “This expression, *Dewer-atma*, literally, God's soul, is different from the *spirit* (*spiritus*) of Scripture, and must convey to a man, unacquainted with the Scriptural style, the idea of a corporeal being, composed of a soul and a body.”

‡ “Such is the literal meaning of the compound verb, *lol-ahdovodoo*, to roam or wander with delight (as a spirited horse would when let loose).”

§ “The literal meaning of the word *bilakoo* is *brightness*, in French *clarté*, different from the *light* (*lux*) of Scripture, which should be translated by the word *pracassa*.”

|| “*Kattlia* literally means *obscurity*, and differs from the *darkness* (*tenebræ*) of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *antacara*.”

¶ “Such is the meaning of the words *vissala-mandala*, different from the *firmament* of Scripture, which ought to be translated by the word *gagana*.”

\*\* “The meaning of the text is entirely changed in this phrase.”

†† “Blasphemous expressions.”

## THE APOSTATE—A TALE OF TO-DAY.

## CHAPTER II.

IN former times, there existed in Ireland a class of farmers, not exactly middlemen, but who were, nevertheless, a kind of landlords. They generally rented half, or the whole, of a townland, and underlet, perhaps, a score acres in small proportions to cotters and others. The progress of luxury was then confined to the neighbourhood of towns; it was unknown to these primeval yeomen, who always dressed in their domestic frize, knitted stockings, and felt hat. If they possessed a more expensive wardrobe, it was seldom exhibited; and then they looked stiff and formal, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of resigning these gala garments to the oaken box in the *loft*, to be resumed only in case of a journey to the landlord's house, in Stephen's Green, or perhaps on the marriage of a son or daughter. Their mode of living was as simple as their dress; they never went to market for the purpose of buying, and yet their houses abounded with abundance; all who entered feasted, and that the condition of their tenants was not very uncomfortable, may be collected from the fact, that milk was never sold—it was given away, in rural districts, until within the last twenty or thirty years.

The progress of improvement, or rather the increase of the prices of farm produce, not long since, interfered with this mode of life, and quickly put to flight those independent habits which made this class of men virtuous and useful. The under-tenants were soon turned to the road, the farmer kept his race-horse, his daughter spent three weeks at a boarding-school, and his son refused to work alongside his father's labourers. Still this alienation was far from universal; many stubbornly adhered to the manners of their fathers; and, amongst others, Jeremiah O'Brien, the venerable father of the apostate. He was one of those worthy characters who form a kind of moral "green spot in the desert of life:" simple in his habits, and primeval in his manners, he was beloved by all, and deserved their esteem. Kind and tender-hearted, he was the general friend and adviser; and, though looked up to by others as a kind of rustic Solomon, it was observed that he exhibited no great wisdom in the management of his own affairs, or in the guidance of his family. This, however, arose from his love of tranquillity, and his mistaken estimate of the goodness of others. He took no note of the progress of events; he committed his affairs to the care of dishonest servants, and, though frequently apprised of their conduct, he took little notice—he had still abundance.

There was one thing, however, which embittered his declining years: he had but two children,—a son and a daughter. Betsy was good and beautiful; but John was, to use Jerry's own expression, "his father's darling;" upon him was lavished more than a parent's fondness; his mother doated upon her "manly boy," and did, if possible, outstrip Jerry's affection. For years this met, as it deserved, an ample return; the youth grew up in obedience and beauty, showed a surprising capacity, and, that such talents might be properly employed, John was educated for the church. At first, his application was intense; he acquired Latin and Greek with uncommon facility; but, alas! the praise which his diligence excited, and the



parental rewards which it elicited, had an effect very opposite from that contemplated by the bestowers of both. It served only to relax John's industry—he indulged in idleness—he could play, and at any time overtake his less intellectual schoolfellows. There were other traits early manifested in his character, which promised a disposition very unfavourable to that sober piety which ought to distinguish a clergyman. John was fond of pleasure; he rode to funerals and patteins; went to hurlings and dances; and even could occasionally enter into the more vulgar amusements of the country. This did not escape the notice of his parents; but the boy was young and foolish; he would grow more steady; they still supplied him with money; and, when qualified, they secured his admission into Maynooth College. Here his talents early attracted notice from the different professors, and the esteem and kindness which these excited caused them to overlook some parts of his conduct not quite so creditable. He was remonstrated with once, twice, thrice; on the fourth time he was expelled.

The disgrace was felt by the parents as a severe blow; it was keenly felt by John himself, but it did not reform him; it had a contrary effect; for his pride was hurt; he quitted his father's house—went no one knew where, and, after two years' absence, returned in rags, with a constitution prematurely shattered. Still his religious sentiments were unaltered; he was still a Catholic, and, on one occasion, acquired great popularity, by defeating an itinerant preacher, in a discussion at a public meeting held by some religious people at Ballybeg; for, at this time, the various societies who had taken Paddy's morals into consideration, had transmitted agents to this remote part of the country. This popular achievement brought John, into additional favour; many had hopes of his returning to the path of duty, and all looked up to him for advocacy, when Lord Gracewell opened his religious campaign. They were not disappointed—he more than realized their expectations, and was considered by the Rev. Mr. M'Intosh, and his noble patron, as one of those stumbling-blocks which the "Evil one" now and then throws into the way of the devout. Enraged at John's opposition, Lord Gracewell remonstrated with Jerry, who was his tenant, and held out some fair promises, in case the farmer and his family should embrace the more profitable creed of Protestants. Jerry's lease had been suffered to expire two years since, but he felt no anxiety; the O'Briens had lived there under the Gracewells for centuries, and of course would not now be dispossessed. To his landlord's proposal, the good man gave a blunt and decided negative. Lady Gracewell and her daughter came to remonstrate, talked a great deal, and very prettily, about the abominations of Popery, but all to no purpose; the O'Briens were inflexible, and received, with a heavy heart, the notice to quit immediately the home of their fathers, which now became a house of mourning.

The law must be obeyed; Jerry was not a man to offer opposition, and accordingly he began to collect his worldly substance together, preparatory to emigrating to a cold and cheerless out-farm at some miles' distance. In this emergency, Betsy, like a guardian angel, cheered the affliction of her parents, and Mat Casey, her rustic beau, seemed more attentive than ever.

## WHO IS CAPTAIN ROCK ?

"He, the new Mina of the mountain scene,  
*Unfound*, though all can tell where he hath been."

PLAGUES OF IRELAND.

## TO THE FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

GENTLEMEN,—It has been observed by a modern author, that "the simple love of public liberty is too abstract a passion to glow warmly in the human breast." I fear there is too much truth in this remark, and the conduct of the fag-end of your body affords a emphatic opinion on the humbug to which you were too long made subservient. You have no doubt thought as I do—otherwise you would still have adhered to the society. I want no public meeting to tell me this : I see it in the amount of the subscriptions ; I see it in the number of tracts alleged to be distributed, and, therefore, the conclusion is inevitable, that you have deemed the thing undeserving of support. Any other conclusion would be an imputation on your zeal, on your consistency. To you, therefore, who have abandoned the society, I address myself, because you alone are the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty—from you alone I expect a hearing. The Andrewites are inaccessible to reason—they will not listen to common sense. They were all along very zealous—I give them credit for it—but it was the zeal of partizans. Civil and Religious Liberty was in their mouths, but it was to the cause of William Eusebius Andrews that they were devoted. The love of Civil and Religious Liberty was too abstract a passion for them ; Mr. Andrews' interests were more tangible, and accordingly they clung to these—to these they adhere with a remarkable fidelity, but they have mistaken the name for the substance—they are unable to separate William Andrews from Civil and Religious Liberty. Like the Guelphs and Ghebelines of Italy, they identify themselves with a faction, and forget that the cause of their country is disserved by such associations.

You must have heard these men—for they are great talkers—declaim on the benefits of a free press—the necessity of aiding the dissemination of truth ; but observe you, in their estimation, Mr. Andrews's press was the only free press, and whatever nonsense he wrote was truth. They measured this attribute of the Godhead by an unjust standard ; and were friends of free discussion only while their grand lama was free from assailants. The moment I showed how indefensible he was—how imaginary were the qualifications for which he got credit—they were up in arms against me. I was described as an assassin who stabbed in the dark—as one who dare not raise my visor—as an enemy of the cause—as a most malignant pigeon-hearted fellow—and all, for what ? Because my arguments were unanswerable : because my facts were undoubted. My crime was doing that which they gave their money to effect the doing of, namely, the dissemination of useful truth, and the disabusing the minds of others of unfounded prejudices : my statements could not be re-

futed, and, therefore, I shall never be forgiven. Had they been easily disproved, you should not have Counsellor French rounding his periods at "Jemmy Green's" or Lubin Log's public-house in *Tooley Street*, nor *Counsellor* somebody penning nonsense in Dublin: you would not have John *Cook broiling* Rory O'Rourke, nor Mr. *Andrews* eagerly *playing tricks* upon his readers, by giving insertion to fulsome panegyrics upon himself:

Alas! poor Rock,  
It does the senses shock,  
To hope for honey from a nest of asps;  
Thou mightst as well  
Go seek for ease in hell,  
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of wasps.

Not being able to meet my arguments, they want to know who I am. It is in vain I tell them that I am the "new Mina of the mountain scene:" they insist that I am Mr. A., Mr. B., Mr. Q., Mr. W., and that I am a renegade; Rory O'Rourke, author of something in the "*National Advocate*," in the "*Dublin and London Magazine*," and lord knows what else. You will, however, easily appreciate their motives, and give them credit for their Christian honesty. The managers of the puppet know that insinuations of this nature go a great way with the ignorant and over-zealous. They take it for granted that I am not what I represent myself to be, and, consequently, that they may say what they like with impunity. Poor fools! they have got, to use a fancy phrase, an "odd customer" to deal with; they might as well hope to escape from the stings of their own conscience, as from—but no, they are not worth a good fit of indignation—away with them.

A writer, probably the Editor, in the Truth-teller of last week, insinuates two things: first, that Rory O'Rourke and Captain Rock are the same person; secondly, that I have, when it suited my purpose, abandoned my creed. The former is a silly error; the other is an *intentional—a deliberate—a MALICIOUS LIE!* To show you how well qualified the writer was for detecting Captain Rock, it is only necessary to mention, that he charges me with being the author of a memoir of Doctor Doyle, in the *Dublin and London Magazine*, in which it is asserted, that "bigotry and intolerance are not exclusively the attributes of any particular religion, being largely infused into all." Now, I find in the new series of that work (p. 406), that the late Mr. Bric furnished the article in question, and, what is more, that his opinion is orthodox! "All religions," says Dr. Doyle, in his answer to Magee's Charge, "*are intolerant to a certain degree, and MUST BE so!*" The man who could not come to this conclusion, even unassisted by authorities, has got a head incapable of comparing two ideas; yet Mr. Andrews,\* long since, and his Dublin correspondent last week, gloated upon this passage, as a proof of the

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\* In the last Truth-teller, there is an attempt made to bolster up the editor's opinion respecting trial by jury being an institution founded by Alfred. He quotes Rapiu, and a note to the Rev. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. Now, the latter is an unexceptionable authority on many subjects, but, unfortunately for Mr. Andrews, he is here opposed to a still greater authority on English history, Dr. Lingard:—All those who aver that Alfred originated trial by jury, were misled by Andrew Horne's *Mirror of Justice*—a literary forgery.

writer's heterodoxy. Truly, they ought to be appointed professors in the new university.

This Dublin correspondent also charges me with eulogising Cobbett in the "National Advocate." Now, suppose I did, what then? Am I not at liberty to alter my opinion? But the truth is, I never wrote a line about Cobbett in a Dublin publication in my life. A literary gentleman from Dublin assures me, that the late Mr. Furlong was connected with such a work; and, as he was always a great Cobbettite, it was not improbable that he said something handsome of the "enlightener." I am also charged with advocating reform in Dublin; this is just as true as the former. I never wrote a line in Ireland about reform whatever; but I am, and always was, a reformer, and never said reform was not necessary; but mind, I am an advocate for a real radical reform—not for amplifying the fixtures of St. Stephen's, for annual elections, or universal suffrage, but for that reform which would leave us to reap the benefit of God Almighty's wisdom, rather than the wisdom of M.P.'s. I am not one of those who contend for that, the utility of which I cannot comprehend. There are some other charges\* against me, but as they are beneath the dignity of literary warfare, I shall pass them over in silence. Some time ago, the writer put down Eneas M'Donell for the Editor of *Captain Rock*—he now thinks differently. It were a pity to undeceive him. Like the inmates of St. Luke's, he seems to live upon delusion.

The Andrewites also charge me with writing much in various publications. Here, for once, they happen to be in the right; and, if they had added that I have always written well, they would be still correct. But they assert that I am not the genuine Captain Rock; that my signature is anonymous: if it be, they shall never know me by any other. You know that the charge is unfounded; you know that I am directly descended from Con of the hundred battles—that I am the sworn enemy of tithe-proctors, parsons, and Orangemen; that I love Ireland and potyeen; and that I am equally formidable, whether armed with the sword, pitch-fork, or gray goose-quill; you know that I am an enemy of *humbug*, and a *real* friend of civil and religious liberty. Knowing all this, it necessarily follows that you must recognise me as—

"That hardy phantom who, from day to day,  
Keeps the slow slumbering magistrates in pay;  
That useful bugbear, who must still survive,  
Lest fudge might flourish, and Andrewites might thrive."

But, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that I could put off the rays of my glory, and allow those creatures of limited vision to approach me, and what then? Would they be more enlightened to see the celebrated Irish chieftain metamorphosed into a plain Mr. This or Mr. That? Would my arguments then be inconclusive, my *hits* without point, or my statements devoid of value? Bah! when

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\* One of these is, that the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Maguire is not a good likeness. Now, I never saw Mr. Maguire, and therefore cannot contradict this from my personal knowledge; but I am assured, by those who know that gentleman intimately, that it is a good likeness. I can say, that no expense was spared in procuring an accurate portrait; for every one knows a bad one will cost just as much as a good one.

they declare that I am an anonymous writer, they are not aware of the compliment they are paying me. Believe me, my friends, that man would have no small share of modesty, who would conceal his name when his writings had acquired half the popularity of mine. Little minds only are ambitious of momentary fame; great men look to futurity; and, for this reason, some of the brightest names in English literature published anonymously. Junius is yet undiscovered, and even the celebrated Dr. Milner gave his most celebrated work to the world without having affixed his name. Let me whisper in your ear one important truth—a truth very disagreeable to the Andrewites; namely, the editor who avows himself, hardly ever can be an honest journalist: I am, however, an exception, but I know no other. An editor is a man who has friends, connexions, relatives—who has personal interests to attend to, and, consequently, *dare* not, on all occasions, speak openly. He must not offend those to whom he is under obligations, because he is known; he stands responsible. To say that such a man will fearlessly discharge his public duty, is to suppose him possessed of more folly or more virtue than falls to the lot of most men: I would much sooner depend upon the irresponsible public writer, than the responsible, for this plain reason, that the avowed writer relies upon character for the truth of his facts and assertions, whereas the anonymous writer must prove every thing, must advance gradually, must give his readers the why and the wherefore; for this reason, always prefer the anonymous journalist, and discredit every thing that he may advance without offering proofs. Knowing that many, like Lord Eldon, doubted, I have uniformly given my authorities, my proofs, my reasons, for every statement I ever made. Now, my friends, supposing that I was not what I am, the genuine “Irish chieftain,” you see my readers would have no cause to complain. Talent is the only thing the public should look for in an editor, and my worst calumniators have not denied me the possession of that “quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert.”

Having now, my friends, set myself right with those whose good opinion I value, I beg leave to say, that I shall not in future descend to notice the vituperation and ignorance of the Truth-teller's correspondents. It is their *cue* to represent me as the enemy of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty—as one who frowns upon the mediocrity of middle life; but you know that I have uniformly been the advocate of the people and a friend to your cause. To give a proof of my attachment, if there be a competent committee of your body formed, I pledge myself to submit to them half a dozen tracts for Protestants, which, if published, will render any further expenditure in tracts unnecessary. I make this promise deliberately, and I set a high value upon it, because I flatter myself I could write such tracts better than any man living. This may look like egotism; put me to the proof.

I am, gentlemen, truly your's,

ROCK.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have received the following notes:—

“TO CAPTAIN ROCK.

“The following are the prices of tracts, contracted for by the British Catholic Association, by Bradbury and Co., being the lowest

out of four printers who sent in their estimates, according to the late propositions made in the committee, by Mr. Dias Santos. Booker, Andrews, Lowe, and Bradbury, were those who sent in estimates :

5,000 Baines . . . . .	£14 0 0
5,000 Nova Scotia . . . . .	7 0 0
16,000 Norwich Speech . . . . .	6 10 0
5,000 Catholic Question . . . . .	2 12 6

“ I am, captain, an admirer of your intentions, but a disapprover of your personal abuse. ANONYMOUS.

“ *Oxford Street, October 16th, 1827.*

“ P. S. I find, upon reference to my notes, that the price of the tract, Catholic Question, is not to be depended on, as stated in my note, but that can be easily ascertained by reference to Bradbury.”

This gentleman is, I dare say, one of those worthy fellows who I would walk ten miles on a wet day to shake hands with. He dislikes personal abuse; goodness knows I deal very little in abuse—but, Irishman like, in a fair fight I am anybody’s customer. When I sit down to write, the iniquity of those who call for reproof is sometimes more than I can calmly bear; and therefore I hit right and left, without any great regard for persons. Besides, I am fond of fun :

“ Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,  
Rock’s the boy to make the *fun* stir.”

The communication of *Anonymous* is, however, highly valuable, inasmuch as it justifies the charge brought by me last week against the managers of the tracts. Here are 5,000 of Baines’s Sermon furnished for £14. I allowed the Society of Civil and Religious Liberty £20 for the same quantity; they had the conscience to charge £30!!! Five thousand half sheets (Nova Scotia) are here charged only £7; I allowed £9. 10s. in my estimate. Verily, I am beginning to think better of the British Catholic Association.

“ TO CAPTAIN ROCK.

“ MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—A copy of the inclosed has been transmitted to the Editor of *The Truth-teller*. Lest he might refuse it insertion, I beg you will give it a place in your invaluable pages.—The third Sketch in Thorney Street, next week, Your’s truly,

“ RORY O’ROURKE.”

Enclosed in the above.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTHTELLER.

“ SIR,—Had your correspondents—to whom you seem to have committed the defence of your literary character—confined themselves to mere personal abuse, I should not now complain; but, as one of them, in your publication last week, has charged me, in direct terms, with *religious flexibility*—with an occasional abandonment of religious opinions, I owe it to your readers, who are sought to be imposed upon, to state that the accusation is an invidious FALSEHOOD. If your Dublin correspondent know me, as he pretends, let him produce his proofs; if he do not, I leave others to appreciate the purity of his intentions. Without recognising the right of your

correspondent to put questions to me, I have no hesitation in replying negatively to every one of his impertinent interrogations. If your journal be not *mis-named*, you will not refuse admittance to this note. Those who are dissatisfied with my usual signature, would hardly be more enlightened were I to use a different one.

"RORY O'ROURKE."

WHEN THE YOUNG MOON SLEEPS ON LOUGH LANE'S WAVE.

BY D. S. L.

WHEN the young moon sleeps on Lough Lane's wave,  
 O'er the gentle waters straying,  
 And all its isles the seeming have  
 Of youth, with beauty playing,—  
 Oh! come to me, if thy heart can bow  
 To the love-queen's fairy throne;  
 And, pluming our wings, we then shall go  
 To some fairy land of our own.

When the moonbeams dance on Lough Lane's breast,  
 In all their sea of splendour,  
 I would not leave this spot of the west,  
 For all that the sun-bright east could tender;  
 Oh, no! the flash of thy airy dream  
 Shall float unheeded by;  
 Nor shall the maiden ever deem  
 That truth could be in a languid eye!

If thus you heed the gentle tale,  
 Without one flush of tender feeling,  
 Nor youth nor love can e'er avail,  
 To cheat the moments softly stealing.  
 Oh! come with me, oh! come with me,  
 When twilight gilds the hour,  
 And we shall wander o'er the sea,  
 To some dark and leafless bower.

Oh! come with me, when the vesper cloud  
 Sits softly on the night,  
 And our song shall be of the grave and shroud,  
 And the charnel's ghastly light—  
 Our only song, how maidens sleep  
 Beneath the tearless willow;  
 Or, how the waters grimly sweep,  
 All wildly round the sailor's pillow.

Though such a tale should deeply move  
 Those eyes of swimming blue,  
 Since fate forbids that I should love,  
 What can I—can I do?  
 Oh, come! oh, come! and meet me down  
 Where Fiesk rolls to the sea;  
 One farewell glance, one farewell frown,  
 Is all that I ask of thee!

## THE OSCOTIAN.

It is somewhat remarkable that, few as the British Catholics are, compared with their Irish brethren, they have appealed more frequently, and, I must add, more effectually, to the press than my countrymen. We certainly have no names to put in competition with those of Gother, Challoner, Berington, Milner, Lingard, Fletcher, and Combe; for, until within these few years, the Irish press might be said to sleep—the sleep of a giant, only waiting to be aroused, to manifest its mighty energy, and power, and influence. Dr. Doyle may be called the first who taught us the utility of this great intellectual engine, in a religious point of view; and his example has stimulated a Kinsella and a Clowry to put forth no slight indications of mental strength. Their successful efforts will, I trust, render an appeal to the press more frequent. The Irish clergy, taken collectively, are, it must be confessed, not less learned or efficient than their brethren in this country. Perhaps they are not *really* more pious, but most assuredly they manifest quite as much zeal in the discharge of their duties. The Catholic pulpit of England glows with neither a Kenny nor a Keogh; in controversy they have not produced a Maguire; yet the literary reputation of the British Catholic clergy stands evidently much higher than that of their Irish brethren. This is owing evidently not to any intellectual superiority, but to the simple fact, that the English clergy have been in the habit of appealing more frequently to the public, through the medium of the press. Every age certainly does not produce a Milner, or a Lingard; but Ireland need not shrink from the generous rivalry, while she boasts a Doyle and a M'Hale.

Not only the clergy, but the laity, appreciate fully the utility of the press in England. Their's is not a blind veneration; they do not content themselves with encomiums on it—they make use of it; and perhaps never more pleasingly than in the work before me. Most of my readers, I believe, are aware that *The Oscotian* is a literary monthly journal, written, printed, and published, by the students of St. Mary's College, Oscott. The *Dublin and London Magazine* had frequent notices of this curious production; and, from the extracts given in that work, it was evident that the *alumni* of this seminary abound with genius, and talent, and patriotism. At Greenhall, I understand, the stimulant of prizes was withdrawn, the *Irish* students being in the habit of carrying them all away from their English competitors; but no prejudice appears to exist at St. Mary's, disadvantageous to Irish enterprise, for the *Oscotian* is redolent of Ireland, her wrongs, her hopes, and her genius. Take the following as a specimen:—

## "LIMERICK."

"Limerick! thou proud one, 'city of the soul,'—  
Has Freedom's Eagle built his eyrie here,  
To laugh defiance at usurped control,  
And teach beleaguering tyrants what to fear;  
And spoil their pastime, and extort a tear;  
While faith unkept and bonds unrati-  
fied  
Ring retribution on the perjured ear:  
A drug of bitterness to royal pride,  
A watch-word to yourselves, and all the world beside.



"Like that bright spark which flits around the flame  
 Ere yet its blaze is over, like the strife  
 Which seems to nerve the agonizing frame  
 To make one final, desperate grasp at life !  
 Struggles like these were thine—false moments, rife  
 With freedom's after-light and glories built  
 On weak foundation—time unveiled the knife,  
 Reeking and rankling in the blood it spilt ;  
 Yet still it blushed and seemed to redden at its guilt.

"Sarsfield has fought, St. Ruth for thee has bled,  
 And glorious was the sacrifice; how grand  
 To view thy native rivers running red  
 With the base life-blood of that pirate band !  
 Sad the reverse, that, after such a stand,  
 Prevaricating tyrants should subject  
 All the bright beauties of so fair a land  
 To the false zealots of a foreign sect,  
 And with their smuggled creed our holy faith infect."

With the exception of false metre in the first stanza, the following  
 is a fair attempt :—

"DULCE EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

"When rules the dark despot in impious defiance  
 Of the liberties nature hath given to man,  
 And the free-born, engaged in a holy alliance,  
 Feel their souls swell within them too big for their chain—  
 In the snapping of bonds and the struggle of glory,  
 Dulce oh ! dulce pro patria mori !

"When the banner of justice the blue sky is flouting,  
 To avenge on oppression the wrongs of the earth ;  
 And the red God of battle like thousands is shouting  
 To die in the travail of liberty's birth,  
 A youth though in summers, in dignity hoary,  
 Dulce oh ! dulce pro patria mori !

"But oh ! above all, when your own native valley  
 By the foot of the foreign intruder is trod,  
 And heroes arouse them, and myriads rally  
 Round the hearths of their homes and the altars of God,  
 With your steel in the life of the haughty one gory,  
 Dulce oh ! dulce pro patria mori !

The tears of your country, in torrents descending,  
 Will hallow the wounds of the suicide brave ;  
 No oblivion shall veil you with common dust blending,  
 But glory shall write your exploits on your grave ;  
 Be mine, then, to prove, in the records of story,  
 Dulce oh ! dulce pro patria mori !

"But no country for me spreads its kindly endearments,  
 A stranger I roam in my own native land ;  
 A legalized Helot!—oppression's dark searments  
 Are burnt on my forehead with slavery's brand ;  
 Then how can I feel in the struggles of glory,  
 Dulce oh ! dulce pro patria mori !

"And why my best blood should I prodigal squander,  
 Give my members to fatten the fowls of the air,  
 When the hand that should crown me compels me to wander  
 The hopeless and honourless child of despair ?  
 England, when wilt thou raise this dark blot from thy story,  
 And, a freeman, *command* me pro patria mori ?"

If it be sweet to die for one's country, surely it must be pleasing to live when sentiments like these animate the breasts of the rising literati of England and Ireland.

The present number of the *Oscotian*—the XIth.—is greatly improved in the mechanical department. It is on good paper, and is correctly and well printed. I am glad to find the British Catholic aristocracy forward to support it. Among other subscribers, the Right Hon. Lady Stafford is put down for five pounds. Her ladyship's example, I trust, will be followed by others. Rock.

## THE APOSTATE—A TALE OF TO-DAY.

### CHAPTER III.

As the time of departure approached, the O'Briens felt, more acutely than ever, the forlornness of their condition. They dreaded taking a lingering long farewell: and on the last Sunday which Jerry had to spend in the home of his fathers, he strolled into the garden. A few beehives sent forth their accustomed hum—the trees looked redolent of health and beauty—the flowers, planted by his daughter, sent forth their odours—and all looked still and charming. The poor old man could not help casting back a retrospective glance: here he had gamboled in joy and innocence when a child; here he had sported boisterously when a boy; and here he felt a parent's gladness on witnessing the sports of his children when a man. A tear involuntarily started into his eye—he wiped it off; but another and another succeeded. But still he was even unsubdued: religion came to his aid—he resigned himself to his God—and, as if for the purpose of imploring strength to bear patiently his growing misfortunes, he fell upon his knees, raised his eyes and hands to heaven—but before he could utter a prayer, the strange figure who had interrupted the ceremony, that morning, at church, dropped, as if from the clouds, on his knees before him, and commenced obtesting heaven in a most vociferous manner. “Sweet saviour of the world,” continued the stranger, “extend thy grace to this poor man, to bear, like a Catholic, this new misfortune”—

At the words “new misfortune,” Jerry dropped his hands from their attitude of supplication, and, turning round, asked, “Pether, what new misfortune?”

“Och, avudustrue,” replied Peter, “a sorrowful one—but all must be borne for the love ov ’im who made us, though this is severer nor any that come yet a-vich.”

“I wish you'd tell us what it is,” said Jerry, impatiently, “for, troth, Pether, asthore I wanted no additional grievance.”

“Oh, then, ’tis well I know that,” returned Peter, “an’ sorrow a bit o’ me, but I feel for you, Jerry O’Brien, like a father; an’ why, but I wud seein ’tis offen an’ offen I’ve slept in your barn, an’ eaten out ov your *skeough*, but what signifies all the dross o’ this world, if we loose our own poor sows? Ballybeg is a fine place, to be sure, an’ so is this garden; an’ though there was always lasheens gallore

for the wanderer\* an' the stranger—but what is all that to sellin' one's self to the devil,"

"To the devil, Pether!"

"Ay, to the devil! Oh, John O'Brien, John O'Brien! what have you done."

"In the name of God, what has he done?"

"God," replied Peter, "had nothin' to do wid it—he's turned Protestant."

"Turned Protestant! oh! no, Pether, he wouldn't do that, anyhow."

"Oh! God help you, poor man. God pity you, this blessed an' holy day, for 'tis a sad disgrace to the O'Briens—an' the lord be praised, 'tis a bad name for openin' a pew door."

"Pether, Pether, what do you mean?"

"Meanin' enough, Jerry O'Brien; John have read his recantation, ony an hour ago, down there in the church, afore a thousand people."

Peter was here interrupted by a suppressed groan from Jerry, who, after a fruitless attempt to arise, sank down upon the ground, apparently lifeless. Peter immediately raised him; but, finding no indication of returning animation, he laid him again carefully down, and hurried into the house for assistance. In a moment, Betsy and her mother had Jerry in their arms; and in a short time he recovered sufficiently to pronounce the name of his son. "I wonder where he is," said Betsy; "I did not see him at chapel to-day." Peter gave a groan, and said, "I know where he is, I'll find him," and away he hurried, while the affrighted mother and daughter helped the old man into his room. They easily persuaded him to rest upon his bed, but, alas! he could not find repose; the idea of his son's apostacy filled his soul with anguish, and while he pressed against his bursting heart with both hands, he kept constantly repeating, "John, you've kilt me at last."

In the meantime, Peter Caulfield, or, as he was more generally called, Peter the Pilgrim, was making his way, by the shortest route, for Gracewell House. Peter belonged to a class of persons, once very numerous in Ireland—men whom it would be unjust to pronounce either fools or knaves, though their conduct very frequently indicated no small share of folly and roguery. The piety, humanity, and simplicity of the Irish peasantry exposed them much to the arts of the designing. Beggary has long since been reduced to a science in Ireland: whole families adopt it voluntarily as a lucrative and indolent profession, and not a few have grown rich by practising it. But the most successful, in begging contributions, were those who concealed their designs behind the garb of sanctity. Pilgrims were of course numerous; they pretended to practise the utmost austerity, and to imitate the self-denial of those holy men of whose sanctity sceptics dare not doubt. These people fared well among a peasantry remarkable for their piety and veneration for every thing appertaining to religion; and it must be confessed that the pilgrim seldom gave

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\* Beggars, in Ireland, are called poor wanderers, or poor travellers.

scandal, except in the crowd of cities. Still there were many really sincere, who mortified themselves from the purest and holiest motives, whose example was edifying, and whose conduct seemed only to illustrate their professions. Peter did not exactly belong to these; neither was he a hypocrite: to a most ardent zeal for religion, he added a great desire of being a model of perfection; and, though neither very learned nor very wise, he was by no means ignorant of the tenets of his religion, and would rather have died than abandon the creed he professed.

Such was the man who now, with hurried steps, approached the stately and venerable mansion of my Lord Gracewell, busily adjusting, in his own mind, the mode and manner after which he should execute the commission he had imposed upon himself. John O'Brien he was determined to overwhelm with reproaches, and, if he happened to encounter the evangelical nobleman, he was resolved, in his own language, "not to leave him a leg to stand upon." "I shall," ejaculated Peter, as he entered the avenue, "tell him his own, an' what he came from. I'll ax 'im where was his religion afore Luther was born, or Harry the Eighth married his own daughter? I'll ax 'im—" But here he was interrupted by "Morrow, Pether." "Morrow kindly," said the pilgrim, without lifting his head from the bent attitude of deep meditation in which he was engaged. Recalled to himself by the untimely salutation, he raised his eyes, but they no sooner met those of the interlocutor, than he gave a wild scream, and jumped back with as much apparent dread as if he had unexpectedly encountered a lion in his path.

"Musha, what ails you, Pether?" asked the first speaker.

"Avant!" cried Peter, in a most contemptuous manner, "thou reprobate—thou apostate, to disgrace your religion and country. Paddy Roach! Paddy Roach! I disown you."

"Oh, musha! be azy now, Pether agra, an' sure you ought to know I'd be the last man in the world to do that same: only the bit o' ground, an' the poor ould hovel, was at stake, sorrow a bit o' myself would go to their church, an' drink their drop o' wine; and troth, betime ourselves, Pether, they didn't give me as much as would physic a snipe;—so you see, Pether, I'm a good Cath'lic yet—an' I'll die a Cath'lic too, though I now go to their church, just to keep me from the road, an' the little ones from having to beg from house to house for a mouthful o' vittals."

"Then," said Peter solemnly, "you are the greater sinner, an' your punishment will be proportioned to your hypocrisy. Had you believed your old religion to be wrong, you'd have some chance of salvation, but as you don't believe the sassenach's religion to be—"

"Musha, faith," interrupted Paddy, "myself knows nothin' at all about it, only that the ministers are fine big blaggards of rogues, for takin' our grain o' oates, and our few pheaties, for tithe; an' sure ent all the Protestants Orangemen, who are shootin' and murderin' us every day in the week, an' all for nothing, an' the not a one of the great sassenach gentlemen about the country are the people for sayin' ill you done it. An' as for their church, I never set me foot in such a place afore—"

"An' never may agin," ejaculated Peter.

"The pews," continued Paddy, "are for all the world like so

many docks in which they put the prisoners afore they are tried, an' as for their prayers, 'twas all bog Latin to poor Paddy. I never herd such gibberish in my life, an' the Bible they gim me, I can make neither head nor tail of. The Songs o' Solimin are the querist songs I ever read; there isn't a rhyme in 'em from beginnin to end, an' besides, the names and words are so cramped that, troth an' faith, I cant read it at all."

"Oh, Paddy," said Peter, "think o' your poor soul—think the ground might open an' swallow you up, an' thin what would you have to say for yourself?"

"Why," replied Paddy, scratching his head with his left hand, while the right kept swinging his *caubeen* from side to side, like the pendulum of a clock, "Why, that Lady Gracewell promised not to turn me out o' the cabin, an' to give me bukes an' clothes for Molly, an' the childer, if I turned Protistan, an' that I did turn Protistan, but only for a wee bit, for, had I lived a little longer, I'd have turned back agin, you know, Pether:

"That betune the sturrip an the ground,  
For marcy I cried, an' marcy I found."

This drew from Peter a very eloquent and apposite dissertation upon the sin of presumption. He had just got as far as the important text, "He that denies me before men," &c., when a liveried servant came to announce that his lady was about to read prayers in the great hall.

"Will you go?" said Peter, looking hard at the convert.

"Why," answered Paddy, somewhat puzzled, "I've nt got the gownd for Molly yet, nor the lease of the little place, so I'll just go this once;" and, so saying, he walked up the avenue in that lazy manner which indicated that his devotion was not particularly warm.

Peter, left alone, soon recollected that he had a commission to execute, and, blaming himself internally for having neglected to apprise John O'Brien much sooner of his father's sudden illness, ran with all possible speed towards Gracewell House.

#### THE ANNUALS.

GOLDSMITH, in his time, ridiculed the prevailing taste for embellished books: had he lived in our day, how would his gorge rise to see no less than five engravings in a sixpenny periodical;\* and seven

\* I allude to the Ladies' Pocket Magazine. The number for October, in addition to five full-length portraits of the "Songsters of Nature," as the Rainers have been called, has two plates of fashions, and two other engravings. The literary department is highly creditable to the editor. The Gentleman's Pocket Magazine is another of these periodical gems. "The Fisherman Going out," is a sweet pretty plate. But George Cruikshank's portrait of an Irish Hodman is a decided failure; it is vulgar and unlike. It is somewhat odd, that Englishmen will take their idea of Irishmen from the inhabitants of the "Holy Land." A child's first book is now before me, in which the people of various nations are represented. The Scotchman has got a kelt and a sword—the Spaniard is in picturesque robes—the Frenchman is dancing—but poor Paddy is—carrying a hod!!

Speaking of embellished periodicals, I ought not to overlook the new series of

annuals which depend solely upon their pictural beauties for a most extensive sale ! Though no connoisseur, I am fond of a picture—a good one. I like to see pleasing passages in authors illustrated—it makes imaginary scenes palpable. There may, perhaps, be something childish—silly, in this ; but I love little children, and those we love we like to imitate. Be that as it may, I am a regular purchaser of the Annuals, or Christmas presents, as they successively appear, and my readers will not be displeased to have my opinion of their respective merits.

Much has been said lately about “ saleable talent,” by those who had none to dispose of, and who would, no doubt, be mean enough to expect it for nothing. The truth is, however, that which is not worth paying for is hardly worth having ; and an author has just as good right to live by his pen, as the engraver by his burin. Your gratuitous things are generally mere trash, and the Annuals bear a remarkable evidence of the difference in value between that which is paid for, and that which costs nothing. The engravings are splendid things—wonderful efforts of art—beautiful gems. They were paid for ! The literary contributions are poor things—they were friendly offerings ! In future, however, the case will be different : Mr. Ackerman has this year paid some of his authors.—The Rev. George Croly would not write without a consideration. He was quite right: the “ Forget me Not” could afford ample remuneration to those whose labour gave it value.

The *Forget me Not* is edited by Mr. Sobrel, translator of Gesner and Zimmerman, editor of the Beauties of England and Wales, and some other works. The idea of English Annuals, on the plan of those in Germany, originated with this gentleman.

*Friendship's Offering* has fallen into new hands. Charles Knight, late bookseller in Pall Mall, now editor of the Windsor Newspaper, and bookseller in the same town, is the literary superintendant of *Friendship's Offering*.

The *Amulet* is edited by Mr. Hale, son of Major Hale. He never wrote any thing that I know of, but he has great talent for beating up for contributions ; is, they say, an Irishman, and, though by no means wealthy, has got a large stock of—*brass*.

The *Souvenir* belongs to its editor, Alaric A. Watts, sub-editor of that fac-simile of the Dublin Evening Mail—*The Standard*—and decidedly one of the greatest literary quacks of the age.

The *Keepsake* promises to be a very superior thing for—a *guinea*. The editor is Mr. Ainsworth, bookseller in Bond Street, and author of *Winter Tales*, a novel, &c.

The *Bijou* is a Scotch concern. A Mr. Frazer is editor, supported by nearly all Blackwood's gang.

Having now divulged a few literary secrets, I shall turn to the *Amulet*, that being first in the market. The embellishments are really gems of art : nothing can be finer. The prose and poetry are

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*Arks's Pocket Magazine*. This little sixpenny work aims at high perfection. The drawings are by the first artists, executed expressly for the work. Heath, Rolls, &c. are the engravers. In the last number is given an illustration of Moore's *Epicurean*, decidedly the finest thing I ever saw. There is nothing superior to it in any of the Annuals.

but so, so. The Rev. Mr. Walsh has furnished an essay on medals, in which he displays a great contempt for historical accuracy. This, however, I suppose, is quite excusable in an Irish parson, who was chaplain to an embassy, &c. Mr. Crofton Croker has contributed a legend, of which more anon. At present, I can do no more than give the following specimens of the poetry :—

**"POWER AND GENTLENESS; OR THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.**

**"BY BERNARD BARTON.**

"NOBLE the mountain-stream,  
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;  
Glory is in its gleam  
Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound!

"Mark, how its foamy spray,  
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,  
Mimics the bow of day,  
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;—

"Thence, in a summer-shower,  
Steeping the rocks around :—oh! tell me where  
Could majesty and power  
Be cloth'd in forms more beautifully fair?

"Yet lovelier, in my view,  
The streamlet, flowing silently serene;  
Traced by the brighter hue,  
And livelier growth it gives;—itself unseen!

"It flows through flowery meads,  
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;  
Its quiet beauty feeds  
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

"Gently it murmurs by  
The village church-yard :—its low, plaintive tone,  
A dirge-like melody  
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

"More gaily now it sweeps  
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright;  
And o'er the pebbles leaps,  
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

"May not its course express,  
In characters which they who run may read,  
The charm of gentleness,  
Were but its still small voice allow'd to plead?

"What are the trophies gain'd  
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,  
To that meek wreath, unstain'd,  
Won by the charities that gladden life?

"Niagara's streams might fail,  
And human happiness be undisturb'd :  
But Egypt would turn pale,  
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd!

**"EDUCATION.—BY JOHN BOWRING.**

"A CHILD is born.—Now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it  
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;

When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it,  
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,  
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life,—and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O, who shall say that it has lived in vain,  
However fugitive its breathing hour?  
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,  
And scattered truth is never, never wasted."

"LIFE IS A PILGRIMAGE.—BY MRS. OPIE.

- "WE are pilgrims all on life's rugged way,  
And some wear the stole and the staff—  
But how tried are these through their toilsome day,  
By the scorner's dreaded laugh.
- "For, while on they go in their pilgrim guise,  
And hat with cockle-shells,  
How oft the worldly scorner cries,  
'Lo, folly with cap and bells!'
- "But the pilgrim prays—and then trials are light,  
For prayer to him on his way,  
Resembles the pillar of fire by night,  
And the guiding cloud by day.
- "And vain were the hat, the staff and stole,  
And all outward signs were a snare,  
Unless the pilgrim's endanger'd soul  
Were inwardly cloth'd in prayer."

I was determined to have poetry enough in this number, though it  
compels me to omit some promised articles. Rock,

#### THE VALUE OF THE PENNIES.

THE following is a good specimen of the arguments by which the  
saints *diddle* John Bull out of his pence, shillings, and pounds; it is  
taken from the last number of the "Missionary Papers."

"For your encouragement, Christian friends, who contribute your  
weekly pence to the maintenance of the work which is producing  
these blessed effects, we add a short narrative, in which the impor-  
tance of your small but steady contributions is represented in a very  
lively manner—

"A minister from Wales, in pleading for the Bible Society at a public meeting,  
addressed a few sentences in Welsh, to some of his countrymen who were pre-  
sent: his words produced such a powerful effect on them, that the curiosity of  
those who did not understand Welsh was excited to know the purport of what  
he uttered. 'Oh,' he said, 'I was talking to them ABOUT THE PENNIES. I  
told them that in passing over the mountains, in my way to this place, I saw the  
rills running down the sides of those mountains, and I said to them, 'Rills,  
where are you going?' 'Oh,' said they, 'we are going to the valleys to join the  
streams.' Then said I to the streams, 'Streams, where are you going?' 'Oh,'  
said they, 'we are going into the river.' 'Rivers,' said I, 'where are you  
going?' 'Oh, we are going into the sea, and there we will bear your greatest  
ships, and toss them about like feathers. Now I am come to this society, and  
I look at the pennies, and I say, 'Pennies, where are you going?' 'Oh, we  
are going to the Branches.' 'And, Branches, where are you going?' 'Oh, we  
are going to the Auxiliaries.' 'And Auxiliaries, where are you going?' 'Oh,  
we are going to the pocket of the treasurer in London, and then he will scatter  
Bibles over the face of the whole earth.' Oh, my friends! take care of the pennies."



## ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.—NO. II.

## WHO WERE THE ABORIGINES OF IRELAND?

As many volumes as would compose an ordinary library, have been written on the origin of the European people; and all who have discussed the subject, contrived to be wrong, for want of those rules which I laid down in my former essay. Dr. Percy was the first who approached at all near the truth,\* and Pinkerton has decidedly thrown more light upon the subject than any antiquary of the last century. He was, however, a partisan, and laboured, through false argument and mutilated quotations, to depreciate the poor Celts, and elevate his favourite Goths and Scythians, who were, by the way, one and the same people.

"The intelligent and impartial inquirer," says Mr. Sharon Turner, "is now satisfied, that population has been, every where, the result of emigration from some primeval residence. We can trace, from historical documents, the colonization of many parts of the world; and the traditions of other nations sufficiently assure us, that they have been effusions from more ancient sources. Where history and tradition fail, we can discern the same kind of origin, from the impressive attestations of analogous manners and languages. The unnecessary fables of various original races, as well as of spontaneous animal vegetation, are therefore now discredited. Nations have branched off from preceding nations, sometimes by intentional emigration, and sometimes by accidental separation. War, commerce, want, caprice, turbulence, and pride, have each, in various regions, contributed to disperse the human race into new settlements; and among those tribes, which have frequented the sea, the casualties of the weather have often compelled undesigned colonizations."

"There are," he says, "no more varieties of form or manners among the numerous tribes of mankind, than such as the descendants of one pair may have exhibited, under the varying influences of different climates and countries; and of dissimilar food, customs, diseases, and occupations. We may therefore believe the account of the most ancient history which we possess, that all nations have sprung from one original race; and to its primitive parents in the first source, and in the second, to one or more of their three descendants, who survived the awful catastrophe, in which the first diffusion of human population disappeared, we must refer the various colonies of Britain whom we are about to enumerate."

*(To be continued.)*

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\* The Bishop of Dromore, in his genealogical table, makes the Saxons, English, Lowland Scotch, Belgic, Prussic, Francotheorics, German, Suabian, Swiss, Cumbric, or old Icelandic, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, to spring from a Gothic origin, while he describes the ancient Gauls, ancient British, Welsh, Armoricans, Cornish, Irish, Erse, and Manks, as proceeding from a Celtic root.

## REFORM, OR EMANCIPATION ?

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"How happy could I be with either."

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"THE knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom," so said Solomon; so others have said after him, yet how few give a practical proof of their belief in this most important truth? The world seem to rely more upon the wisdom of man than the wisdom of their Maker; they never refer effects to their proper causes; they imagine, foolishly imagine—that misery and want proceed not from legislative interference, but from the want of restrictive and regulating laws. The mania of legislation is universal; mankind are taught to believe that, without commercial codes, trade-protecting statutes, and exclusive laws, no people could be great, wealthy, or happy:—hence our numerous acts of Parliament; every thing is regulated by statute, from the sale of butter-milk to the making of malt. The peer and the peasant unite in calling for the enactment of new laws; and the government, ever willing to gratify the public when their own vanity is flattered, labours incessantly to obey the call. We have acts of Parliament to regulate the weight of bread; and acts of Parliament to determine the size of pint pots—and the wondering world pronounces these "profoundly wise!" Very obliging indeed, to save us the trouble of making use of our eyes. Perhaps things might answer just as well if the legislature allowed us to take care of ourselves. The baker who would not give weight, and the publican who would not give measure, would soon want customers. By deciding for us, they silence suspicion, and therefore we are, thanks to the wisdom of our forefathers, cheated with our eyes open. The offender escapes with impunity—there is an act of Parliament for it.

Perhaps the people are not so much to blame: their "wise ancestors" made such laws, and these laws have made them—have formed their opinion, upon the subject—it is hereditary, and therefore the more difficult to be eradicated. They believe firmly that wise commercial laws would make any nation prosperous; but the fact is, no nation can be prosperous while such laws exist: we want no new laws—we want a total repeal of the old ones.

This opinion, to be sure, is not quite orthodox: the simplest peasant living, however, may ascertain its truth, by taking the advice of Solomon—by acting invariably under the conviction that "the knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom." "How can we reason but from what we know?" and every man knows that the Almighty has amply given us the means of avoiding hunger and cold and oppression. The earth teems with superabundance—she is so prolific that we are ignorant of the extent to which production is capable of being carried, and as no man would starve who could feed himself by labouring, it follows, of course, that no labourer need starve. Here the goodness of God is manifested—there is enough, more than enough, produced under present circumstances, and yet the majority of mankind are actually starving!! Ask yourself the reason, Is it not because the people have relied upon "wise

men" rather than upon a "wise God?" Is it not because the wisdom of Providence was distrusted—because legislators impiously undertook to improve the great design of the Creator; and, in the daring supposition that the Omnipotent Plan was imperfect, they essayed to remedy it! See the result—in commercial wars; in custom-houses; in the slave-trade; in oppression abroad and starvation at home. The Manchester weaver stands idly by his loom, with consumptive form and pallid cheek, and the Hungarian peasant is rolled in a sheep-skin upon his untilled ground. The one wants wheat, and the other wants cloth; and these they would exchange, and become healthy and happy, but that their respective governments prohibit the fulfilment of God Almighty's intentions! They exclaim we have your happiness at heart; you would be miserable but for our care; and our wisdom decides that the English operative shall starve, and the Hungarian perish with cold. And, for doing this, the kings of the earth claim our thanks, call upon us to give them our confidence, our gratitude! The fault is not theirs; they owe their power and influence to public opinion—these restrictive laws were considered necessary by their subjects, and would be endured no longer than public opinion favoured them.

It is quite evident that man, if left to himself, would consume only the cheapest loaf, and work only for the highest wages. The Almighty intended this should be the case; for he has given him self-love and reason: the one directs him to seek individual interest, and the other teaches him the shortest and easiest way of promoting it. In doing this, he is directly advancing the interests of society; he is giving each man an interest in the welfare of every other man; consolidating the great family of the human race, and providing against the oppression of nations. In looking up to God as the Source of Wisdom, the political economist beholds the great scheme of universal happiness; he sees dependent interests promoting universal brotherhood, and the wants, real and artificial, of mankind spreading over the globe population and improvement. Such a man could not be an infidel, and is, perhaps, the only man capable of demonstrating the necessity of revelation. In political science Christianity will find her firmest advocate; and I trust in God that I shall shortly be able to prove, by the application of its simple rules, the divine nature of my religion; I will, at all events, demonstrate that Catholicism has been the greatest benefactor that ever appeared upon the earth; and, by implication, that it must proceed from other than mere mortal authority. But this is a digression.

Mankind *feel* oppression and misery, but do not always know from whence they proceed; they desire to be free from them, and therefore confide in those who pretend to remove them. Hence legislative enactments; hence national jealousy and envy; and hence perpetual wars. Society has been divided into opposite and hostile herds; they appear not to be of one great family; they hate each other; and are therefore mutually aggravating each other's misery; they are also thereby perpetuating those evil laws in which the feelings of dislike originated. The people make the laws, and the laws make the people.

It is quite obvious that there is food enough; that the earth is

capable of producing more than enough. The question then is, how comes it that so many are miserable? There must be a cause. If you cannot suppose any new law that would obviate this state of things, perhaps a repeal of the old ones might do it. If the English operatives were left to themselves, they would buy corn from the people of Poland, and in return the Poles *must* take their manufactures in exchange. Both would be directly benefited. Similar results would follow similar proceedings, when carried into effect any where. Restrictive laws are therefore directly the cause of misery. Legislative wisdom has produced ultimately nothing but poverty and crime in every place where it undertook to provide permanent happiness. If we regard the Almighty plan as perfect, we must come to the conclusion, that governments have nothing to do but provide that justice is fairly administered, and the security of liberty provided for. The simple and comprehensive maxim is—“LEAVE MAN TO HIS OWN RESOURCES—*let him alone.*” God has given him the means and propensities requisite to his own happiness.

Until this important truth is universally disseminated, no reform can be radically useful; and its dissemination will be the only beneficial and real radical reform; because, in this country, opinion will govern, no matter who sits in St. Stephen's. The popular voice must be obeyed. Knowing this, I have a very poor opinion of Hunt's or Cobbett's scheme of national redress. I see in them nothing but the indirect advocates of tyranny—the enemies of the human race—though probably actuated by the purest motives. Cobbett is unquestionably a man of great powers; I admit his talents: but the very abilities for which he is distinguished only increase his capacity of doing mischief. He is a determined enemy of the liberal system, though an advocate for reform. But he is also an advocate for exclusive laws, and therefore the friend of national antipathies; of commercial wars, and the rank, long train of evils which connects the system with human misery. More than this, in his “History of the Protestant Reformation,” he has laid it down as a fundamental maxim, that there ought to be an hereditary aristocracy. After this, his talk about pensions and sinecures is not worth much; both must exist wherever there be an hereditary nobility.

Besides, Cobbett's disciples have never been able to define distinctly what they expect from Reform.\* Annual parliaments and universal suffrage will be of little avail, unless we can see beforehand

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\* Mr. Andrews has been *drawn out* to give us his ideas of reform, and a more indistinct and general definition I never read,—it is merely empty declamation; there is no refuting it, because it means nothing.

Having alluded to the Truth-teller, I beg leave, in a note, to take leave of its editor. There is no disputing with a man who opposes exploded authorities to facts and arguments, and who tells his readers that Sir John Fortescue—a man who *lied* purposely—lived in the dark ages. My readers expect me to give them something more substantial than refutations of such *nothings*. Besides, I have not room for such cavilling; I have exposed the *thing*, and I shall not be tempted to return to it.

Some of the English Catholics imagine, that any detraction from the imputed wisdom of Alfred is a deduction from the merits of the beneficial tendency of the

what measures are likely to prove beneficial—what line of conduct would promote the interests of the people: about these they differ. Some are for free trade, and some against it—some are for corn laws, and some against them: while this is the case, I unhesitatingly

Catholic religion. In this opinion they are greatly mistaken. The growth of the English constitution, and of *trial by jury*, is owing directly to the Catholic clergy; therefore, those who say Alfred perfected both, is defrauding Catholicism of its due. It cannot be too often repeated, that the Catholic religion has nothing to apprehend from historical research or scientific discovery. It is the only religion on earth that can be directly benefited by both.

No one but a fool or a lawyer would say that parliamentary representation was known in the Anglo-Saxon times. It was simply impossible; the state of society forbade it. I have already stated, that the Wittenagemot bore no resemblance to our House of Commons, and that the growth of the representative system was gradual, and, in some measure, accidental. This question does not rest upon authorities, but upon evidence. In the Anglo-Saxon times, *three-fourths* of the people were in slavery; and, subsequent to the Conquest, the feudal system would have rendered the representative system nugatory, if it had existed. This is Dr. Lingard's opinion.

"During," says he, "the reign of Henry III., but while he was under the control of Leicester, we are surprised at the unexpected appearance of a parliament, constituted as our present parliaments are, of the lords spiritual and temporal, and the representatives of the counties, cities, and boroughs. Was this the innovation of a bold and politic adventurer, or merely the repetition of an ancient and accustomed form? Something more than a century ago, the question was fiercely debated between the adverse champions of the prerogative of the crown, and the liberties of the people; since that period it has been investigated with more coolness and impartiality: and most writers have agreed to pronounce the assembly of 1265 a new experiment, devised for the purpose of extending the influence, and procuring support to the projects, of Leicester. In the history of the preceding reigns we shall search in vain for any satisfactory evidence, that the cities and boroughs sent their representatives to the national councils. Historians, indeed, sometimes mention the people, or the multitude, as awaiting the decision of the assembly, and testifying their approbation by their applause: but such passages may with propriety be understood of the neighbouring inhabitants, whom curiosity might lead to the spot; of the culprits and petitioners, the suitors and pledges, whose duty or whose interest it was to be present; and of the clergymen and monks, the knights and esquires, who were in attendance on their lords, the prelates and barons. If at a later period some boroughs claimed the privilege of representation from remote antiquity, or if the members of the lower house boasted that they had formed a constituent part of the legislature from time beyond the memory of man, *such pretensions may be attributed either to their ignorance of history, or to the use of legal expressions without any definite meaning.* To me all the great councils under the first Norman kings appear to have been constituted on feudal principles."

Treating of the reign of Edward I., he says:—"For many of the improvements in the English constitution we are indebted more to views of personal interest than of enlightened policy. In the infancy of the feudal institutions the warrior was every thing, the merchant or tradesman nothing. But the latter, in the progress of civilization, gradually acquired property: property gave consideration; and during the civil wars of the last reign, both parties had found the assistance of the principal towns and cities as valuable as that of the most powerful barons."

Having referred to Dr. Lingard, I may as well here show, from him, that Alfred could *not* have instituted the trial by jury, as we have it, because of the mode of trial (by ordeal) which then prevailed; and that the Catholic clergy *did* perfect the institution, by being the means of abolishing the trial by ordeal.

"But if," says Dr. Lingard, "the clergy failed in this instance, they had pre-

assert that no mode of representation will avail. Before Parliament can be reformed, the people must reform themselves—they must acquire political knowledge. I do not deny that there are numerous abuses; but would a reformed Parliament remove them? I have more than a doubt upon the subject. While the House of Lords is hereditary, and while ministers hold the public purse, I have no faith in either the wisdom or honesty of M. P.s! The more numerous the cheaper. I would rather define what they had to do, than rely on their virtue and knowledge. The people should never confide implicitly in the public man, who is exposed to temptation.

The want of design—of any probable good—in the leaders of the reformers, seems to have alienated John Bull from this once popular subject. It is a palpable fact that the people have deserted Hunt and Cobbett. There are now hardly any reform meetings; there are no petitions calling for reform transmitted to Parliament; and there is hardly a man in England who hopes that there will in his time be a radical reform: it is not rationally to be expected. I do not say this is right: quite the contrary. I have no objection to annual parliaments; and universal suffrage; but these, I assert, without the dissemination of political knowledge, would produce little good. In my opinion, Huskisson, and Robinson (Lord Goderich), are real radical reformers. So was Canning, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary: he was an advocate for the liberal system, and thereby a practical reformer. I have frequently asserted, that if the people of England know little of Ireland, the people of Ireland know still less of England. The proceedings at the Connaught meeting, the other day, are a proof of this. It was there advanced, that the Catholics should abandon the cause of emancipation, and take up that of reform. The gentlemen who gave this opinion were extremely eloquent: but eloquence, like poetry, owes its attraction to the absence of common sense, of facts, and arguments: I can find none of these in the speeches of the Connaught reformers.

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viously succeeded in procuring the abolition of a very ancient but indefensible custom. Though the trial by ordeal was consecrated with religious ceremonies, the popes had always condemned it, as an unwarranted appeal to the judgment of the Almighty: and by Gratian the condemnation had been inserted in the canon law. On this account, it was abolished, probably by the influence of Gualo, in the beginning of the king's reign; but to devise a new form of trial, which might be substituted in its stead, perplexed and confounded the wisdom both of the judges and of the government. The itinerant justices received orders, in Henry's third year, to divide the prisoners, who would otherwise have been subjected to the ordeal, into three classes. When the presumption against the accused was strong, and his character notoriously bad, he was to be remanded to prison, and kept in close custody till his fate should be determined by the council: a few shades of difference in the malice of the offence, or a greater degree of uncertainty as to his guilt, or a more favourable character, placed him in the second class of those who were compelled to abjure the realm: if he had been committed for a minor transgression only, or for some breach of the king's peace, he was to be set at liberty, on giving security for his good behaviour. What subsequent measures were adopted, we are not told: but there can be little doubt that the abolition of the trial by ordeal CONTRIBUTED GREATLY to establish that invaluable institution, the trial by jury."

I now beg leave to resign all claim to William Eusebius Andrews, and therefore surrender him—such as he is—to his admiring disciples—Heigho!

The arguments necessary to be used on this question, lie in a nutshell: there is no occasion whatever for declamation. The people of Ireland are Catholics; and Catholics are denied the privileges of subjects. Emancipation would secure them this privilege; and, therefore, if equality is good, emancipation must be beneficial: this will not be disputed. But, they say, something more is necessary. Granted: but, recollect, emancipation will not prevent us from seeking this something more; and, be it observed, this something will not be granted—will not be useful\*—until we are emancipated. “Ay,” say they, “but reform would be emancipation and every thing.” Be it so: but first allow us to inquire, whether are we more likely to get emancipation or reform. Into this the question resolves itself.

Reform, I have already said, has lost ground in England. The very name of radical is one of contumely, and that it is no longer popular is evident from the fact, that the question has not been mooted lately in Parliament; there were no meetings—no petitions. Hunt is now an ordinary man in London; he walks the streets and no one turns about to look after him;—he admits that reform is not that spirit-stirring thing it was\*, and the “Black Dwarf,” decidedly the ablest advocate of the measure, has ceased for want of support. These facts admit of no contradiction; but there are other facts not less conclusive against the probability of reform. The form of the government negatives it at once; the House of Lords is impregnable—it is also hereditary. Bear this in mind, and rest assured nothing but a revolution will ever establish in England the principles of radical reform; and any reform short of that is not worth contending for. In addition to all this, the people of England are peculiarly

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\* “It is objected,” says a very clever writer, “that emancipation would not cure *all* the evils of Ireland, and would not, therefore, produce the effect desired. True. Emancipation would *not* cure all the evils of Ireland, but no evil can be cured without it. Though it leaves much to be done, it must be done first itself: it is like a preparation of the physical system for a course of medical treatment. It cannot be disguised, nor is it sought to be evaded, that much would remain to be satisfied, and much to be corrected: but it would not be solely Catholic. The policy that has hitherto governed Ireland, has not only been injurious because it divided, but because it demoralized and impoverished the people. Withdraw invidious distinctions, and, if further complaints reach you, they will be the complaints of freemen, which you, as freemen, will find your interests identified in redressing.

“All measures that precede emancipation, however beneficial in their tendency, will be received with distrust by the excluded: a modification of tithes may relieve the landlord—a vigilant police coerce the rebellious, and afford dubious security to the peaceable—a reduction of imposts lighten the burdens of a trade, almost too exhausted to be conscious of benefits—public works occasionally employ the idle or disaffected of a village, or a county—and petty sessions inspire the peasant with a forlorn hope of justice—but this is partial, not general good; affecting distinct and minor interests; still leaving without a remedy the great national calamity, to which the feelings and attachment of the country are sacrificed. Such measures, preceding emancipation, must be transitory and ineffectual, since petty benefits cannot be felt by a people who want freedom:—following emancipation, they would complete the pacification, and decide the allegiance of the country.”

† So unpopular has Hunt become in England, that he has been obliged to leave his *Memoirs* unfinished. No one would read them.

aristocratic ; they are a lord-loving people, and while this is the case any reform touching representation would be useless. The House of Commons interpose an insurmountable barrier ; it is elected by aristocrats, it is filled with those who live by the system, and is, therefore, very unlikely to enact that which had a tendency to deprive them of the loaves and fishes. For this reason reform—even the Whig reform—has been uniformly scouted from the Honourable House.

On the other hand, Emancipation is daily gaining strength ; its friends are increasing ; it has what radical reform has not—all the talent and popular characters in the country for its advocates. It has been partially carried more than once, and *now*, even its opponents say, it is likely to succeed. It is quite impossible that it can be much longer denied : the tide of European—of English opinion is favourable to its success, and events may immediately aid the fulfilment of our hopes. There never was less reason for despondency, and is it under circumstances like these, that the Catholics are to abandon Emancipation, and stand, almost alone, the advocates of radical reform?—They are profound thinkers who recommend this course.

But, supposing that this was not the case, still I maintain that the Catholics ought to petition for Emancipation ; and, contrary to Cobbett's opinion, the radicals ought to join with them in seeking that measure. What prevents us from obtaining our rights ? English bigotry and intolerance. Now, in joining the Reformers, we necessarily array our enemies against them ; we retard their measures without serving our own, for we should then have all the enemies of reform, in addition to the bigots, opposed to Emancipation. At present every Catholic may become a radical if he likes ; collectively we ask for Emancipation ; individually we may ask for what we please. The reformers, therefore, ought to be averse to our joining them as a body ; and, if they wish the success of their measure, they will first aid the progress of ours ; because, in the event of our question being carried, there are many reasons why their cause would be the more likely to advance. There would then be nothing to distract the people of Ireland from the more immediate political concerns of the empire.

Whatever way this question is regarded, whether we admit or deny the popularity of reform, there is no earthly reason why we should cease to petition, even if ultimately defeated :—this is certainly no time to despair.

In this article I have necessarily been brief on many subjects introduced. Enough, however, is here stated to put my countrymen on their guard against those who talk about the reformers of England.

Rock.



## THE SHIPWRECK.

FROM the climes of the east, o'er the calm ocean waves,  
 The vessel is gallantly sweeping ;  
 When far—far below, in their red coral graves,  
 The hearts of the shipwreck'd are sleeping ;  
 From the climes of the east to their own lovely isle,  
 The mariners gladly are steering,  
 And bright are their prospects, and sweet is their toil,  
 For no storm on their path is appearing.

They think of the homes where their parents reside,  
 That shall greet them with tear-drops of gladness ;  
 Where the wives of their love, each as gay as a bride,  
 Shall lighten the heart of its sadness ;  
 Where their children shall meet them with bright eyes of blue,  
 And cheeks like the summer-tide blossoms ;  
 Where their sweethearts await, like the lilies in dew,  
 To drop overpower'd in their bosoms.

But from slumber to tempest the ocean awakes,  
 Like the lions in hunger that waken,  
 And the canvass is scatter'd like winter-snow flakes,  
 And the masts like a willow are shaken,  
 And down goes the ship, like a star from the sky,  
 When the storm on the night-wind is dying—  
 And now the green sea waves all quietly lie,  
 Like the turf on the graves that are lying.

B.

## ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.—NO. II.

## WHO WERE THE ABORIGINES OF IRELAND ?

(Continued from page 98.)

"ALL ancient history," continues Mr. Turner, "agrees with the Mosaic, and with the researches of modern science and antiquarian curiosity, to place the commencement of population, art, and knowledge, in the eastern portion of the world. Here men first appeared and multiplied ; and from hence first spread into those wilder and ruder districts, where nature was living in all her unmolested, but dreary and barbarous majesty."

In these passages the reader has all that is really valuable in Mr. Sharon Turner's disquisition upon the Celts and Goths ; his deep research is visible in every page, but his application of facts merits but little commendation. He describes the Celts as every where feared and hated ; says they were the Cimbri,\* and that they frequently proved formidable to the Roman army, having defeated the Consul Narbo, and so on. It is quite evident he knew nothing of the Celtic people ; this is not to be wondered at, since he was guided by authorities more than by evidence ; and nearly all the

\* This was also the opinion of Pinkerton, but a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* clearly proves that they were Goths. I do not recollect the number of the volume : it is one of the early ones.

ancient writers apply the Greek words *KELTAI* and *KELTOI* to the Goths;\* whom they generally contrive to mistake for Celts: hence the calumnies which have been heaped upon this interesting people, whose only crime was a premature civilization. To their superior polish and cultivation, they were indebted for constant defeat and partial annihilation. Theirs were those acquirements which render the possessor less brave, but more humane. That the Celts were a highly polished people will be proved by and by, and that they carried with them the arts of civilized life into Ireland will be readily admitted, when the facts of the case are laid before the reader. My proofs and facts will not be fanciful, like those of Vallanay, nor conjectural, like those of O'Conner—but I must not anticipate.

When the Celts first entered Europe, we know not; they were here seven or eight hundred years before Christ, a period beyond which history does not carry us; and probably the Goths may have "immigrated" sooner, though we have no earlier account of them. From this time, the Gothic stream of population continued to flow in upon Europe, and, wherever it appeared, the Celts retired before it, dismayed and broken-hearted. Rome, imperial Rome, repelled it for a while, by arming one barbarous horde against another. Ultimately, however, she fell before the irresistible strength of the Gothic arm.

Every state of society is not equally favourable to the development of military qualities. Savages, or rather those to whom we are in the habit of applying that gross epithet, are distinguished for great fortitude, but are known to possess very little courage. The American Indians will endure without a murmur the most refined torture, but they are seldom known to have faced an enemy openly; they assail their foe treacherously, shoot their darts from places of concealment, and depend for success upon sudden effort, rather than upon manly and resolute attack. But, when men acquire more reliance upon personal prowess—when they have more to defend, and more to gain—when rivalry has produced emulation, and when to be fearless is to be famous, society is in that state which is productive

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\* The following authors, among others, call the Gauls *KELTOI* or *Celtæ*: Herodotus, Aristotle, Polybius, Diodorus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Periegetes, Strabo, Plutarch, Arrian, Pausanias, Ptolemy, Athenæus, Livy, and Lucan. Cæsar is generally right, because he distinctly states that the Belgic Gauls differed in language and manners from the Celtic Gauls. Tacitus is full of mistakes on the subject. Justin describes the numbers and conquests of the Celts, and yet calls them "*aspera audax et bellicosa gens*." Livy speaks of their courage, so does Florus, but the courage they described was Gothic. Diodorus tells us the Celts were tall and fair; and had yellow hair. His testimony goes for nothing; but when he tells us that the inhabitants of Narbonne were *KELTOI*, and the other people of the country *GALATAI*, he seems to have been aware that there were two distinct races, though he did not know that Gaul and Galatian have precisely the same meaning. The Galatians were real Celts: Arrian says the Celts are of lofty stature, and Strabo tells us their hair was yellow; these are the marks of a Goth. Livy commits the same error, and Polybius assures us, that those who sacked Rome under Brennus were Celts. They were Gothic Gauls, as his and Tacitus's descriptions show. These authors were not always wrong, as they knew of two distinct races in Gaul, but they are perpetually confounding them. See a very erudite essay on the subject in M'Culloch's *Highlands and Western Isles*, a work from which this note is abridged.

of men possessing all the attributes of warriors; and such was the state of society among the Scythæ.

All the institutions of the Goths, before they felt the benign influence of Christianity, tended to perpetuate barbarism and bravery. Their habits and notions were purely warlike; and their mode of life admirably qualified them for martial employments. Disdaining, while unmixed with Celts, the constraints of cities, they lived in the open country; and, having an abundance of slaves, they were not necessitated to apply themselves to agricultural toil, further than was merely sufficient to give a full development to those physical qualities for which they were eminently remarkable. Gifted by nature with surprising strength, and rendered by education and circumstances fearless and irresistible, they had only to attack and conquer. Their poverty and their bravery secured them from external assailants, and as with them to choose and occupy were the same thing, they, of course, while in Asia, at least, resided in the most fertile parts. Indolent, undisturbed, fed by the toil of slaves, and remarkable for rational gallantry,\* it followed, of course, that they exemplified fully the Malthusian doctrine, or rather fulfilled the injunction of Providence—they increased and multiplied prodigiously. Their mode of life, however, prevented them from reaping the benefits of a dense population. Whatever economists may say, without a dense population there can be neither arts nor sciences—and consequently, in the absence of numbers, there must be partial barbarism. The history of the Goths proves this. They had no wants but those which the produce of agriculture, satisfied, and when they became too numerous for any particular spot, relief was instantly sought in emigration. Instead of being obliged to sit down and tempt the vanity of man by luxurious productions—instead of trying to make the earth more productive, by the application of increased toil and capital, they took up the sword, and possessed themselves of the most fruitful districts; nothing did—could, resist them: and hence it follows, that originally Gothic countries were never thickly peopled; and hence it also follows, that they continued migratory barbarians. In Egypt, formerly, they were highly civilized, because the institutions of that country favoured dense population; and in modern Europe they became civilized when the Church of Rome subdued the ferocity of their manners, and taught them to respect the laws of God. Every nation became civilized when it became densely peopled—but not before.

I have already stated, that the Celts every where fled before the Goths; and I said their imbecility arose from their superior civilization. "The improvement," says a philosophic writer, "of commerce and manufactures, together with that opulence which flows from it, must be productive, it is evident, of great alterations, with respect to the virtues both of courage and fortitude. By the establishment of regular government, a natural consequence of civilization, mankind are protected from depredation, and those nations who cultivate the arts find it their interest, on ordinary occasions, to avoid mutual hos-

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\*The Goths alone, of all the people of antiquity, entertained a proper and rational regard for the gentler sex. Women with them were free, and possessed equal rights.

ilities, and to maintain an amicable correspondence. Their modes of life, therefore, which become totally different from those of a rude people, give rise to different habits. Living at ease, and in a state of tranquillity, and engaged in the exercise of peaceable professions, they become averse from every enterprise that may expose them to danger, or subject them to pain and uneasiness. The more secure and comfortable their situation at home, they have the less inclination to exchange it, for the hazards of a campaign, or for the fatigues and hardships with which it may be attended." "In proportion," he adds, "as men live in greater security, and are seldom employed in fighting, they are likely to lower their estimation of military talents; and to exalt the value of such other accomplishments as, in the ordinary state of society, are found more useful."

Whoever has had an opportunity of estimating the fortitude and courage of a smoke-dried cockney, will easily appreciate the opposition a ferocious Goth was likely to meet with from the Celtic denizens of an Asiatic city. Walled towns, or guarded citadels, afforded but little protection; and, as the humanity of the Scythians was well known,\* few waited to witness their tender mercies. Then, as now, a whole population emigrated, not successively, but at once! The Oriental invader, on entering an hostile region or city, uniformly finds it totally abandoned; not a living thing remains to tell who had been there. The city itself, silent and lonely, stands—like a monument of departed population.

This well-known fact, and this theory—which, though novel, is true, will account for the numbers in which they emigrated; and renders very probable the tradition of a whole colony landing at once upon the shores of Ireland. That the Celts were capable of making comparatively long voyages, and that they were a highly civilized people, must be obvious, when we know that the Syrians, the Etrurians, the Trojans, the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Pelasgians, were undoubted Celts. We know this from philological and physiological science—their language and their persons prove it. That they subsequently degenerated proves nothing against their early civilization.

Pezron, Pelloutier, Vallancy, and a host of other antiquaries and grammarians, have mistaken the parentage of the Celtic language. Sir William Jones has taken the only correct view of this question. Sanscrit, he says, was the language of the first race of Indians; from which descended that of the earliest race of Persians, the earliest Egyptians, and the Goths. From the Gothic, branches chiefly the tongues of the Greeks and Romans, Latin and Greek being alike composed of Celtic and Gothic. We find the Gothic language more purely in that of the Picts, Saxons, Scandinavians, Germans, Franks, and all of that race. The other radical language was that

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\* Dr. Lingard, in his *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, speaking of the Saxon Goths says, "Their valour was disgraced by its brutality. To the services they generally preferred the blood of their captives, and the man whose life they condescended to spare, was taught to consider perpetual servitude as a gratuitous favour. Their religion was accommodated to their manners, and their manners were perpetuated by their religion. In their theology, they acknowledged no sin but cowardice, and revered no virtue but courage."

of the Assyrians, who were the second Persian race. From this tongue proceeded the Chaldee, and from this again the Hebrew, the Syriac, the Phœnician, the Carthagian, the Arabic, the Abyssinian, some Tartar and African languages, and last, though not least, the Celtic. "Hence," says Dr. McCulloch—not the economist, "the Celtic and Gothic tongues are from distinct roots." We must keep this fact in view: the Celtic is not the mother of all the European languages; it was prior in Europe, and is now retained, in any thing like a distant approach to purity, no where but among some few Swiss mountaineers, the Scottish highlanders, the Welsh and the Irish peasantry.

This simple view of the question throws considerable light upon the subject. It shows that Ledwich was always wrong; and that Vallancy's philological labours were all thrown away. The resemblance between the Irish and the Phœnician tongues can now be accounted for without supposing any direct colonization from the ancient emporium of commerce. Perhaps Ireland was peopled long before the Phœnicians were heard of as a people. It also accounts for the resemblance between the Irish, Welsh, Armoric, and Hebrew; hence, also, the resemblance, notwithstanding all the ridicule of the critics, found in the Carthaginians speech in Plautus, to the Irish. Bochart traced Hebrew in this speech, and St. Augustine remarked, that Hebrew and Carthaginian were very much alike. All of these opinions were correct, because the Irish, the Carthaginian, and the Hebrew, spring from the same root. No doubt, Hannibal spoke tolerable Irish.

Vallancy, with great research, has traced a resemblance between the Calmuc, the Maltese, and other African and Asiatic languages, and the Irish; the reason is obvious—they can all be traced to the Assyrian. This fact also offers a true solution of the dispute about the Basque or language of Biscay, and of the ancient Aquitaine in Gascony.\* It is Celtic says one, it is an African tongue said another, and both are right. It is the language of the Iberi and Mauri, who peopled Spain, and whose language was derived from the Assyrian. We need not therefore seek a solution of this mystery in Iberian or Milesian colonization.

Let us now retrace our steps a little, and prove what we have advanced. A host of antiquaries are against us, but we have truth on our side, and must triumph. It is necessary we should demonstrate the high civilization of the Celts, before we can claim arts and sciences for the Irish Aborigines; and these they unquestionably possessed, whether they were Celts or Jews. A well-known writer asserts that they were Israelites; perhaps, he is right. A people had once been here who have long since passed away, not, however, without leaving memorials of their civilization behind them. More of this in our next chapter.

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\* Llwyd was the first who said the Basque was Celtic; Ledwich denies this, but his opinion is not worth much.

## THE FALL OF THE PORTUGUESE.

[The following stanzas were written by the late Mr. Furlong, in 1823. I am not aware that they have been published before :]

For those who have fought and died  
 On the carcass-cover'd plain;  
 For those who have dropp'd in their strength and pride,  
 'Midst the slayers and the slain;  
 For those who have dared to be free,  
 When the tyrant stretch'd his chain,  
 Who have worshipp'd the young light of liberty,  
 Though for them it dawn'd in vain;  
 For those who have watch'd the hour  
 That saw war's red flag unfurl'd,  
 Who have met in their might the low minions of power,  
 And sunk in the sight of the world—  
 For the few who thus have toil'd and bled,  
 Thrice hallow'd is every tear that we shed.

But who shall weep for the slave,  
 Whose heart in peace hath fail'd him,  
 Who hath baffled the hopes of the high and the brave,  
 And yielded when none assail'd him.  
 Who is there shall shed a tear,  
 For the cold and craven-hearted,  
 Who saw right after right still disappear,  
 And was calm as the last departed;  
 Who beheld oppression crown'd,  
 Without one redeeming endeavour,  
 Who hugg'd the dark fetters that girt him around,  
 And stood stamp'd a wretch for ever!  
 Oh! who that thinks what the soil hath been,  
 Can be grieved at the lot of a soul so mean.

Nay! grief is a sacred thing,—  
 Let it mark not the dastard or knave,  
 Round the martyr of freedom in life let it cling,  
 And in death distinguish his grave;  
 But a passing pang will have way,  
 For the chance which hath made mankind  
 A mere mass for each tyrant chief to slay,  
 And each canting king to blind.  
 Dark land of the orange and vine,  
 The last curse of the lost is on thee;  
 Thy name was of late as a spell and a sign,—  
 Thou art now but the scorn of the free:  
 And no fame that comes with a future day  
 Shall wash the foul stain of thy guilt away.

## O'SULLIVAN'S LETTERS FROM DUBLIN.—LETTER V.

MR. SHEIL.

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"His great soul,  
Firm to the *people*, lifts its stubborn height,  
And, by the force of fate, more deeply still  
Is rooted in his country."

THE APOSTATE.

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GREAT men have been proverbially ungrateful: and none more distinguished for a kind of parricidal forgetfulness than the orators of Ireland. With an infatuation unaccountable, they have reprobated those to whom they owe their fame and eloquence—they have one and all been enemies of the *Rocks*. Yet, were it not for these champions of fun and fighting, Ireland might have wanted her Grattans and her Currans. I am fond of paradoxes: but this is not one—it is a plain matter of fact—a very logical and obvious conclusion.

It has been said, my dear Captain, with some appearance of truth, that your family—be it ever honoured!—like the seals, are partial to storms. This frolicsome propensity arose, no doubt, from their poetical temperament; and it assisted, as well as tithe-proctors, parsons, and Protestant ascendancy, to keep alive in Ireland that delightful agitation which, beyond all other things, is favourable to the growth of poetry. There must be a stirring-up—a fermentation—a barming-over—before the nine will tune their reed; and, as indifferent poets make good orators, it follows, of course, that the circumstances which are favourable to song are also favourable to eloquence. Those who cannot become Homers are sure to graduate into Demostheneses.

There cannot be a doubt of this. Tranquillity, within individuals or nations, is the enemy alike of passions and oratory. The preacher may find it necessary to assail with vigour the obstinate sinner at all times; but the orator's occupation is gone the moment the tide of human feelings subsides. He is deficient in material—he has nothing to operate upon—he wants listeners—unless he becomes rational; and the moment a speaker descends to vulgar reason, he ceases to be an orator—he is then a mere lecturer. In Greece and Rome—those homes of ancient eloquence—oratory flourished only during political storms. The king of Macedon made Demosthenes: the Italian conspirator immortalized Cicero. They afforded an opportunity of display—they were the means of calling forth eloquence which otherwise might never have been heard. The American revolution gave birth to Heney and Hamilton; France teemed with orators when her metropolis ran with blood; and, whilst Ireland slept beneath the oppressor's hand, we look in vain for an orator. The moment, however, when she awoke from her drowsy thralldom—the moment she dared to spurn the chain—eloquence sprang up with native vigour, and proved by its power and influence that it was not an exotic. Begotten in agitation, it helped to preserve the elements in which it was conceived; and to this day has been the means of rescuing Ireland from reproach, and will ultimately procure her those

political rights, the concession of which will prove the death of "Irish oratory."

Your critics on the other side of the Channel, in commenting on the Irish school of eloquence, are misled, by applying rules which are quite inapplicable. An orator, like a general, must be judged of, not by his tactics, but by his conquests. He, who triumphs in spite of opposition—who moulds the public mind to his purpose—who gives currency to novel opinions, and who revels in popularity, is an orator, whatever objection sober critics may make to his language or his manner. He obtains his end, and the use of oratory is to convince and persuade. The speaker who does not do this, is certainly not an orator; he produces not the effects of eloquence, and therefore he must be classed under another head, however pure his style—however elaborate his matter. Sheridan's speeches are poor meagre things, without substance or thought, when compared with those of his countryman, the celebrated Burke. Yet, how very different the effects produced by their delivery. The one filled his hearers with dismay or rapture, the other ejected the fixtures of St. Stephen's—the right honourables vanished when the author of "The Sublime and Beautiful" stood up to address the house. The man who may be said to have laid the foundation of that opinion which ultimately restored the Bourbons to the French throne, was uniformly heard with impatience in Parliament. He was too much of the philosopher to make an effective orator.

There have been a few orators, however, who were effective whilst they were rational. Curran—decidedly the greatest orator Ireland or any other country ever produced—was one of these. To hear him, was to be filled with thought, while the very fascination of eloquence, like a charm, was subduing your reason. His speeches could be read as well as listened to. Time, nor envy, nor rivalry, cannot deprive us of the glory which the name and genius of Curran have hallowed; have made immortal and universal. He is gone, but his mantle has fallen upon a countryman. It sits in grace and dignity upon the shoulders of Sheil. Like his great prototype, but not his master, this little "Popish agitator" possesses those rare qualities which half persuade us that he is inspired whilst he speaks. His reported speeches not only read better, but contain more thought and matter, than his studied and highly-elaborated essays; nay, they possess absolutely more poetry than his tragedies. It is certainly not easy to account for this—the influence of popular excitation may effect much, but perhaps not more than that aptitude of real genius, of producing the most perfect figures in a first heat. Like Addison, Sheil seems to do an injustice to his fame, by correcting. It is fortunate, however, that he is industrious enough to report his own speeches. He enables foreigners to estimate more justly the nature of his talents.

When he enters the Corn Exchange, or Clarendon Chapel, on an aggregate meeting-day, the enthusiasm which his presence excites is extreme. All seem to cry out, with one accord, in the language of his own Cadi—

"Speak, thou brave man!  
We wait the voice of heaven."

His figure, like that of Curran, is by no means of the Paddy Carey



cut. Instead of brawny shoulders four feet square, and chairman-legs, you are presented with a slender form, delicately proportioned, rather carelessly habited, and unmarked by any peculiarity of movement or gesture. His features are highly marked; the lower part of his face is very prominent; his eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," is restless and penetrating; and his forehead—Gall himself would study it for a twelvemonth. The whole fully indicates the man; and, if accurately mapped, would, I have no doubt, justify and illustrate the doctrines of Dr. Combe, and put to flight all the idle criticism of the Edinburgh Review.

Mr. Sheil's voice is neither full nor pleasing; it is sharp, and grates shrilly upon the ear; this arises perhaps more from the habitual loudness of the speaker than from any original dissonance. His action, too, is against him—he gesticulates too much; but these petty imperfections give no displeasure—they are not thought of—the earnestness of his manner, the propriety of his language, the depth of thought he evinces, and the love of country that lives in every sentence, secure him that breathless attention which, in theatrical language—intimates that the auditors are hanging upon the honeyed accents of no ordinary performer. There is also a fearlessness about him which is no bad guarantee for his sincerity—it flatters no one, he defies the minions of power, and he refuses to sacrifice to popular prejudices. He drove O'Connell's medals, and buttons, and green waistcoats, and orders of liberators, and such nonsense, into deserved contempt, and has seldom hesitated to give utterance to unpalatable truth. Mr. Sheil is decidedly the most popular man in Ireland. O'Connell is a general favourite, but his colleague in the work of liberation is regarded as a very superior personage. The intellectual portion of the people hold him as by far the more gifted of the two; there is more of literature and genius about him—he may not be regarded as more useful, but all admit that he is more famous; and perhaps, upon a fair canvass, it would be found that Sheil would have the most votes. There can be no doubt that he deserves the veneration of his country, but still there are about him certain peculiarities which deserve a separate notice.

Your's, truly,

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of *The Apostate*—a Tale of To-day, will be given in my next.

Mr. O'Rourke's *third* Sketch in Thorney Street was omitted this week for want of room.

M. B. may rest assured that John Cook may cut as many capers as he pleases, and give plenty of *sauce* too, without provoking Rory O'Rourke to any thing but—laughter.

The second of the Irish Popular Tales will appear immediately.

Of the numerous favours of Correspondents, I shall avail myself as soon as possible.

At page 87, for *Greenhall* read *Old Hall Green*; and at page 93, for *Mr. Sobrel* read *Mr. Skoberl*; for *Mr. Hale* read *Mr. Hall*; and for *Winter Tales* read *December Tales*.

## THE BRITISH CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

THIS body held one of their open quarterly meetings, a few days since, at the Freemasons' Tavern; and, such was the nature of the proceedings, that I should be doing injustice to the cause I advocate if I did not bestow upon them more than a passing remark. The attention of my Irish readers is particularly solicited. England is the ground upon which their battle must be fought; and therefore they have no common interest in every thing that appertains to the British Catholics.

It may not be irrelevant to state (for there are those who would willingly misrepresent me) that I am, in heart and soul, a democrat; that study, conviction, birth, and education, all concur in making me one. I was, as all the world knows, born under a thatched roof; reared upon an earthen floor; and in my person exemplify the truth of the remark, that there is nothing about an Irish cabin which prevents, contrary to Mr. Denis Brown's opinion, physical or intellectual development. I am more than six feet high; and, as every knows, a giant in mind. There is, it is true, some aristocratic blood in my veins: my ancestors possessed large estates; but, as the merry-andrew said, they are now neither here nor there! They are gone—away with them—I want them not!

“What man is rich? not he that doth abound.  
What man is poor? not he that hath no store;  
But he is rich that makes content his ground,  
And he is poor that covets more and more”

A truth which I recommend to all democrats who wish to live free of that envy which arises from comparison with greatness.

But, even were I born in a palace, which God knows I was not, I should be one of the people—I should hate the aristocracy, from a conviction that an hereditary nobility *must* be, whilst the world revolves, enemies of the people—where they exist, there must be misery and oppression. God Almighty never made them: they were created by tyrants, and in iron times, and therefore are abortions which are not sanctioned by Heaven—which men ought not to tolerate. But recollect that the institution, and not individuals, is to blame: a lord may be a good man—lords have been good men—and therefore, whilst we condemn *in toto* the opinions which uphold such a debasing unjust system, let us regard with philosophic and charitable feelings, those who are nominally exalted by the institutions of the country. Let us admit a very palpable fact, generally overlooked—that we would all be aristocrats if we could; that none of us would have any objection to titles and coronets; and that “my lord,” and “my lady,” would tickle the ears of the veriest democrat amongst us, as well as those of our wives and daughters. Besides, whilst we condemn aristocracy, let us be rational, and pay that deference to wealth, talents, and station, to which they are obviously entitled. Happiness results from rivalry; and there can be no rivalry where there is not disparity. There would be no emulation if we were all equal; and therefore Omnipotence has said, there shall be a perpetual inequality. Wealth and its attributes are

desirable; they are mischievous only when, by being hereditary, they generate tax-eaters and tyrants.

Having now, once for all, done justice to my father and mother, as well as to my own principles, let us approach the subject under consideration, abstracted from all feelings of prejudice and dislike. Let us argue the question philosophically, on the broad basis of justice, without needless reference to party—to this or that individual. I have no interest in saying any thing but what I apprehend to be truth and reason. The British Catholic Association can neither serve nor disserve me; their enmity or their friendship would be alike to me, as far as personal considerations are concerned; I never spent an hour in my life in the company of English Catholics, and perhaps never shall. Once I carried a proposition from a liberal but unostentatious Protestant, to an officer of the Association, and experienced, on that occasion, such a want of courtesy, such a want of common politeness, that I did not repeat my visit, or deliver my credentials. I state these things, merely to convince the reader that I cannot possibly be actuated by any but the purest motives; that I want not to flatter the British Catholic Association; if I have any leaning, it is really against it.

My friend Mr. O'Rourke has stated, that the British Catholic Association is biassed by the aristocracy; Mr. Blount denies this, in doing which he is clearly wrong. It is not in human nature that it could be otherwise; for every public body will most assuredly reflect the opinions and views of those who support it. The Association is now—whatever it might have been—upheld by the wealthier classes: at present the catholic operatives contribute nothing; consequently, it is hard to expect that the aristocracy would surrender their peculiar opinions, and adopt ours—it is not reasonable that the Association would act contrary to the wishes of its patrons; that it should flatter us who refuse to aid it.

It is very natural that the aristocracy should entertain opinions different from ours; their habits, associations, and education, are calculated to give them, like the tower at Pisa, a great leaning to one side—the reverse is hardly to be expected; and it is only right that we should always suspect the wisdom of their advice. At the same time, we should not carry our suspicion too far: an opinion is not erroneous because adopted or promulgated by a nobleman; it is to be judged of abstractedly, and appreciated according to its value, without any reference to those with whom it originated. Now I really am of opinion, that too many of our body are in the habit of attributing views and sentiments to the British Catholic Association which they do not entertain. Perhaps they are not quite so aristocratic as we are led to believe, and, though they were lord-ridden, which I am far from asserting, it does not follow that we should refuse them our assistance whilst their measures are calculated materially to advance our cause. They have now appealed to the people for peace—that does not look aristocratic; they spend the public money in the distribution of valuable, and of course unobjectionable, tracts; and, if this be aristocratic, I think we are all aristocrats. They do not entertain the question of reform, and in this they are not aristocrats, but Catholics. They would betray their trust if they

did. These are the most necessary and prominent works which the Association can possibly be engaged on, and I am of opinion that no rational Catholic will object to them. There is nothing aristocratic about them.

It is said, however, that the Association is the "rump" of a former committee, who did certain objectionable things: the man who advanced this as an argument against them, was either a fool or a knave. We have nothing to do with former proceedings—we must judge them by their present measures. Besides, how do we know but individuals may have changed their opinions: it is the privilege of man to do so; and observe you, those who are loudest in vilifying certain persons in the Association are most clamorous in praise of Cobbett; and pray has not Cobbett changed his opinion? Up to the year 1822 he was the most violent calumniator of the Catholic religion that ever took pen in hand. Fox, *the liar*, was nothing at all to him: there is not an abusive word in the English language which he has not applied to it—there is not a filthy statement on record which he has not resorted to for the purpose of vilifying monks, nuns, and jesuits. This man is now lauded to the skies, for what? for changing, or rather for seeming to have changed, his opinion. Will you be less charitable towards a Catholic than a Protestant? I state this hypothetically; I do not assume that any member of the Catholic committee stands in need of our charity.

Again, it has been said that the people meet with a want of courtesy on the part of the Association. It may be so, but in fairness I am bound to state that, though a constant attendant at all their public meetings, I never witnessed any manifestation of such feeling but once, and then the Association was justified, not only by their own rules, but by the subsequent conduct of the person alluded to, and who was at once a "SAINT," and a protégé of the *Truthteller*! I have uniformly observed an eagerness to meet the wishes of the people, but at the same time I have no doubt that an aristocrat, be he Catholic or Protestant, would turn up his nose at the poor man who dared to come "between the wind and his nobility." Let us, however, be just, and admit that a want of respect for us among the great proceeds, in many instances, from the misconduct of some of our body. Whenever we evince a want of good manners,—whenever we despise good order, and clamorously approve the irregularity of others—in a word, whenever we cease to respect ourselves, we can expect nothing but disrespect from others. We do not want to depress the great, our wish is to elevate ourselves to a moral equality; and this we can never do, even in our own estimation, until we learn to act, whatever may be the texture of our coat, as becomes enlightened and Christian men. I know that, generally speaking, the people would not act indecorously in a public assembly, and I only lay down the rule to show that the whole are not unfrequently injured by the impropriety of a few. This was the case at the late meeting of the British Catholic Committee. No report, I understand from a competent person who was present, could give an adequate idea of the outrage perpetrated upon the assembly by the Andrewites. Their zeal was surcharged to a degree that it poured over incessantly; and, after several hours of most disgraceful proceedings on the part of the faction, the great portion of the gentlemen present stood up

and departed in a manner that showed at once their indignation and contempt.

Of the persons who took a part in the proceedings I do not wish now to speak; but this I must say, that every man of them, *pro* and *con*, took an incorrect view of the question about which they were contending. It was simply this: was Mr. Canning's death a public calamity or not? or rather was his death a thing to be deplored by Catholics? The Andrewites contended for the negative; and the others, with the exception of Mr. Terry and Mr. Quin, but feebly supported the affirmative; the one party objected to the late premier on account of his bill of 1813, and his avowal of asking for securities before the Catholics could be emancipated. If all they stated were true, which it was not—still Canning's death was to be deplored by us as a great calamity. He was a Protestant—bear that in mind: he was a statesman—bear that also in mind: and having these two facts before you, it must strike you at once as absurd to expect him to do any thing for us which he did not think ultimately beneficial to the state. For this reason he asked for securities, and if in these were embodied clauses which we could not agree to, are we to condemn Canning for misapprehending that which actually puzzled the Catholic prelates themselves; even the great Milner, among others? Must we impugn his motives because he was ignorant of Catholic tenets? As a Protestant statesman, was he not justified in asking for that which the Church of Rome has granted to the Protestant king of the Netherlands? I have my own opinion on this subject: but we must judge Mr. Canning by a standard which the public recognizes; and, so judged, no man of common sense will deny that his death was a calamity which Catholics at least ought to deplore. If they did not, what would the Protestant world say of them? What Protestant, hereafter, would advocate their cause, seeing them so wanting in gratitude? I believe that Canning was sincere in his love of civil and religious liberty: I may be mistaken; but the great opponent of Mr. Canning, and of emancipation (Mr. Peel) stated, in his place in Parliament, that he objected to his being placed at the head of the administration; and why, think you? BECAUSE HE WOULD THEN USE HIS INCREASED INFLUENCE IN PROMOTING the measure of our liberation, thereby giving him credit for that sincerity which some of us are ready to deny him. It is satisfactory, however, to know that those who malign George Canning, among the Catholic body, are those who indecently exulted in the premature and melancholy death of poor John Bric. This line of argument was overlooked altogether. Mr. Eneas M'Donnell resorted to palliatives, and statements of which he shall hear more by and by. Another opponent was found in the person of the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan, who very satisfactorily proved that he had a mind every way adequate to refuse the rites of the church to a simple peasant, because he did not coincide in some theoretic notions of his pastor respecting interest, and to write a dull, stupid, nonsensical book on usury, which Cobbett praised, and which nobody could read! Of a clergyman I never wish to speak harshly; but I owe it to the Irish priesthood to declare, that I firmly believe their whole body could not furnish another man capable of evincing half as much ignorance

and imbecility as the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan betrayed at this meeting. Every Irishman present must have felt mortified at the melancholy exhibition.

Perhaps—indeed, it is generally understood that the indecorous attack upon the memory of the deceased minister was merely a *ruse* to bring the Andrewites in public collision with the Association. Every thing connected with the proceedings proves this. During the last twelve months the Truthteller has laboured assiduously to create feelings inimical to the Catholic body: it has assailed, with the same vulgar weapons, the Irish and English Associations; and for what? To promote the self-interest of the proprietor; to give him an ascendancy in Catholic politics; to enable him to charge £100 for packing £200 worth of tracts!

I declare most positively that I have no personal motives to gratify in exposing the misconduct of this individual; but I should be ashamed of myself if I shrunk from the discharge of a great public duty because, in its performance, I must wound the feelings of those whose zeal and motives I respect. Upon these I call to strike, if they will, but still to hear me! And if I do not, in a week or two, substantiate the charges I have already made, let the public spurn me as a wretch who endeavoured to deceive them, and injure an innocent individual. If Mr. Andrews be guiltless, I alone must suffer; but, if he be guilty, I for one will spurn those who will dare to adhere to him who, for the most selfish motives, has laboured to sow dissensions among the British and Irish Catholics, and thereby weaken their general efforts for redress. Last week I bade adieu to the Truthteller, but events have since occurred to thwart my intentions. As the organ of a clumsy faction, I must watch and expose its mischievous contents. The last number contained a silly attempt at an answer to a former article of mine. In an introductory letter, evidently written by the editor, I am denounced as an assassin; yet, in the subsequent pages, every fact I advanced is unequivocally admitted. More of this at a future time. I would not have noticed it now, were it not connected with a charge against the British Catholic Association; for the article in question is headed, "The Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty *versus* the British Catholic Association." This speaks for itself: the Association had nothing to do with my charge against the managers of the tracts: but, observe you, insinuations against this body is the "pickle that preserves his mummy from corruption;" it serves to assist his dupes in swallowing the large doses of *cant* with which every page is stuffed!

I am not the advocate of the Association; but I depend upon the common sense of our body to do justice to my motives. The question for our consideration is simply this—Whether we should support Mr. Andrews, or the British Catholic Association? Mr. O'Rourke, in his "Second Sketch in Thorney Street\*," proves that, from the paucity of the English Catholics, any effort, to be successful, must be made in conjunction with our aristocracy. I wish it were otherwise; but such is the fact, and we must do that which our circumstances allow. There is no cause, however, for regret; the

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\* The length of this article again excludes the *Third Sketch*.

line to be pursued is a plain and obvious one: the getting-up of petitions, and the distribution of tracts, are the principal duty of the Association; and, while it discharges this zealously and fairly, it merits our support, though every man on the committee were a duke, and I believe they are all ornamented with heads never intended to fill coronets. Our axiom ought to be, let us do the best the circumstance allows—angels could do no more; and every one of us, not blinded by prejudice or excessive friendship, will see at once that it is our duty to support the British Catholic Association in preference to an individual who has his own interest to look to; and who, notwithstanding all his cant, has given it under his own hand, that he has uniformly pursued that interest.\*

Having viewed this picture, let us now look upon this; suppose we abandon the Association, and give our support to Mr. Andrews, and what then? Admitting that he was zealous, honest, and talented, even then we should fail to do good—to be respectable in the eyes of the public. The British Catholic aristocracy would not join with us—the British press would not cheer us; and our body would be no longer useful; we should be denominated seceders—malcontents. A schism would be promoted—we should become inefficient and contemptible. This is supposing our leaders to be patriotic and honest; but what reason have we to suppose that they would be either? Have the managers of the tracts shown any great wisdom or purity? Have the tracts distributed by them been either useful or unexceptionable? Have they accounted fairly for the money subscribed? say whose sticky palm retained the £100? Have not the whole been a great big humbug? And are these the men who would usurp the office of the British Catholic Association? Do they deserve our confidence? We must answer emphatically, “No!” If the Association is not faultless, it is as yet the most eligible Catholic body that exists in England. Those who are of this opinion, and who, like me, have not been members, will pay in their guinea immediately.

In my next I shall address Mr. O’Connell on this subject, and prove the propriety of the Irish Catholic Association transmitting one or two of their useless thousands to the British Catholic Association, to be expended in the distribution of tracts. Here the battle must be fought; here bigotry is still strong. Mr. French denied that the people were bigotted, but accused the parsons of influencing them. His charge destroys his assertion.

Rock.

\* \* Since writing the foregoing, I understand that the Andrewites are clubbing their pence for the purpose of getting up a vexatious prosecution against me. Not being able to meet my arguments, they want to call in the arm of the law to their assistance:

“Come on, Macduff,

And curs’d be he who first cries hold, enough.”

They a few weeks since celebrated the liberty of the press, and

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\* I will make this as plain as that one and one make two. Mr. Andrews boasts of Dr. Milner’s approval: now, what is the fact? In the fragment of the letter, published to countenance this boast, Dr. Milner tacitly avows his contempt for Mr. Andrews’ talents. He expressly says, if I recollect rightly, that he had never read any of his writings!

they now show their consistency by proposing to appeal to the law of libel! I regret in being told that the most zealous in the business is Mr. Dias Santos! Let them come on; I am armed so strong in honesty that I regard not their malice.

## TWO YEARS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.\*

BEING somewhat under the influence of the "blue devils" this morning, and of course but ill disposed to put my own thoughts upon paper, I sent Morgan to the library for half a dozen of the latest publications; but, instead of bringing me either Lady Morgan's, O'Brien, and O'Flaherty's, or Mr. Griffin's "*Munster Festivals*," he returned with Mr. Cunningham's *Two Years in New South Wales* only under his arm. Psha! said I, the newspapers have pillaged these so shamefully, that they have left nothing for subsequent gleaners. I was mistaken, for having carelessly opened the *second* volume *first*, I found it filled with untouched, amusing, and useful matter. Here goes, then, said I, for a review—I am a capital hand at *cutting up*, as some of my subjects can testify, but there is nothing in the work before me which merits any thing but praise, at least so far as the intention of the author is concerned; Mr. Cunningham is a good-humoured, intelligent writer, well informed on most subjects, and straight-forward in expressing his opinions. Estimating his volumes by their effects upon myself, I can simply recommend a perusal of his *transporting* anecdotes to the hypochondriac in this *hanging* season of the year.

Like the Straits of Gibraltar, there is an under and over current in the population of Australia:

"Our colonial-born brethren are best known here by the name of *Currency*, in contradistinction to *Sterling*, or those born in the mother country. The name was originally given by a facetious paymaster of the seventy-third regiment quartered here,—the pound currency being at that time *inferior* to the pound sterling. Our Currency lads and lasses are a fine interesting race, and do honour to the country whence they originated. The name is a sufficient passport to esteem with all the well-informed and right-feeling portion of our population; but it is most laughable to see the capers some of our drunken old Sterling madonnas will occasionally cut over their Currency adversaries in a quarrel. It is then, 'You saucy baggage, how dare you set up your *Currency* crest at me? I am *Sterling*, and that I'll let you know!'"

The currency people, however, are by far the least exceptionable; they seem to possess nearly every virtue but one—the want of which lead principally to the emigration of most of their mothers: they do not consider chastity as the *first* of virtues. In addition to this domestic division, there are other opinions in operation which have already sewed the seeds of domestic dissension. The *emancipists*, as the liberated are called, form a numerous and discontented class, in consequence of being excluded from places of trust and office, through the prejudice and intolerance of the legitimates. The paper war between the Wigs and Tories is nothing to what is carried in Sydney between these adverse politicians:

\* By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R. N. Second edition. Colburn, London, 1822.



"Our society," says Mr. Cunningham, "is divided into circles as in England; but, from the peculiarity of its constitution, still farther differences naturally exist, which have at various times received colonial *baptisms*. We have, as I said before, first, the *Sterling* and *Currency*, or English and Colonial born, the latter bearing also the name of *corn stalks* (Indian corn), from the way in which they shoot up. This is the first grand division. Next, we have the *legitimates*, or *cross-breeds*,—namely, such as have *legal* reasons for visiting this colony: and the *illegitimates*, or such as are free from that stigma. The *pure Merinos* are a variety of the latter species, who pride themselves on being of the *purest blood* in the colony. We have likewise our *titled characters*, who bear 'their blushing honours thick upon them,' in the decorations of P. B. and C. B. which profusely adorn their [persons]; and *untitled*, who, like myself, have neither '*mark* nor *character*' impressed upon our outward man. The *titled* are all *official* characters employed under the government, in street-mending, brick-making, and such-like,—the titular letters not portending that they belong to any such illustrious order as the *Bath*, but merely that they claim the Prisoner's Barracks or the Carter's Barracks for their respective domiciles."

Aristocracy is here, also, in petulant insolence :

"The pride and dignified *hauteur* of some of our *ultra* aristocracy far eclipse those of the nobility in England. An excellent Yorkshire friend of mine, in command of a merchant-ship, unaware of the distance and punctilio observed here, very innocently stepped up to one of our 'eminent lawyers,' (to whom he had been casually introduced but a few days previous,) to ask smoe trifling question, which he prefaced with 'Good morning, Mr. —.' The man of the law, however, recoiled as if a toad had tumbled in his path, and ejaculated with a stern frown, 'Upon my life, I don't know you, sir.' This proved a subject of much merriment afterwards to my friend, who would receive my usual 'How dy'e do's,' when we met, with a disdainful toss of the head, and 'Upon my life, I don't know you, sir!'

While strolling once with an acquaintance, on my first arrival in the colony, we chanced to encounter a couple of our men of rank, with one of whom my friend walked aside, to hold some private conversation, leaving the other and me standing together. As the gentleman was known to me by sight, and I knew him also to have lately come down the country in the direction which I was about to take on the morrow, I incautiously asked of him the state of the roads. But what was my surprise when, drawing himself up with a most self-important air, he replied in the exact terms of the lawyer before-mentioned, 'Upon my word, I don't know you, sir.' Being yet a novice with respect to colonial dignity, I naturally concluded that some wag had been chalking P. B. or such-like villainous insignia upon my back (as is sometimes practised), which had brought on me this contemptuous rebuff; but on satisfying myself of the incorrectness of the surmise, I naturally began to marvel who this *great man* could be, and should doubtless have set him down as the Duke de las Sierras, or the Marquis of Aquaro at least, had I not been afterwards assured that he was simply a retired subaltern of infantry some time rusticated here. 'Then,' said I, 'this must be a land of high aristocratical feeling, indeed!—Ay, and of high feeling of honour, too,' added I, a few minutes after, upon hearing one of our *legitimate exquisites*, newly released from a six months' incarceration for trifling with the perjury laws, most earnestly appeal '*Pon honour*' to the truth of a statement he was making. 'Oh! that is very judicious of him indeed,' observed a bystander, 'to pledge his *honour* to it,—as he knows well that nobody would take his oath.'—Vol. ii. page 113—115.

The mutation of language is proverbial. The Australians will have one by and by, which must reflect honour upon the patrons of boxing :

"A number of the slang phrases current in St. Giles's *Greek* bid fair to become legitimatised in the dictionary of this colony: *plant*, *swag*, *pulling up*, and other epithets of the Tom and Jerry school are established—the dross passing here as genuine, even among all ranks, while the native word *jirrand* (afraid) has

become in some measure an adopted child, and may probably puzzle our future Johnsons with its *unde derivatur*. In our police offices, the slang words are taken regularly down in examinations, and I once saw a little urchin not exceeding ten years *patter* it in evidence to the bench with the most perfect fluency. Among the lower classes, these terms form a part of every common conversation; and the children consequently catch them. An acquaintance in Van Dieman's Land who had ordered his eldest boy to give up a plaything to a younger, only a week after arrival, was puzzled to make out the meaning of the latter, on its afterwards running in to him and calling out, 'Pa! Bill has *planted* it' (hid it). In addition to this, the London mode of *pronunciation* has been duly ingrafted on the colloquial dialect of our Currency youths, and even the better sort of them are apt to meet your observation of 'A fine day,' with their *improving* response of 'Wery fine indeed!' This is accounted for by the number of individuals from London and its vicinity, who speak in this manner, that have become residents in the colony, and thus stamped the language of the rising generation with their unenviable peculiarity—an explanation according with all past experience."—Vol. ii. page 52, 53.

Mr. Cunningham, as surgeon on board convict-ships, for several years, had a good opportunity of studying the habits and dispositions of his passengers. Of these he tells us some amusing and instructive particulars. The London thieves are the hardest to be managed. *Towny* signifies a Cockney, and *Yokel* a countryman:

"The cockneys are, of course, beyond all dispute, the worst, and a leaven of a dozen of these is enough to infect a thousand of the country *yokels*, with whom peace is generally the order of the day. Such a number of these *townies* will keep a hundred of the others in subjection, from the manner in which they cling together, and from their overwhelming *oratorical* abilities.—The less gifted *yokels* have not a chance with them, if the strong hand of power is not stretched out for their protection. A ship which took in her *yokel* cargo in the river, sailed round to Portsmouth to fill up with a *dunnage*\* of thirty *townies*, when the whole boast of the simple *yokels*, while proceeding round, was, how they would 'serve out' the *townies* on the voyage: but before they were a week together, the handful of *Spartans* left the others scarcely a pair of decent trousers wherewith to clothe their nakedness."

Elsewhere he says—

"Toward the conclusion of my first voyage, I desired one of the scribes on board to make out an alphabetical list of the names, trades, and various particulars of the other convicts; when he came to me in a doubtful mood, scratching his head, and observing, 'When I ask what their *trades* are, all the answer I can get from three-fourths of them is, "A thief, a thief:" shall I put these down as *labourers*, sir?'

"It is pleasing, however, to observe how anxious some of them are to conceal the name of their family, to prevent its disgrace, from the shame that has fallen upon a member of it;—or the ingenious excuses they sometimes make to their friends, to account for their sudden departure from the country, in order to prevent the giving pain,—never failing to point out, however, how bright their future prospects are. My hospital-man, for instance, writes thus to his mother: 'You will be rejoiced to hear that I am in a good situation at last, after all the pain my misconduct has given you, which shall never be the case again. I have been appointed to the lucrative situation of doctor's mate of the Recovery East Indiaman, now bound on a voyage to that country; and as it is my intention to settle in one of the distant colonies, you need not expect me in England for many years to come.'"

Now listen to the following—

"The Irish convicts are more happy and contented with their situation on

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\* A sea-phrase, signifying a kind of make-weight.

board than the English, although more loth to leave their country, even improved as the situation of the great body of them is by being thus removed, numbers telling me they had never been half so well off in their lives before. It was most amusing to read the letters they sent to their friends on being fairly settled on board, (all such going through the surgeon's hands,) none ever failing to give a most circumstantial account of what the breakfast, dinner, and supper, consisted of; a minute list of the clothes supplied, and generally laying particular emphasis on the important fact of having a blanket and bed to 'my own self *entirely*,' which seemed to be somewhat of a novelty by their many circumlocutions about it. One observed, in speaking of the ship, that 'Mr. Reedy's parlour was never half so *clane*,' while the burden of another was, 'Many a *Mac* in your town, if he only knew what the situation of a convict was, would not be long in following my example! thank God for the same! I never was better off in my life!' One sanguine individual went out with high hopes of preferment, on account of his cousin being 'one of the governors of Sydney,' and I had some difficulty in persuading him that this said cousin was but a plodding trader there; and as he had been but newly emancipated, his merits could not have raised him to a governorship quite so quickly, unless he founded a governorship himself, and installed his own person into office, which derived some probability from there being no such *recognised* title as 'governor of Sydney' yet in being; still, however, he would shake his head and observe, that if his cousin had *not* been a governor, he would not have written his mother at Cork so, and several times during the voyage he came to 'argue the matter;' till, finding I stoutly denied the point, he began to think that the injunction he had received in a letter from his brother to make himself known on arrival, to '———, Esq. one of the governors of Sydney,' would be of little avail in procuring him either a secretaryship, or a sinecure at our colonial court. It is indeed most amusing to peruse the extravagant accounts some of these individuals write home of their success, and the consequence they have arrived at in the colony; and no wonder numbers should court transportation, considering the delusions that are propagated by those who have preceded them. A simpleton in another ship I had charge of was favoured with a flattering letter of introduction from his sister-in-law to her brother the 'governor of the Macquarie,' who turned out to be a very respectable constable in the town of Sydney."

The facts, I have no doubt, are correct, but the conclusions are wrong. Had Mr. Cunningham understood Irish phraseology, he would not have supposed that 'Paddy wanted a bed at home, because he boasted of having one on board a convict ship. The truth no doubt, is that he dreaded a contact with his companions, and therefore rejoiced in exemption from collision with those whose crimes he abhorred. An Irish peasant is, as Lord Byron said, a poet; he loves exaggeration, more particularly if, while indulging in it, he is promoting the happiness, or lulling the apprehensions of his friends. Mr. Cunningham might have seen, from the delusion of the convicts respecting the "Governor of Sydney" and the "Governor of Macquarie," that his passengers did not express their real feelings in their letters; that they were studiously deceiving others, for a laudable purpose, as they had been deceived themselves, and that, though they boasted of their happiness, the cankers of despair and regret were devouring their hearts. An Irishman, it is true, like a Frenchman, can be happy under almost any circumstances; he generally carries about him a conscience free from what he considers guilt. My author bears honourable mention to the superior politeness and good behaviour of the unfortunate Irish—the reason is obvious: the Irish are generally state criminals; many of them are, in fact, patriots in the exact sense

of the word; that they are mistaken, detracts nothing from the honesty of their motives;"

"The Irish convicts possess an anxiety to oblige, and have a light-hearted civility about them, of which the English are *totally destitute*. If you desire an English convict to do any particular thing, unless you either order him by name,

\* The eagerness of the poor Irish to get home betrays itself somewhat ridiculously:—"The colony," says Mr. C. "had not been long settled, before it was discovered that China was but a *tolerable walk* from it; and many pedestrian attempts have been actually made to reach the dominions of the 'brother to the sun and moon'; numbers of these pedestrians having succeeded (the others plainly see) in the attempt,—never having been since heard of!

"The first party that essayed this undertaking consisted of twenty persons, who set out on the journey in August, 1791; but through want of sign-posts, or some other essential, on the way, they became bewildered in the woods, and returned to the settlement so squalid and lean, that the very crows would have declined the proffer of their carcasses. Many exploring parties have set out since on the same errand; but only one individual has been hitherto known to have positively reached China through means of a footpath, and this 'happy he' was an adventurous Hibernian.

"Paddy started off boldly alone on his holiday excursion, with a bag of boiled beef slung over his shoulder, a bag of biscuit dangling at his belt, and a paper of sugar snugly stored up in the crown of his hat, to sweeten the tea he meant to pull off the bushes as he jogged along over the China borders; and after three hard weeks of toilsome trudging over rugged hills, along more rugged valleys, and through brushes that would have put a pig to a *nonplus*, Paddy was at length startled from a philosophical reverie by the cheering crow of a cock in the distance;—with shouts of 'China for ever!' he hobbled onwards, eager to feast his longing eyes with the beauties of a Chinese landscape, and hungry enough to feast even on a raw Chinaman himself—Lent-time though it was.

"At length a patch of the long-sighed-for country burst upon his view, consisting of a few cultivated enclosures, a snug garden, and a trim-built cottage spouting up its column of curling smoke in the centre of the scene. To observe, however, the very cottage and every surrounding object bear a close resemblance to similar ones in the country he had left, gave a new fillip to his joy, which was screwed up to a still higher key on perceiving a gentleman in the garden dressed in European costume! but he was ready to skim over the five-foot fence between them, like a swallow, on recognising under the broad brim of the beaver the friendly face of Colonel Johnstone, commanding the New South Wales corps, whom he had left in the colony at his departure, but who had thus arrived by some nearer cut in China before him. Paddy, eager for the first congratulation, craned out his neck over the garden-fence, and squeaked as loud as his hoarse hollow voice would admit, 'Arrah! long life to you, colonel! and what has brought your honour to China all the way?' The colonel, startled at this novel salutation, came to a speedy *eclaircissement* with the *peripatetic*, who to his sorrow now found that, instead of keeping straight on upon the high road to China, he had made some unfortunate 'right about face' on the route, whereby he had been brought back within a few miles of the place whence he started!

"Toward China and Timor they travel sometimes south, and sometimes west; but toward Ireland they always travel southerly, knowing that, as Ireland is a colder country than New South Wales, and that the cold winds blow here from the south, therefore Ireland must lie in that direction. It was an Irishman accompanying Governor Macquarie on his interior tour in 1821 who first ascertained the proximity of Ireland, by detecting the blue mountains of *Connaught* in the distance beyond a river of red water which put a stop to their journey. Several large parties instantly set off on foot for the joyful country; the whole of whom were either taken or returned on losing their way, or on their provisions becoming scanty. The buoyant spirit of "*the boys*" were knocked under for a time by these mishaps, till a slip from the god in the service of one of our literary traders, who had enlightened his understanding by stolen glimpses into his

or touch him, so as to point out the identical person you mean, seldom a man will stir; while in an Irish convict-ship, on the contrary, if you merely chance to look round as if you wanted something, *half-a-dozen* will start up to anticipate your wishes. I have been at times most bitterly provoked by the conduct of some of these saturnine-faced English knaves,—the very man I was looking steadfastly at while desiring him to do some petty thing for me often staring first at me and then at his comrades, with a sort of inquisitive wondering look, as if to make it appear he did not conceive I was addressing him. This does not arise so much from stubborn churlishness of mood, as from a general maxim among English thieves to consider every thing in shape of work as a degradation; if they therefore come forward voluntarily to perform what they were not ordered to do, or did not attempt to shuffle it off their own shoulders, they would be ridiculed by the ruling wits as fellows of no spirit, and fit only for *honest* society."

(To be continued.)

## THE APOSTATE—A TALE OF TO-DAY.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE approach of the pilgrim was observed by one of the evangelical servants, who, recollecting Peter's conduct at church, shrewdly suspected that he was not one of the elect, and accordingly refused him admittance. A long altercation ensued; but ultimately the judgment of the lackey was confirmed, and the door was closed, the pilgrim remaining without. Filled with indignation at the insult put upon him, Peter had nearly forgotten all the charitable precepts of his religion, when fortunately the long-drawn quivering of a methodistical hymn recalled all his pious notions: he sank upon his knees and offered up a most fervent prayer for the conversion of the wandering lambs within. So intent was he that he continued praying until her ladyship's lecture had concluded, and an open door ejected the pious converts into the lawn. Amongst these were many persons well known to the pilgrim, the sight of whom filled him at once with sorrow and anger. Carried away by the impetuosity of his zeal, he forgot the purpose of his coming, and began to assail the apostates as they emerged from the great hall. They bore his attack with edifying patience; they returned no answer, and Peter, taking their silence for a tacit acknowledgment of the convincing nature of his philippic, kept walking along with them, till they reached the avenue gate that led into the highroad. Here a crowd of persons was assembled, and who showed by their movements and glances that they bore no friendship for the new-made "saints." A loud noise, something between a hiss and groan, was emitted on their approach: it became louder as they gained the highroad; and soon after burst forth with deafening fury. An ear-piercing contemptuous laugh followed; and Peter was interrupted, in a pious ejaculation, by the unwelcome obtrusion of a ball of wet clay in his mouth. It was evident he was about to

master's library, again roused them from their torpor by volunteering to be their guide. This he was well able to do in consequence of having acquired a thorough knowledge of navigation by the perusal of a stray Norrie, that was buffeted about his master's counter; so, cunningly tearing out the print of the compass on its front page, to steer by, he set out to conduct his party to Ireland; but with all his learning, his attempt proved quite as unsuccessful as the former, the paper compass losing, somehow or other, its magnetic properties on the route.

suffer the fate of the robin who was caught in company with the sparrows; but instead of endeavouring to explain away appearances, he set off in pursuit of the urchin who had thrown the clay at him. This confirmed the popular suspicion: the boys cheered, the men laughed; the more mischievous flung every available rubbish upon the pursuer, whilst they screened the fugitive. Baited in this manner, the pilgrim became furious, struck at every one who came in his way, and at length sank exhausted upon the ground. An explanation then took place; Peter was carried to the ale-house, and all regretted that during the attack upon him the guilty escaped without having been made sufficiently to feel how unpopular their conduct was with their neighbours.

In the warm corner at the "Harp," Peter forgot his friend Jerry O'Brien, until it was too late to visit Gracewell House with any chance of obtaining admittance. A young peasant, however, carried a message to John, but, perhaps suspecting its truth, the servant did not choose to deliver it. The son, however, did not visit his father that night; neither did he make his appearance next morning; and, as the old man continued to get worse, Betsy threw on her stiffly quilted petticoat, her new gown, beaver hat, and proceeded to the mansion of the noble landlord. A modest diffident knock, and her innocent unassuming manner, procured her instant admission. As she inquired for her brother, a tear started into her clear blue eye; but this she hastily removed as she heard the rustling of silk, which indicated the approach of one of the *quality*. It was my Lady Gracewell; Mr. O'Brien had rode out with my lord, and would not return for some hours; she regretted to hear of the old man's illness; spoke of heavenly bliss; and ended by asking Betsy if she would wish to become a Protestant, as her brother had done. The poor girl replied candidly, but simply, that she would not change her religion for the world, and that she was sure her brother had not done so. "Oh!" continued she, "do, ma'am—I mean my lady, send us my brother, my father's heart will break; an' I'm sure if we had him once at home he would soon turn Roman agin'."

Her ladyship turned up her eyes, ejaculating, "God forbid! Poor mistaken girl, you are duped by your priest——"

"Oh, please your ladyship's honour," interrupted Betsy, "I'm no scholar, an' am not able to argufy wid your honour's ladyship, but the priest is too good to tell us what was'n't true. So, if you wish for the prayers of me an' mine, let me see my brother."

Her ladyship repeated her former assertion, and promised to send a heavenly-gifted doctor, to see Betsy's father. The poor girl courted lowly, and slowly retired, with that melancholy expression of submission so common in Ireland. "I suppose I *must* go home widout 'im."

In less than an hour the heavenly doctor made his appearance, in the person of the Rev. Mr. M'Intosh, armed, not with medicine for the "carnal creature," but with physic for the soul, in the form of a good thick Bible. Making his way up to the bedside of the sick man, he commenced in a strain of pious cant; but was quickly interrupted by Jerry, who very determinedly assured him his presence was displeasing; at the same time telling Betsy to tell Jem, the thrasher, that he was wanted. The allusion to him of the flail

cooled the divine's ardour; and though, on his way out, he encountered the said thrasher, he did not stop to enlighten him by any spiritual conversation, as he was wont on similar occasions.

Ten days passed, and nothing was heard from John: every one execrated his conduct; and even the paternal affection of Jerry himself was beginning to give way to indignation. At length the bailiff arrived, to say that the farm was let, and that Mr. O'Brien and his family must evacuate the place. This message, though in some measure anticipated, did not pain the less, particularly as the old man was in a state which would hardly admit of removal. The neighbouring peasantry poured in from all quarters, with condolence and offers of assistance; and Jerry felt some consolation in popular sympathy.

On the ensuing day, while the stock was removing, Lord Gracewell, accompanied by his bailiff, law-agent, and John O'Brien, rode into the bawn. The cheek of the apostate showed no signs of remorse; there was a disdainful look of triumph in his eye; and he talked and laughed loudly and cheerfully with his friends.

"O'Brien!" called out his lordship, in an authoritative tone: "He is ill in bed," was the reply. "Aye," said the nobleman, "but we must have possession; I want to install my young friend in this place." "I'll tell him," said Jem, the thrasher, sullenly; and, in about ten minutes, the old man, pale and sickly, feebly made his way out of the house. "My father!" cried John, springing out of the saddle, "why, you are ill!" "An that's all you care! Oh! John, as you're come to turn your ould father to the road?" "No, no, sir! Stay, stay!" "Never!" cried Jerry; "thou wretch! may Heaven——"

"Stop, father," cried Betsy, seizing Jerry about the neck; "do not curse 'im!" "Well, no!" was the reply, as he crossed the bawn on his way to the highroad.

"Now, Mr. O'Brien," said Lord Gracewell, "we can give you possession: put out the fire, and the cats and dogs; that will do. Where is the lease, until we sign it?" The lease was produced, signed, sealed, and delivered. "And now, my lord," said John, "have I got possession?" His lordship assented. "And this," he continued, taking up the deed, "is the reward of my apostacy!"

"Apostacy, sir!" repeated Lord Gracewell, drawing himself haughtily up to his full altitude.

"Ay, apostacy!" said John, in an ironical tone. "Some you reward with beef; some with bread; some with clothes; but I am, it appears, worthy of a house and lands!"

"I trust that I am not deceived."

"Deceived! To be sure you are! You ought to be deceived! My follies once made me all but criminal; but to your lordship belongs the honour of having made me a hypocrite."

"Wile impostor!" ejaculated Lord Gracewell.

"Be it so," continued John; "and had not your lordship been blinded with fanaticism, you would have seen that every apostate who feeds upon your bounty, is an impostor—hates you!"

"Sir, you may convince me of your own iniquity; but dare not impugn the Christianity—the sincerity of those who would swear to the truth of their adopted creed."

"Swear to it! There is, my lord, a species of evidence more worthy of credit than the allegations of men—that of human nature. For what should a Catholic embrace your lordship's creed? Is it even Christianity? Have you not here, to-day, in rewarding the son for cruelty—for disobedience towards his father, given us a convincing specimen of your novel religion? My lord, the Catholic peasantry, whom you seek to convert, detest the creed you wish to force upon them: they have known its professors for oppressors, murderers, tithe-eaters; and, in a word, for having been the plagues of Ireland. Their every habit is anti-protestant."

"Insolent! treason!" cried his lordship, stamping upon the floor, at the same time biting his lip with rage. "I beg your lordship's pardon—I was wrong. You were *not* an oppressor. My father always found you kind, good, and liberal, until lately. You will excuse me for saving your lordship's credit. I took advantage of your foibles, to secure you from the reproach of having acted tyrannically towards an old tenant. This house and lands *shall* still be Jerry O'Brien's." Saying this, he made a low bow; and, just as he raised his head, Matt Casey was about to enter. On seeing who were present, he was withdrawing hastily; but John sprang after him, exclaiming, "I have deceived the senate! Matt, fly and bring back my father!"

"Your father!"

"Yes; he's gone towards the out farm, but this is still his."

"An are you in earnest?"

"Poh! Sure I am—fly!"

"An you're not a Protestant, afther all!"

"No—a real true blue!"

"Still a Roman? Huzza!" cried Matt; and "Huzza!" cried those who lingered about the bawn, and who now ran to shake hands with the son of their friend. During the momentary confusion that ensued, his lordship, his bailiff, and his attorney, took an opportunity to depart; and they had not been long gone, when Matt Casey returned, with looks that betokened some new calamity. "What is the matter?" inquired John. "Your father," replied Matt, "is very bad indeed, down at the 'Harp.'" Thither John fled; but not in time to receive his parent's forgiveness—his benediction—Jerry had breathed his last.

"It is a just reward!" said the unfortunate young man. "As an atonement for past misdeeds, I sacrificed my religious character in the hope of serving my father; he died, perhaps cursing me, ignorant of my intentions and motives. My doom is sealed—I can never know happiness more."

THE last accounts from Ballybeg state, that Lord Gracewell's converts having, by their hypocrisy, made him quite ridiculous, he has quitted Ireland in religious disgust. The Catholics are now more zealous than ever: a fine stone chapel has replaced the mud-built one; and a young curate from Maynooth has, by his zeal and preaching, converted the few Protestants about the place, these people having their eyes opened by the recent discussions. Peter the Pilgrim is still a favourite; and Matt Casey and Betsy are now one, living on poor Jerry's farm, which John bestowed upon them



before he quitted the country. No one knows exactly where he is ; but a report prevails, that a few weeks ago he was married to the Lady Louisa, by the clerical blacksmith at Greta Green. Others say, he has been killed in a duel at Paris. M.

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OLD HALL GREEN.

I AM happy in being able to contradict a prevalent and injurious report, by giving insertion to the following letter. My informant (a Catholic clergyman) was one who, I am satisfied, would not willingly impose upon me. Probaby he was misled by lending too eager an ear to those who persuade themselves that a prejudice exists in some quarters, amongst English Catholics, unfavourable to their Irish brethren. Such an impression is general amongst my countrymen resident in England ; but facts like those contained in the following letter, are well calculated to dissipate such notions, if they are unfounded. Most assuredly I would not wish to lend myself to their perpetuation ; and I beg that the learned president of Old Hall Green College will do me the justice to believe, that personally I never had the remotest cause to feel any thing but respect for either himself or the seminary over which he presides. I would feel happy to do myself the honour of being present at the next exhibition of the talents of the *alumni* of Old Hall Green ; and still more happy to hear that they had imitated the students of St. Mary's College, Oscott, by trying " short excursions " in the pages of a literary journal of their own. ROCK.

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MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I beg leave to inform you and your readers, that your assertion, a qualified one certainly, about Old Hall Green College, is quite incorrect. You say, in the article entitled " The Oscotian," No. 6 of your New Series, that you understand " the stimulant of prizes was withdrawn at Old Hall Green, the Irish students being in the habit of carrying them all away from their English competitors." Now the fact is, that the stimulant of prizes has never been withdrawn at that College. If you look at the Catholic Miscellany for last July, in the Monthly Domestic Intelligence, you will find a faithful account of what I, with many others from London, witnessed with great delight—a distribution of prizes so numerous, that a pretty large table seemed to groan with their number and weight. They were distributed, as they always are, with equal pleasure on the part of the president and professors, and equal applause on the part of the students and company, to the *Englishman*, the *Irishman*, and, I might almost say, the *man of Colour*. The maxim of " *Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur*," is there most scrupulously acted upon. It would gratify any lover of literature to witness the annual exhibition of talents, and distribution of premiums, at Old Hall Green, previous to the Midsummer holidays ; and I know that any such visitor is welcome at Old Hall Green on those occasions, whatever be his country, his breed, or his colour.—I remain, dear Captain,

Yours respectfully,

A LOVER OF FUN, BUT A GREATER LOVER OF TRUTH.

Oct. 30, 1827.

## GUY FAWKES.

“ Please to remember the fifth of November,  
 Gunpowder-treason and plot;  
 We know no reason why gunpowder-treason  
 Should ever be forgot!  
 Holla, boys! holla! huzza! &c.

THERE the bells go! ding, dong, dang! dell, ding, dong! and all in honour of Guy Fawkes! The very boys cry out “ ’Tis Guy Fawkes’ day;” and the parsons from the pulpit proclaim the same intelligence—yet, with great submission to juvenile and clerical authority, I beg leave to enter my protest against Guy’s claim to national respect; the honour does not of right belong to him. Brave and resolute as he was, he had a superior in the business; and, though popular indignation has bestowed upon him a dubious immortality, it is time justice was done—whether the award be honour or infamy—to one in whose hands Guy Fawkes was but a fearless instrument. Popular antipathies and likings are generally irrational, and mostly mischievous. The gunpowder-plot has served as a peg to hang both sermons and penal laws upon; Protestants execrate it and Catholics pronounce it horrible; yet, notwithstanding this unanimity upon the subject, I feel half inclined to question the propriety of the decision upon the subject—I do not think it half so horrible as twenty thousand events which have received the approbation of mankind; nay, I am not sure but that the world would have justified it, had it succeeded. And, now that the day is past for “blowing up” parliament, except with a good spirit-stirring speech, it may not be altogether so very useless to try the criminality of the “gunpowder-plot” by the laws of Protestant ethics, and see whether injustice has not been done to its contrivers. Catholic writers are unanimously against me. Mr. Charles Butler and Dr. Milner condemn it in no measured terms, and Dr. Lingard pronounces it “a plan so atrocious in principle, and so sanguinary in execution, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be harboured in the mind of any human being.” For my part, I can see no difficulty in the thing at all; the same thing was often conceived before, and has been conceived since—Buonaparte has been atrocious enough to attribute a “gunpowder-plot” to the “heaven-born minister.” It is somewhat odd, that the Catholics, whose religious principles condemned it, were the only people who were made to suffer for it; and that the Protestants, whose principles, as found in their political and ethical writers, ought to have approved of it, think it a damning proof of the anti-social tenets of Catholicism. This is not the only inconsistency in the business; but, as my “dissenting” reader may be inclined to cry out “slander!” I beg him to suspend his judgment; and, if I do not prove the truth of these assertions by the authority of Hooker, Locke, Paley, and others, I pledge myself to attempt a journey to the moon by means of a paper kite. If I do this—and do it I will, I think it will be turning the tables completely; it will be rescuing

the memory of poor Guy Fawkes from that national ignominy which is annually thrown upon his name, not only by the boys in the streets,\* but by the parsons in their pulpits. Dr. Lingard has proved that the Scottish idol (hence Scottish enmity), Wallace, was a very indifferent personage, and who knows but I may prove the "gunpowder" conspirators to have been heroes—patriots!

Before I proceed to do this, it is necessary that we should have the details of the plot before us. These I shall abridge from Dr. Lingard, because that accurate historian was in possession of documents† which were not available to other writers. Mr. Butler searched the state-paper-office for his reverend friend; and, as his statement has given offence to many conscientious Catholics, Protestants cannot reasonably object to it.

"King Jammy," it is well known, had but small regard for his royal word; and, therefore, early in his reign broke it "to the hopes" of the Catholics. Not content with oppressing them, he resorted to a new method of trying their patience: he quartered his needy countrymen upon the more opulent of the recusants, against whom they were at liberty to proceed at law in the king's name, unless previously satisfied by the immoderate payment of a large sum, or the settlement of a life-annuity. This was adding indignity to injustice, and exciting the already wounded feelings of the Catholics. The most moderate were driven almost to desperation. Among the sufferers were Robert Catesby, with whom originated the "gunpowder-treason;" he was descended from an opulent and respectable family in Northamptonshire, and possessed considerable property in Warwickshire. At an early age he became his own master, and, among other luxuries, indulged for a while in the delights of Protestantism. Having impaired his fortune by his follies, he returned, in 1598, to the religion of his more early years, and from that moment it became the chief object of his thoughts to release himself and brethren from the yoke under which they groaned. Having stipulated for liberty of conscience, he embarked in the ill-directed enterprise of the Earl of Essex. Being wounded, he was taken and committed to the Tower, but escaped the block; not, however, without the payment of £3,000. After this, he joined the Spanish party who were opposed to the succession of the Scottish monarch; but,

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\* In justice to the boys, it ought to be mentioned that they have shown less bigotry than the parsons. The bells are going—cannons are firing—and sermons are preaching—while I write; but the people seem to have forgotten Guy. He makes no noise now—there are no bonfires. "No-popery," is defunct. There is hardly a well-dressed Guy to be seen. Twenty years ago it was not so: then it was:—

"A stick and a stake for King George's sake,  
A stick and a stump for Guy Fawkes's rump.

Huzza, boys!" &c.

Guy, however, is now a legitimate word in the Cockney language. Any slovenly-dressed fellow is called a "Guy;" inasmuch as he resembles the figure carried by the boys on the fifth of November.

† These were two narratives in the hand writing of Father Gerrard and Father Greenaway, both of whom were acquaintances of the conspirators.—See Note, page 39, vol. ix.

in this his hopes proved fruitless, for the kings of France and Spain, as well as the Pontiff, professed themselves friends of James. At length, there suggested itself to his mind a plan which required neither foreign assistance nor many associates—that of blowing-up the parliament-house with gunpowder.

The first person to whom he opened his mind, was Thomas, the brother of Robert Winter. This gentleman had served in the army of the States, and had been agent for the Spanish party at the court of Madrid.

“ Winter was struck with horror at the communication ; he hesitated not to pronounce the project most wicked and inhuman. But Catesby attempted its justification. He sought not, he observed, any private revenge or personal emolument. His sole object was to suppress a most unjust and barbarous persecution by the only expedient which offered the prospect of success. There could be no doubt that it was lawful, since God had given to every man the right of repelling force by force. If his friend thought it cruel, let him compare it with the cruelties exercised during so many years against the Catholics ; let him reckon the numbers that had been butchered by the knife of the executioner ; the hundreds who had perished in the solitude of their prisons ; and the thousands that had been reduced from affluence or ease to a state of want or beggary. He would then be able to judge where the charge of cruelty could with justice be applied.”

The two friends postponed their purpose until they had ascertained whether foreign states would enter into mediation with James, respecting the suffering Catholics. For this purpose, Winter repaired to Flanders, where learning that no sacrifice would be made, he met with Guy Fawkes, a native of Yorkshire, and a soldier of fortune, and easily induced him to return to England. Fawkes was a man of undaunted courage and well-known fidelity, and had borne an important command under Sir Thomas Stanley. On their arrival, Winter found Catesby had communicated the secret to Percy and Wright. Percy was a convert, and, being related to the Earl of Northumberland, to whom he was steward, he possessed much interest with the Catholic body. The use he made of this was for the benefit of James, who, in Edinburgh, made to him those promises which he subsequently so shamefully denied. Wright was the brother-in-law of Percy, and one of the best swordsmen of the age. The conspirators were now four. Fawkes was soon added to the number, and, having sworn to secrecy, they received, in confirmation of their oath, the holy sacrament from the hand of Father Gerrard, who was not privy to the plot. The execution of their design was regarded as still distant, and it was not until the persecution had extinguished every ray of hope, that they resolved upon prosecuting their plan determinedly. “ They exhorted each other to hazard their lives, like the Maccabees, for the liberation of their brethren : they hastened to execute that plan, which appeared to be their only resource ; and they pronounced it a lawful retribution to bury the authors of their wrongs amidst the ruins of the edifice in which laws so cruel and oppressive had been devised and enacted.”

Percy, who was a gentleman-pensioner, hired an old house contiguous to the old palace of Westminster, and, after three months,

obtained possession. On one side of the garden stood an old building, raised against the walls of the Parliament-house, and within this they commenced excavating a mine—Fawkes keeping watch outside the dwelling-house. The proroguing of Parliament suspended their operations for a time. Before this, however, Catesby had discovered a disposition in his associates to question the lawfulness of the enterprise; and, fearing that his own authority would not be sufficient to silence their scruples, he had recourse to an expedient. The king having granted permission to Sir Charles Percy to raise a regiment of horse for the service of the archduke, Catesby obtained a captain's commission. "It served him as a pretence to provide arms and horses for his own use; and it also supplied him with the means of seeking a solution of the difficulty suggested by his friends, without the danger of betraying the secret. To Garnet, the provincial of the jesuits, he observed, in the presence of a large company, that he was about to engage in the service of the archduke: of the justice of the war he had no doubt; but he might be commanded to partake in actions in which the innocent would necessarily perish with the guilty—unarmed women and children with armed soldiers and rebels. Could he in conscience obey? Would not the fate of the innocent render his conduct unlawful in the sight of the Almighty? Garnet replied that, according to divines of every communion, obedience in such cases was lawful; otherwise it would at all times be in the power of an unjust aggressor to prevent the party aggrieved from pursuing his just right. This was sufficient: the new theologian applied the answer to the intended plot, and boasted to his associates that their objection was now proved to be a weak and unfounded scruple."

In the progress of opening the mine the conspirators encountered many obstacles, but a new discovery served to enable them to obviate all difficulties. A cellar under the Parliament-house was to let: this they took, and soon contrived to convey into it the necessary materials, which they concealed under firewood, stones, and old furniture. In the meantime, the persecution increased, and this circumstance served to stimulate the hopes and exertions of Catesby. He added four more to the number of his accomplices, and sent Fawkes to Flanders for the double purpose of procuring a supply of military stores, and tampering with the English officers in the service of the archduke, most of whom owed their commissions to Catesby's influence. "To them he sent advice that the English Catholics, if they could not obtain redress by petition, would seek it by the sword: and he conjured them in that case to hasten to the aid of their brethren, with as many associates as they could procure. The proceedings of Fawkes, though conducted with caution, did not entirely escape notice; and Cecil was repeatedly warned from France and Flanders, that the exiles had some clandestine enterprise in hand, though the object and names of the conspirators had not been discovered."

During the recess, Christopher, brother of John Wright, and Robert the brother of Thomas Winter, were added to the number of the conspirators. The first had been a recent convert to the Catholic faith; both had been imprisoned for their religion.

Catesby's mysterious absence from home, and his unaccountable delay in joining his regiment in Flanders, excited the suspicion of his

friends; and Garnet, the superior of the Jesuits, who had received orders from the Pope and from his general to discountenance any attempt of the Catholics to disturb the public tranquillity, seized the first opportunity to inculcate, at the table of Catesby, the obligation of submitting to the pressure of persecution, and of leaving the redress of wrongs to the justice of heaven. Catesby could not restrain his feelings. "It is to you, and such as you," he exclaimed, "that we owe our present calamities. This doctrine of non-resistance makes us slaves. No authority of priest or pontiff can deprive man of his right to repel injustice." The Jesuit replied; a private conference followed; and Catesby offered to reveal his secret to the fidelity of his friend. But Garnet refused to hear him; and, after much altercation, it was agreed, that Sir Edward Baynham, who was on the point of proceeding to Italy, should be solicited to explain the sufferings of the Catholics, and to request the advice of the pontiff. In this conclusion they sought to overreach each other. Garnet thought he had secured tranquillity until he had received a breve from the Pope, prohibitory of all violent proceedings; and Catesby had silenced Garnet, and secured, as he flattered himself, an agent at Rome, in case of explosion.

Fawkes, having completed his arrangement, returned from Flanders, and soon after it was announced that Parliament would again be prorogued from October to the fifth of November. This alarmed the conspirators. Was their plot discovered? Winter attended the house at the prorogation, and, observing that no signs of alarm were betrayed, concluded that the government were ignorant of the volcano prepared beneath them. To these postponements the failure of the plan must be attributed. Catesby alone, of all the conspirators, was wealthy; but, in supporting his accomplices, and providing military stores, he had exhausted his purse. In this emergency, he communicated his secret to two Catholic gentlemen of opulence, Sir Everard Digby and Francis Tresham. The first was educated a Protestant, had been noticed by Elizabeth, but in a year after her death he embraced the religion of his fathers: he was an admirable young man. Tresham had nothing of that daring spirit, that invincible fidelity, which fitted him to be an accomplice in such an enterprise; and, though he promised to advance £2,000, Catesby, from the moment of his admittance to his confidence, felt fears to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Their plan was now finally arranged: the liberal members of Parliament were to be detained from attendance by stratagem. Guy Fawkes was to fire the mine. Tresham was to proceed, after the explosion, to Flanders, for the purpose of publishing a manifesto in defence of the act. Percy was to seize the Prince Charles, others were to possess themselves of the Princess Elizabeth, and Catesby undertook to proclaim the heir-apparent, and to issue a declaration, abolishing the three great national grievances of monopolies, purveyance, and wardships. In addition, it was agreed to appoint a protector, during the nonage of the new sovereign. Who he was to be never transpired; it was supposed that they fixed their attention upon the Earl of Northumberland.

Garnet, ignorant of these proceedings, still cherished a hope that Catesby had abandoned his intentions; but he was quickly unde-

ceived. The conspirator opened the whole matter in confession to Greenaway; and that divine, being unable to satisfy his penitent that religion disapproved of his plan; promised to consult his superior. With this view he applied to Garnet, from whom he received a severe reprimand: he had done wrong to entertain any mention of so dangerous a project,—he had done worse to mention it to another.

At this conjuncture, Tresham hesitated; he begged that warning might be given to Lord Mounteagle, who had married his sister, and said that he could not advance the £2,000, until he completed certain sales to the amount of £16,000. He observed, the explosion might take place as effectually at the conclusion as at the commencement of Parliament. His object was, if we may believe himself, to break up the conspiracy, without revealing the names of his associates. In the course of a few days, Lord Mounteagle received an anonymous letter while at supper in the country, warning him to absent himself from the house on the fifth of November. Catesby and Winter concluded that Tresham was the author of the letter; and, with the intention of taking away his life, if he faltered, they urged him to meet them at Enfield Chase. He repelled the charge; and Fawkes having ascertained that the private marks in the cellar were not disturbed, they concluded that their plot had not been discovered. A second interview with Tresham elicited the fact, that government were aware of the existence of the mine; yet, on the remonstrance of Percy, they resolved to persevere. On the evening of the fourth, Lord Mounteagle and the Lord Chamberlain entered the cellar, and observed to Fawkes, that his master (Fawkes passed as Percy's servant) was well provided with fuel. Undeterred by this visit, he returned to his post, determined, on the first appearance of danger, to fire the mine, and perish in the company of his enemies. The result is well known; Fawkes was seized next morning, and, being asked by a Scotch lord, when before the privy council, for what purpose so much powder was collected, replied, "To blow the Scotch beggars back to their native mountains." The praise of courage and fortitude cannot be denied this man, whatever we may think of his principles. Catesby perished at Holbeach House, in company with two others, bravely defending themselves; and nearly all his co-leagues suffered "according to law." (Lingard, vol. ix. chap. 1.)

Having now the main parts of the case before us, we can the more readily pass judgment upon the conspirators; but first hear me next week in their defence. Three things are necessary to be understood:—I. I unhesitatingly admit that the conspirators were Catholics: II. That Catesby was the originator of the plot: III. I shall argue the merits of their case upon Protestant principles, giving either Protestant authority or approved precedent for every thing I shall advance.

Recd.

## TWO YEARS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.\*

(Continued from page 96.)

THE following is worth volumes of declamation. It is a damning proof of the iniquitous administration of the law in Ireland. My Lord Landsdown, listen to it—

"Out of 180 Irish convicts, only five proved to be Protestants, which I was not a little pleased to observe, as a convincing proof of the superior morality of the Protestant population,—till an Irish Protestant serjeant of the guard threw a new light on the subject by addressing me upon deck one day with 'Dear me, sir, I understand that Black Johnstone, and M'Gonegal, are *all* Protestants. What a change has taken place in Ireland since I left it! for it went hard against a *jury's* conscience at that time to find a Protestant guilty of any thing:' the honest serjeant in fact did not seem at all to *relish* the change."

The M'Callochs have latterly been much alarmed for the purity of English morality, in consequence of Irish "immigration," and the "saints" have deplored the want of "Bible-reading" in Paddy's land. Mr. Cunningham, however, has settled the question, by giving us a contrast:

"The only real signs of religion I ever saw among convicts, were amongst a portion of the Catholics on board; for as soon as they had mustered down, both hatchways were crowded round with them counting their beads and fervently crossing themselves and repeating their prayers from the book. There was no ostentation in this, because I often saw them do so when they could have no idea I was near; but indeed a great portion of them were poor simple peasantry, transported for very trumpery offences."

Now turn to the English convicts, and see the contrast:

"A friend who sailed in charge of convicts some years back told me that, having been driven into a port in the channel through stress of weather, a clergyman came on board to endeavour to give the *flock* some ghostly benefit; but found on stepping into the prison that his exertions were not requisite, for never did a more zealous congregation present itself than now appeared before him, every man with the Scriptures in his hand and saintly accents on his tongue. Wondering how so many 'worthy men' could be huddled together in such a degraded condition, the parson commenced inquiries as to what had brought them into their present state, and found that they were all *much injured individuals* who had been put on board absolutely for *nothing at all*, through the perjury of witnesses, or the private pique of the juries who convicted them. A few moments' reflection, however, brought him to believe that our juries could not be *quite* so vicious; and beginning to fear he had a set of deep knaves to deal with, he forthwith buttoned his pockets, tucked his seals up, and commenced his exhortations. In fact, both parties were deceived; for if the parson was imposed on for a while by their outward professions, the convicts were misled by a malicious report that he had brought a boatful of *good things* for distribution (which turned out to be Bibles); and no sooner did they find themselves hoaxed than they relapsed into their former state of reprobation."

The female convicts are no better:

"Indeed, I have observed, that the very best servants, and all the *moralising* and *philosophising* classes among them, are drunkards. The Bibles with which each female was supplied were taken good care of; but as they knew these would be all mustered at the end of the voyage, this consciousness might have had some effect, for the greater portion of the *religious tracts* which were promiscuously distributed quickly disappeared; and in what way was satisfactorily demonstrated by my picking up a shred of one of them one sunny morning in November, when a *coterie* of these nymphs were unpapering their curls.



The following is curious : it ought to be printed in a tract, and distributed throughout Ireland and England ; it would open the eyes of the Irish peasantry, and teach the calumniating evangelicals of this country, that the Catholic priest is at once the friend of the laws and of the people :

"The English convicts divide themselves into the two great classes of *townies* and *yokels*: while the Irish divide themselves into three, namely, the 'Cork boys,' the 'Dublin boys,' and the 'North boys;' and these are so zealous in upholding their respective tribes, that when two individuals of different classes quarrel, there is no possibility of arriving at the truth,—since a dozen of each class will rush forward, and bawl out at once, in favour of their respective comrades, evidence of the most conflicting and contradictory nature. The 'North boys' are commonly called Scotchmen by the others, and indeed many spoke the Scotch dialect so broadly as almost to puzzle me to unravel it.

"Having observed in the greater portion of the letters received by the Irish convicts, 'Give my respects to Mr. Hughes,' 'I hope Mr. Hughes is well,' 'I hear you have Mr. Hughes on board,' and similar expressions,—I naturally began to wonder who this said Mr. Hughes could be, whose name was so popular throughout Ireland ; and found by reference to the convicts that he was the celebrated captain of all the Ribbon Lodges in that division of the empire, the greater part of which had been of his formation, he having travelled over nearly the whole of Ireland (as several of them assured me from their own personal knowledge or that of their acquaintances) on that turbulent mission. This was the individual whose name was brought before parliament on account of his proposal to put all the lodges down again, provided a pardon was granted him; and I should have had some difficulty in crediting that a man in his humble line of life, and withal so illiterate, could have possessed such influence with his countrymen, had not an intelligent individual among his associates (upon whose opinion I could place great reliance) stated to me that a person in his station possessed much more power over the Irish peasantry than one of more elevated rank ; because, belonging to their own body, and consequently actuated by similar feelings to theirs, the greater confidence was placed in the propriety of whatever he proposed. A respectable man, (who had been convicted as a member of one of these illegal associations,) formerly a mercantile clerk in Dublin, informed me that the object of the Ribbon Lodges was to uphold the Catholic religion, and act as a counterpoise to the Orange Lodges ; but as the latter had been put down, the others would doubtless soon fall into disuse also, which, he said, he ought to have known were improper associations, as the Catholic clergy had constantly warned them all against such, and he had therefore no reason to find fault with the justice of his sentence."

My limits warn me to desist, else I could fill the whole number with amusing, laughable, and instructive paragraphs. Perhaps I may return to the subject, as Mr. C. insists upon the propriety of emigration to New South Wales.

ROCK.

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#### EDWARD SOUTHEY.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—On reading an account of Mr. Southey, the laureat's brother, in your celebrated gazette, I was at first sceptical, but, upon inquiry, I find him a gentleman of most unassuming pretensions ; one who, through a laudable modesty, shrinks from obtruding himself upon those who could relieve him. He speaks, for I have conversed with him at No. 7, Museum Street, kindly of his brother, uses no harsh expressions towards him, and endeavours to extenuate his neglect by alleging the numerous wants of his own amiable family. Though without any resources during the last twelve

months, he indignantly spurns the offer of those friends who would be liberal only on one condition—the abandonment of the creed which he holds from conviction. I think the Catholics ought to do something for him, were it only to show their abhorrence of persecution and intolerance. Mr. Southey has only to recant, and step into office. The poet laureate who I believe is an amiable man, once offered to subscribe ten pounds annually towards the support of poor Bloomfield. Perhaps his brother Edward is not less a poet than the author of the "Farmer Boy." He is the author, I am told, of some theatrical pieces, and the following bacchanalian stanzas, written long since, give no contemptible idea of his lyrical talent.

## 'TIS WELL, 'TIS WELL, AROUND TEE BOWL.

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

## IRISH MELODIES.

'Tis well, 'tis well, around the bowl,  
To cast the sparkling eye,  
And let the sunshine of the soul  
Quench the foreboding sigh.  
'Tis well to revel with the gay,  
But when the gay have flown,  
Say, what remains of rapture's ray?  
Its memory alone.

The world may mock my strain of grief,  
And bid me turn to lore,  
Or seek in science for relief,—  
I trace that path no more.  
Who with an arrow in his breast  
Dissects its feather'd shaft,  
What poison'd wretch would ever pause  
To analyse the draught?

A mind at ease, a heart at rest,  
The midnight lamp may grace,  
But give the slave, by grief oppress'd,  
The midnight cup in place.  
The subtle poison of the bowl  
Is fitting draught for those  
Who seek a solace for the soul,  
Oblivion to their woes.

Fill up the glass: on withering flowers,  
Heaven sheds the healing dew;  
Then why not thus the wither'd heart  
By pleasure's cup renew?  
Since memory only is our foe,  
Why cherish vain regret?  
Or why the only means forego  
That teaches to forget?

I beg to assure you that I transmit you this without his knowledge, for I am greatly deceived in him, if he would not shrink from seeking notoriety, under his present circumstances. His talents and his situation, however, ought to be made known, in the hope that the one would be appreciated, and the other rendered less irksome.

Your's, &c. L. Z.

## THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS.\*

THIS "national tale" has only just appeared, and, as I make it a point; unlike many of the craft, never to review a book before I have read it, I must defer my opinion of her ladyship's "new novel" until next week, not having been able to proceed as yet beyond the limits of the second volume. The period chosen for the events of the story, is that which immediately preceded the late rebellion, and which afforded a good field for an exhibition of those *liberal* opinions in which her ladyship is known to indulge. In the second volume, there is some smart "portrait-painting;" and, by a process known only to novelists, the fair authoress has contrived that the *living* should sit for the pictures. The three following "sketches" are exactly in Lady Morgan's line, and the *key* is simply this:—The "Proudforts" are Beresfords; the "bishop" is Dr. Magee, and "Lady Mary" is the fac-simile of a hundred, at least, of a certain Connaught lady.

## THE OLIGARCHS.

"At the head of this caste, in power and in influence, stood the family of the Proudforts; whose numbers, like the '*race d'Agamemnon qui ne finit jamais*,' seemed to increase and multiply, with the resources they extorted from the revenues of the country. Arrogating to themselves an exclusive loyalty, as "King's men," they mistook the subjection of the crown to their will, for *their* devotion to its possessor: and if a minister, offended by their pride, or scandalized at their greediness, hesitated to uphold their political juggling, or questioned their right to a monopoly of place, they were as ready to turn against the sovereign, as against the people. More than once, a concerted *soulèvement* of the whole privy council, a *levée en masse*, against the viceroy, marked their determination to suffer no minister in Ireland, who was not of their own selection; and on one occasion 'seven of the eleven' constituting the Irish ministry, put the King into Coventry, and themselves *hors du combat*. Kings, however, like wits, have sometimes short memories; and his majesty, forgetting to call in those who had so foolishly gone out, resigned them to the original obscurity for which nature had intended them.

"The foundation of the Proudfort-power was the Proudfort property: and this property was based on the church. The founder of the family had been the chaplain of King William's regiment; and a succession of prelates, *de père en fils*, had added to a small original grant of land (made by the military head of the church, to the chaplain of the church militant), a succession of estates, each purchased from the ample dower of the establishment. This vast landed property, spotted as it was with boroughs, (close and rotten,) was the *matériel* of family influence; and amply fulfilled the prophecy, 'that to him who has much, more shall be given.' For the rest, the Proudforts, without one quality which naturally places men above their fellows, were destitute of every means for attaining to eminence, save the pertinacity which usually accompanies the passion

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\* By Lady Morgan. Colburn.—1827.

for family aggrandizement. They were indeed the happiest illustration of what dogged dullness may effect, when unencumbered by genius to withdraw it from the beaten track of self-interest, or by sympathy with human suffering to distract it from the steady pursuit of personal ambition. Dull as the Dutchman from whom they were descended, tasteless as they were talentless, they had yet given princes to the church, and commanders to the army; and stopping short only where distinction was to be exclusively acquired by merit, they had engrossed all places and all patronage, without giving to the Irish senate one orator, or to the Irish bar one advocate of eminence."

A SAINT.

" 'The good Lady Mary,' by whose agency Miss Macquire had been induced to accept the thirty-nine articles, and a seat at Lord Knocklofty's luxurious table,—to swallow the precepts of the sisters, with the *pâtée* of the brother,—was a happy precursor of all the good ladies of the present day, who have come forward in such numbers 'to justify the ways of God to man,' to complete what the Redeemer had left undone, and, in the fulness of time, accomplish and expound that revelation, which ordinary Christians imagine to have been perfected some eighteen hundred years ago. She was the first to bring into notice an inspired work, generally thought to have been long well known: and she was the original inventor of the Protestant dray, for carrying converted Papists on their road to salvation. She was likewise the first among the great to send out invitations to tea and tracts; and to open religious shops for go-carts mounted upon Protestant principles, toys against tolerance, and bible-only babies. It was in Lady Mary's cheap repository, that employment was given to idle ladies of fashion, at the slight expense of those humble dependents on their own industry for their daily bread, who are persons of no fashion; and it was in her schools that education was first made subservient to the purposes of an insidious proselytism. Dull and mischievous, arrogant and interfering, she was among the first to contribute and collect for the conversion of Asiatic Jews; while the poor Irish peasant perished at the gates of the Episcopal Palace, unheeded, and the needy artizan fainted under the windows of the metropolitan mansion, unrelieved. In her domestic capacity, too deeply occupied in saving the souls of her neighbour's children, she had no time to attend to the comforts of her own; and, while driving about from school to school, to teach tenets with tent-stitch, and encourage the growth of piety and plain work, she gradually saw the objects of her natural affections disappear beneath her unobserving neglect. One of her children had fallen into a pond, another had fallen out of a window. The eldest, Miss Sullivan, who was thrown from unwholesome confinement into a galloping consumption, galloped off with the apothecary; and the youngest, suffered to run wild from apprehension of her sister's fate, had been so much in the habit of trotting behind the coachman, that she trotted away with him one day to Gretna Green. Her three surviving sons, however, following in the bishop's track (the 'milky way' of church promotion), bid fair for the bishop's fortune. They already engrossed the three best livings in the bishop's gift."

## A BISHOP.

"The bishop himself, who, as tutor to Lord Knocklofty, had won Lady Mary's heart, and as dean of St. Grellan had obtained her hand, was one of those '*personages de position, qui viennent toujours au secours du vainqueur.*' He had wriggled himself into his proud eminence by siding successively with every party that prospered, and dedicating his various polemical volumes alternately to Whig and Tory. A Foxite to-day, a Pittite to-morrow—now a Catholic advocate, and now the apostle of Catholic extermination—his true religion was a mitre, his political principle a peerage; and knowing that the world, like the Baron in *La Fausse Agnès*, '*est toujours dans l'admiration de ce qu'il n'entend pas,*' he took for the subject of a work, which was designed as the key-stone of his fortune, a theme, which being beyond human comprehension, left no just measure of the intellect which he brought to bear upon its mystery. Having arrived at the object of his ambition, the pliant candidate for church promotion stood erect upon the pediment of church supremacy, with a look that might be translated, '*Sono Papa.*' A little Sixtus Quintus in his way, his air became as papistical as his infallible pretensions: and whoever saw him mounted upon his ecclesiastical *haguenée*, ambling through the streets of St. Grellan, saw the most faithful copy of an Italian Monsignore ever exhibited beyond the Roman corso:—all purple and pertness, pious priggery and foppish formality, with a beetling brow, and the best flapped hat that ever was perched upon three hairs of the erect head of a high, haughty, and overbearing churchman,—the genius of caricature could have added nothing to the picture."

## SONG.

From "*Tales of Minstrelsy,*" (a MS. Poem, about to be published).

BY D. S. L.

IN the harams of cinnamon climes,  
 In the roses that circled the brows  
 Of the beauteous maids, who, in heavenlier times,  
 Were woo'd by the warmth of the seraphim's vows;  
 In the land of the sun—in the bowers of his light  
 There is not—there is not, a priestess as true  
 As the maidens of Erin, alluring and bright,  
 With their eyebeams all love and intelligence too!  
 Oh! ours is a passion that buds in the soul,  
 That is cherish'd the more by the dewdrop of tears;  
 The one little feeling that ever will roll  
 The same and unchang'd through an ocean of years;  
 Oh! then let the garlands of myrtle be ours,  
 And let valour enwreath us with flame,  
 For the heart of the patriot, dipp'd in the showers  
 Of our pearly eyelids, can never be tame!  
 Sweet, sweet Innisfallen! oh! thou art the isle,  
 Where the lover may live through a world of bliss,  
 And while hov'ring here, on the wings of a smile,  
 He may deem there is nothing in Eden like this;  
 For fairest indeed are Hibernia's daughters,  
 When girdling the vales of some green-cover'd mountain,  
 Or, when bending them over the warbling waters,  
 That sparkle around from some cool summer fountain.

By the glorious moonlight,  
As it beams on the meeting  
Of some young hearts, that deem  
Those dear moments too fleeting ;

By the spell that is found  
In a true lover's token ;  
By the sighs that will rend  
A fond heart that is broken ;

Oh ! grant that our daughters  
May never discover  
The falsehood and crime  
Of a long-worshipp'd lover !

For nothing o'erpowers  
Like the preying reflections  
That we've wasted on air  
Our purest affections.

Though life may have sorrows  
To 'whelm us with woe, •  
If love but remains,  
We may still live below !

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MR. DIAS SANTOS—THE FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS  
LIBERTY.

As the publication of the following letter was left optional with me, I could not, in justice to the writer, withhold it from the public. It is but right that the British Catholics should see what are the reasons and arguments by which Mr. Dias Santos justifies his adherence to a faction, whose principles and operations are diametrically opposed to the interests and reputation of our body. That he deceives himself, is quite obvious—that he will continue to be deceived, I think is impossible ; for, while I admit—as I do unhesitatingly—the purity of his motives, I have no doubt that his very anxiety to be useful will cause him to discover that his present political connexion is any thing but beneficial to the Catholic cause, and that hitherto he has been merely a tool in the hands of the Andrewites.

While I admit the purity of his motives, it is but right, in return for his friendly advice, to assure him, that the public, however indulgent, know very well how to decide where facts are opposed to assertion ; and, though Mr. Dias Santos has hitherto acted under delusion that can hardly be advanced in future, as a plea for his adherence to those whose “doings” have been satisfactorily exposed. Being, I believe, acquainted with commerce, I am at a loss to account for Mr. Dias Santos putting forth the following statement as a vindication. Admitted or denied, it is equally discreditable to the managers of the tracts. Evidently it is not his own statement, though sanctioned by his signature.

Mr. Dias Santos, amongst other things, accuses me,—I. of sophistry ; II. of being ignorant of the matter I undertook to investigate ; III. of being hostile to the Andrewites from interested motives. Respecting the first, it is only necessary to say, that there is no sophistry in arithmetic—in plain calculations ; and, as to the second, it is quite obvious that I knew more about the concern than my

accuser. Had I studied the sale of my journal, (which is meant by interest), instead of attacking the Andrewites, I would have left them unnoticed and unknown. I should then have their support, and I should have had more space to devote to subjects more interesting to my readers, who are my countrymen. The English Catholics are unable to support adequately any journal, consequently I neither calculated upon them, nor desired to supplant any rival. To promote the interests of Ireland, is the sole object of my publication. ROCK.

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TO CAPTAIN ROCK.

SIR,—I am so well assured of possessing no legitimate pretensions to notoriety, that nothing but the satisfaction derived from the performance of what I conceive to be a good action, could compensate for the pain I experience, whenever I am obtruded upon the public view. This reluctance is the occasion of what you may possibly consider as a too protracted silence, and will easily account for my apparent inattention to your observations relative to the funds of the Society of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty. Your letter, though addressed to me, is obviously intended for the printer, whose business it is to return an answer, if he should deem it expedient. For my own part, I should be sorry to diminish your increasing influence with the public, by pointing its attention to the fallacy of your statement, and the palpable sophistry to which you have appealed in its support; you will, however, permit me, with the most perfect good humour, to offer you a friendly caution—not to meddle with a question, with the facts and bearings of which you are manifestly unacquainted. If you had been more correctly informed, you would have been less arbitrary in fixing the price of the tracts: you would have been aware that from the commencement of the society, there has always been a considerable balance against it;—you would have known that a heavy expense was increased by postage, for carriage, for errand boys, cards, advertisements, &c., most of which are included in the price of the tracts. In fairness, you should have noticed these, and many other things, before you attempted to impair our credit. I could direct your attention to other drains upon the treasury, did I not feel that your connexion with the printing and book trade would supersede the necessity of this additional trouble. I cannot, however, omit conveying to you the expression of my regret that you should have permitted your feelings of hostility for an individual to take the lead of your judgment, by proving too much to shake your own credit, and invalidate your own testimony. If you had pointed out some minor errors which (with the best intention) will sometimes escape the notice of the most accurate and conscientious, I would have thanked you for such valuable assistance. But when you insinuate that one hundred pounds in three have been misapplied, I confess that the notion appears to me to be too absurd even for a momentary contemplation. It has, indeed, been thought that your only object is to give extensive publicity to your journal, to which, individually, I should not object, provided the means employed were just, candid, and honest. Whether they have been so or not, in this instance, you, upon consideration, will be best able to determine.

Before I put down my pen, you will allow me to refer to an article in a former journal, in which you state,\* that at Mr. Andrews' dinner the honour of becoming stewards was forced upon gentlemen. To this I can only reply, that five of them verbally acquiesced in the arrangement, and the rest in writing: Their signatures are in my possession, and establishes at once your inaccuracy, and my justification.

October 24, 1827.

Your's, &c. EML. DIAS SANTOS.

# THE ABBEY.

*From "Tales of Minstrelsy," a MS. poem, about to be published.*

BY D. S. L.

AH! Ivrelagh, † thou sacred thing,  
 The after-wreck of other days,  
 How oft, in fancy's wandering,  
 Thou art the ruin where she strays!  
 Proud pile, beam of that pristine lore,  
 Which hallowed our own island-shore,  
 There, in your loveliness you stand,  
 The holiest spirit of our land!  
 A disembodied thing of art,  
 Thou lingerest round the pensive heart,  
 With that sweet sympathy of grief,  
 Emblem'd by thy own ivy-leaf.

Silent and lonely though thou be,  
 Yet many a spell thou hast for me;  
 While turning from a world I hate,  
 To thee I'd cling, nor curse the fate  
 Which gave me in thy shadowy rest  
 A balm for my distracted breast.  
 For oh! this world, its hopes, its fears,  
 Its gifts, its charms, its smiles, its tears,  
 Are all the same, unblest'd for one  
 Who'd wish his name was aye unknown.

In youth's gay morning, ere the guile  
 Of mankind had profan'd the smile  
 Of hope, I deeply lov'd, and, oh!  
 Was lov'd with as chaste a glow:  
 A parent's frown forbade the flame,  
 And sternly left me—what I am;  
 A thing that lives to execrate  
 The hand that blasted its young fate.

With thy fresh ivy-mantle cast  
 Around, as though it wore the chain,  
 To link the pride of ages past  
 To those dark years that still remain;  
 Thy hoary ruins seem to weep  
 Over the dead's immortal sleep;  
 And, listening to the gale that sighs  
 Through each mouldering corridor,

\* I made the statement on the authority of more than one of those mentioned as stewards. Mr. Dias Santos must have misunderstood them; otherwise, why were they not present at the dinner.—ROCK.

† Ivrelagh or Mucruss, an ancient and beautiful ruin, formerly belonging to the Franciscans, in the Lakes of Killarney.



The voice of spirits seems to rise  
 Upon its dull and gloomy roar.  
 Meet dome of meditation, here  
 Might pilgrim till his evening prayer,  
 Nor ever think the world abroad  
 Would envy him his lonely sward.

Ivrelagh ! thou art, indeed,  
 A place where broken hearts might bleed !  
 Yes, here, amid the grass that waves  
 Above the rank and putrid graves,  
 The child of woe might find a spot  
 To gasp, to die, and be forgot.

Never did Mucruss seem more suited  
 For some appalling scene than then,  
 When the wild bat wildly hooted,  
 And the owlet leaves its den.  
 The heavens above were black and drear,  
 The very stars dim waxed through fear ;  
 The night wind made its hollow moans,  
 Among the dead men's bleaching bones ;  
 While the raven, mocking all,  
 Sat upon the abbey wall.

#### THE REV. MR. MAGUIRE.

SAY what you will, the modern parsons are much more liberal than the ancient lawgivers of Ireland. The Boulters of other days would not give more for the "recantation" of a Popish priest than an annuity of forty pounds ; but an archbishop of our time has offered a thousand pounds premium, and eight hundred a year for an act of apostacy!! Apostacy, however, is now as scarce as heretofore in the "Island of Saints," for this magnificent proposal was rejected! Hear that, John Bull : a Popish priest—one of the benighted ones—prefers the religion of his fathers, with all its privations ; and a poor Connaught parish, with all its hardships, to a sinecure-like rectory—a wife—a coach—the friendship of the Archbishop of Tuam, and £800 a year! And pray who is this silly priest? Why none other than the triumphant opponent of a Protestant *Pope*—the Rev. Mr. Maguire! Wonderful! Not at all, friend John : no man who has been a Catholic, and values truth and an approving conscience, could embrace Protestantism. The thing is morally impossible. Oh! but you know better: there have been several converts from Popery during the last six months, who read their "recantation" in Summerville town church. All as sincere as their *keeper*, the Rev. (!!!) Mr. Brennan, once a popish priest in Cork!!! Granted.

Rock.

\* \* Antiquarian Researches, No. III. ; Rory O'Rourke's Third Sketch in Thorney ; a Letter to D. O'Connell, Esq. ; and Remarks upon the leading article in the last *Quarterly Review*, shall positively appear next week.

The "Cork Poets" is in type.—D. R. is under consideration.—The "Orangemen" immediately.

## THE SOMER'S TOWN CONVERTS.

WITH the hoar of seventy winters upon my head, it is but becoming and natural that I should frequently think of that awful event which, in the course of things, cannot be now far distant. I confess I am coward enough to dread the approach of that undistinguishing tyrant, whose relentless arrow pierces the young and the old—the ignorant and the learned; and, though I endeavour, as much as possible, to familiarize myself, by reflection, to that scene, where this world, like the hill of Howth to a passenger on board the Dublin steam-packet, recedes from the view, yet still the contemplation has nothing in it to reconcile my rebellious heart to the inevitable event. Some uncharitable reader may attribute all this to the state of the conscience, after the manner of Abernethy, who accuses the stomach for all the diseases of the body, but I can assure him that he wrongs me. Though far from faultless—from sinful, every thing within me is as tranquil as the region where despotism has produced the silence of solitude, and my horror of the “narrow house” arises less from any fear of death than from a desire to live. Like Jeremy Bentham, I should like to see the effects of my writings upon the world in the year 1927; and, though quite free from vanity, I am anxious for the welfare of my species. I have given birth to great and mighty opinions; I have anticipated the progress of knowledge by centuries; and promulgated truths, which, by and by, will become axioms among men. Though I have done all this, much still remains to be accomplished; time is requisite; steam, however applicable to the purpose of discharging five thousand forty-pound bullets in a minute, cannot, I fear, be brought to operate upon the mind, and, therefore, to benefit the world, it is necessary I should live a little longer.

Sanguine as I am, the folly and wickedness of man sometimes fill me with disgust, and at such moments, in a magnificent fit of dejection, I regard myself as complimenting the world too highly by continuing in it. The transition to the tomb is, therefore, natural; and, as the “fit was on me” last Sunday morning, I had half resolved to “hide my light” in the darkness of the grave—in vulgar language—to die. “Ay, there’s the rub,” and so far from the residence of my father’s ashes; but the thought had no permanency—reason, religion, and philosophy, condemned it. If I could not repose in an Irish churchyard, I could lay my bones in earth which Irish virtue has hallowed: O’Leary rests in Pancras. To Pancras, therefore, I instantly proceeded; I might as well attach another codicil to my will and relieve my executors from the necessity of seeking to have my body interred amongst defunct greatness in Westminster-Abbey; I have lived for the people; I will not desert them, even in death.

Pancras, I may as well tell my Irish reader, is an ample but rather solitary churchyard, which stands about two miles north-west of London. The road which leads to it has nothing very attractive in it; and, perhaps, the seclusion of the *birn*-ground first recommended it to the “poor Irish.” Here repose many an O and Mac; and, amongst the most distinguished, the remains of Father O’Leary. A tomb has been erected over them, and its melancholy neighbourhood is crowded

with testimonials of his countrymen, whose anxiety to profit in death, by the approximation of his ashes, has filled the coffers of the parson, who, in the true spirit of political economy, regulated the price of the ground by its scarcity and the demand for it. The fact speaks volumes in favour of that amiable feeling which is known only to Catholics—it triumphs over death, and expands the warmth of the heart upon the victims of the tomb; it sanctifies the repulsive attributes of the yawning grave.

The clock struck ten as I sat upon the tombstone of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, and with a volition, for which philosophy cannot account, I sent my thoughts beyond St. George's Channel. The memorials around spoke of Irish misrule—the deceased multitude who had been collected within the narrow compass of the churchyard were probably, one and all, the victims of oppression—exiles by compulsion. These reflections beget thoughts of a gloomy character, but they were not unrelieved by considerations of a more cheerful nature; “the frail memorial,” which sought to perpetuate the name and country of the dead—even for a brief period, bore witness to his faith—it silently solicited your prayers! Let those sneer at its christianian appeal whose creed prohibits compliances.

Early as was the hour, I was not the only visitor to the “house appointed for all living.” There was another, whose dress bespoke him of a distant land, and whose act, that of kneeling upon a new made grave, proclaimed him a professor of that religion whose precepts coincide with the natural feelings of the human heart—which strengthens those affections that extend beyond the grave. In a few minutes he finished his devotion, and approaching, addressed me in that imperfect English which bespoke him a Frenchman. He inquired if Father O'Leary was not an Irishman. “They be de clever fellows,” said he, “bon cathlics, no protestands: no, no, Monsieur Maguire be fine fellow, a Bossuet.” To this I assented freely; and with the penetration of his countrymen, my interlocutor discovered, from my manner, that I too was an Irishman. This led him to expatiate upon the affairs of my country—the new *reformashions*—and he concluded by informing me that *another* Irish priest was that morning to read his “recantation” in Somer's Town. Being in the immediate neighbourhood, I instantly resolved to be present at this public act of apostacy; and having fortunately attended at first mass in St. Patrick's Chapel, I had the less hesitation in entering a Protestant place of worship—the casket was sealed—however impure might have been its contents.

A few minutes walk brought me into Somer's Town, and yielding to the Protestant stream, I was quickly carried into a neat, new church, and an old woman very politely handed me into a pew, where I experienced one of the comforts of Protestantism, that of a well-cushioned seat during the time of services. The first reformers must have been cold, phlegmatic fellows; if they retained “vital christianity,” most assuredly they left all the poetry of religion with the Catholics; if they destroyed the cobwebs, they also swept away the ornaments of the house of God. Nothing can be more uninviting, more chilly, than the interior of a Protestant place of worship—a kind of stuccoed assembly-room—you look around in vain for

any sensible object to remind you of the presence of Deity—to tell you that you are in a house of prayer. True, the Almighty is everywhere, why not then address him under the canopy of Heaven? If there be no necessity for awakening devotion by external objects, why impoverish the country to build new churches? why take the old ones from the rightful owners? The service was in exact conformity to the place; it appeared to me cold and formal, appealing neither to the charities nor sympathies of our nature, nor adapted to the feelings of man; and, consequently, I was not surprised to witness a degree of indifference on the part of the congregation, which, in a Catholic place of worship, would be regarded as but one remove from scandal, and to observe that hardly any poor person was present. There were none of those who form the great body of the population—there were none of the operative classes. All was certainly orderly and highly respectable; but there was nothing about them indicative of devotion—nothing of that moving zeal which witnesses the influence of religion upon those who manifested it. The parson was a mere reader; and I certainly could discover nothing in the service but what a mere Act of Parliament might have established, without any assistances from the Holy Ghost.

In justice, however, I must say that the church exhibited many a happy human face; goodness, intelligence, and active humanity, was clearly indicated in the countenances of many present, and if their religion had but little hold upon their hearts, it did not seem to have lent any sinister or unbecoming expression on their faces. If youth and beauty were heavenly passports, several present could dispense with the "Book of Common Prayer." There were some, however, who made me wonder "how the devil they got there," I never saw more popish-looking physiognomies in my life; and, from the uncomfortable manner with which they sat, it was quite evident a pew was not exactly the place they were accustomed to. One fellow absolutely went half way through the ceremony of crossing himself, and though he had the virtue to blush, the hypocrite was quite visible through the natural rouge. Another held a book in his hand, but from want of the popish ablution of holy water on entering, it was quite evident he could not pray as he was wont to do—with a *gragh*. Storming heaven was out of the question, they took it quite deliberately; they seemed to say, "Its all one whether we do it or let it alone." There was nothing to fix attention; Protestants, wiser than the Jewish lawgiver, or rather than God, who instructed Moses, banished from their churches those adscititious means of kindling devotion, which our Creator commanded might ornament His temple.

Few as the neophytes were, I was somewhat surprised to find most of them where they evidently had no business; for Nature never intended them for Protestants. They did not exceed half a dozen, including the Rev. Mr. Brennan, a kind of religious, sergeant crimp, who, under the banners of Protestantism, is now beating up for adventurous youth, who wish to avail themselves of an opportunity to make their fortune by volunteering to march—not into the field of battle—but into the empty churches of the establishment, with the "sword of the spirit"—a thumping bible—in their hands. Mr. Brennan is a squat, straight, thick-necked little man, with a face

highly marked! According to the Canons of Lavater, Nature never intended that it should herald a genius into the world; and, from all my apprehensions of his *bumps*, I am strongly of opinion that he would have done well to have walked in the footsteps of his father—a very worthy man—who was, at an humble distance, a kind of Irish Canova. He worked much in *stone*, and left many a specimen of his art behind him, in the form of—*pig-troughs*! Mr. Brennan's friends marked out a different path for him, and, for some time, he officiated in one of the Catholic chapels of Cork. His bishop, however, for reasons well known, I suppose, to himself, prohibited him the performances of those duties which devolve upon the Catholic priest; and, about four years ago, a friend of mine was applied to for the means of assisting Mr. Brennan to return to his native country, from which he had been absent for some time. He was then—and I do not mention it as a reproach, as it might have been unavoidable—in a most deplorable condition, living in a wretched attic in Crown Street. Immediate relief was afforded him: the humble class of his countrymen entered promptly into a subscription, and the return he made was, when clean and clothed—to go, not to Cork, but to Somer's Town and read his “recantation!” Perhaps he did so from a conviction of the “damnable errors of Popery;” but certainly the notion must have seized him very suddenly, or he had purposely imposed upon his benefactors by representing himself as an Irish Catholic priest. The Catholics, however, bore his *reform* very philosophically; they hoped he might make a good Protestant, for, as Denis O’Kavanagh observed, he was always a d——d bad Catholic. Mr. Brennan soon manifested great zeal in the cause of Protestantism; he persuaded a little sister of his to quit a convent at Cork, and repudiate popery; in addition to his own protection, he secured her that of a husband—a *rev. convert*!!—a *Hurley* to lean upon. Indefatigable in his new vocation, he has acquired great popularity for Somer's Town church, by procuring some miserable beings to proclaim their want of shame, by exhibiting themselves, each successive Sunday, as converts from popery.\* Several of these were Irish students, who had been expelled from their respective colleges, three or four have been in orders, and the convert of this day was stated to be a popish priest, not long since actively engaged (*quere*, in what way?) in the metropolis, and nearly related to Dr. Doyle.

I shall, next week, notice the process of “recantation,” the sermon, &c.

Rock.

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\* The inducements are something more substantial than arguments. Several of the *rev. converts* now live together, in a decent lodging at Somer's Town. A few days ago, Mr. Brennan called to inspect some apartments that were to let, and after viewing them, inquired if the landlord were not an Irishman, “I am,” was the reply, “a true blue, never stained yet.”

## THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.\*

Books which pretend to teach us the history of nations being little better than dull romances, it was with no slight feelings of pleasure that I opened a work which has reduced history to fiction; which gives us facts in 'the form of tales, and insinuates knowledge through the medium of the most attractive stories. The bulk of the people of England know the annals of their country only so far as Shakspeare has revealed them, but as he "who exhausted worlds and imagined new" was more poetical than accurate, it follows, of course, that John Bull has gotten but vague notions of his Henrys and Edwards—their policy and achievements. To remedy this state of things, some score parsons, and old parson-ridden women, have from time to time published their folios and duodecimos for "the benefit of the rising generation," but, as youth have a particular aversion to cant and dulness, it appears the laudable efforts of their teachers have produced no very flattering effects. In future, however, the young idea may *shoot*—in spite of the game laws—over the barren waste, and by *bagging* Mr. Neele's three volumes of delightful fictions, will acquire a very—for ladies and gentlemen—adequate knowledge of English history. He has gilded the pill, smothered the repulsive features of his Catholicon in bread and honey; and I have no doubt, that all "parents and guardians" throughout the country will immediately appreciate the utility of his plan. To render the work still more useful, one or two stories illustrates each reign, from the conquest to the restoration; and a historical summary precedes each tale. The summary is neatly written, and with one or two exceptions, very accurately executed.

Mr. Neele, however, has aimed at a higher object than the instruction of little masters and misses—he has put in his claim for that reward to which the most talented in the walks of fiction are entitled. Most assuredly, he will have his claim allowed. One of the most pleasing and genuine poets of the age could hardly fail to interest the public, even when he descends to prose, and indeed the work before me is another proof of what has often been asserted—namely, that poets are generally the best writers of prose. Mr. Neele's style throughout is remarkable for correctness and simplicity—he does not affect to startle or surprise—but he never fails to please. The "Romances" are of course of unequal merit. Some are protracted to a considerable length, others are more limited. I shall abridge one of the latter "The Conquest of Normandy, or the Monk's three visits," as a specimen of Mr. Neele's style and method of illustrating the history of England.

Nearly half a century after the battle of Hastings had given dominion to the Normans in England, Prince Henry followed his brother William Rufus to the New Forest. As he rode along some one grasped his horse's reins, and a deep solemn voice exclaimed, "'Hail Henry, King of England!'" The Prince started, and raising his head, beheld an aged man in an ecclesiastical habit, standing before him. His cowl

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\* By Henry Neele, London, Bull, 1847.

had fallen from his head, and his long white hair streamed in rich profusion down his shoulders. His face was furrowed deep with wrinkles; but even now, at his advanced age, it beamed with a singular expression of intelligence and majesty. His bright blue eye appeared to flash fire; and his lip was wreathed with a smile, which seemed to betoken a feeling of imperiousness and triumph. Henry had grasped his sword, but on seeing the old man he let it fall again into its scabbard. 'What meanest thou, bold traitor?' said the prince. 'How darest thou call me King of England while William Rufus lives?' 'He lives now,' replied the Monk; 'but mark me, Henry Beauclerc,' he added, pointing to the west, where the sun was rapidly declining, 'ere yonder orb has sunk beneath the horizon, the sun of his life will have set for ever.' 'Cease, cease this idle prattle,' said the Prince, endeavouring to extricate his horse's reins from the grasp of the Monk, but without success. 'Hail! Henry Beauclerc,' reiterated the latter; 'thou shalt speedily be King of England; thou shalt restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne of these realms; and with English hearts and hands thou shalt conquer the country of the Conqueror!' At that moment a dreadful shriek rang through the forest; and the Monk, seizing Henry's arm, again pointed to the west. The sun was on the very verge of the horizon, and in an instant afterwards sunk beneath it. The prince turned wonderingly towards the Monk, but the mysterious monitor had disappeared. 'Tis passing strange,' said he to his attendants; 'know ye ought of this person?' 'Tis the mad monk of St. John's,' said a page; 'He fought on the side of the Saxons at Hastings, and was left for dead on the field. Some benevolent brothers of Waltham, who went over the field after the battle, in the hope that they might be of service to the wounded, discovered some signs of life in this person, and bore him to the Abbey. There they succeeded in healing his wounds; but could never prevail upon him to reveal his name or rank. From the richness of his dress, and the value of the jewels which were found upon him, he is supposed to have been a Saxon lord of distinction. He afterwards became a brother of the order of St. John at Chester, and has rendered himself remarkable by his acts of piety and penitence; but his misfortunes are supposed to have disordered his intellect.' 'His voice sounded prophetically in my ears,' said the Prince, 'and that shriek was strangely coincident with the setting of the sun. Heaven shield our royal brother! Let us scour the forest in search of him.' The Monk's words proved to be prophetic. William Rufus was found dead in the forest; and within a few hours afterwards, Henry Beauclerc was proclaimed King of England at Winchester. Such were the extraordinary events which followed the Monk's first visit to that prince."

Henry ascended the throne, and soon after proclaimed his intention of marrying Matilda, daughter to the Scottish king. "The words of the Monk of St. John had made a deep impression on his mind. One part of his prophecy had been fulfilled—he was King of England; but the other part, that he should restore the ancient Saxon race to the throne, seemed utterly inconsistent with the former, for he was himself of Norman origin, and it was only by virtue of his father's conquest that he could claim any title to the crown of England. It was not until the very morning of his intended nuptials, when he was walking

in solemn procession from his palace at Westminster to the Abbey, for the purpose of celebrating them, that the truth flashed upon his mind, that by the act which he was then about to perform, he was accomplishing the Monk's prediction.

" 'Tis strange,' he said, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked on his right hand, 'but by this marriage I shall confirm the prophetic intimation which I received from the Monk of St. John, in the New Forest, on the evening of the death of the Red King; whom God assail!' he added, crossing himself. 'It grieves me, my liege,' said the Archbishop, 'to find that the ravings of a fanatic and an impostor have sunk so deep into your Grace's memory. The events which have come to pass according to his prediction, were in the ordinary course of things. The Red King's violent and heedless course of life promised a speedy termination to it; and that the wisest and most accomplished prince in Europe should espouse a princess whose virtues and talents so nearly resemble his own, might surely have happened, although this cowed dreamer had never existed.' 'True, true, good Anselm,' said the King; but he said it in a tone which induced the Archbishop to believe that his heart did not yield that acquiescence to his arguments which his lips professed. 'The Monk,' resumed the Archbishop, 'also promised that your Grace should, with English hearts and hands, conquer the country of the Conqueror. This is an event which is surely scarcely within the verge of probability, for your Grace and the Duke of Normandy have concluded a peace (which Heaven keep inviolate!) by which you have guaranteed to each other the integrity of your respective dominions, and a free enjoyment of their rights in both realms to your subjects.'

"The King and the Princess had both entered the Abbey amidst the benedictions and applauses of all who beheld them. The Barons and official dignitaries then followed them to the altar, and the Archbishop was about to perform the ceremony, when a stentorian voice from a remote part of the church exclaimed, 'Forbear!' All eyes were turned towards the quarter whence the interruption proceeded, and an ecclesiastic, with his features closely shrouded in his cowl, was seen slowly pacing down the eastern aisle. He approached the altar, and removing his cowl, the King and his attendants immediately recognized the Monk of St. John's.

" 'What new vagary is this, reverend Father?' said the King, forcing a smile, but evidently feeling more respect for the intrusive Monk than he chose to acknowledge. 'I say,' cried the Monk, 'to you Norman priest, Forbear! This is not an occasion on which, when an English-born prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race, a Neustrian ecclesiastic should mar, by his officiousness, the auspicious ceremony.'

"A tumult of applause followed the Monk's address. The Archbishop and the Norman Barons frowned, the official persons about King Henry, who were, for the most part, chosen from among the Saxons, and the Scottish nobles who attended the Princess, evidently participated in the pleasurable feelings expressed by the multitude. 'And where,' said the Archbishop proudly, 'if a Norman priest



must not perform this august ceremony, shall we find one of rank and honour sufficient to entitle him to perform it.'

'A loud and bitter laugh burst from the lips of the Monk, which resounded through the aisles of the Abbey for several seconds. 'Where!' he said, 'thou puling priest! where shall such an one be found?' and he thrust his hand towards his side and seemed to be seeking a weapon; but, as his eye glanced on his sacerdotal habit, a cloud gathered on his brow, and his cheek grew pale as ashes. 'Peace! peace! my heart, be still, he muttered half audibly; 'it is not yet the time: but, Sir King, I say to thee, let these Saxon hands tie the indissoluble knot between thee and yon fair princess, and so, perchance, may one, who has been the cause of all his country's evils, make some atonement by becoming the instrument of the cure and solace of those evils.'

'The populace renewed their acclamations as the Monk spake; the Norman Archbishop drew back from him abashed, and the King gazed upon him with an expression of mingled awe and wonder. 'I know not who or what thou art, mysterious man,' said the Monarch, 'but I have good cause for believing that thou art in some way more and better than thy garb proclaimeth. Be it, therefore, as thou desirest; wed me to this fair princess; and may Heaven grant that this union may be as thou sayest—the cure and solace of this nation's evils!'

'The Monk united the hands of the two royal lovers, and breathed his benediction with a fervour and enthusiasm which seemed to affect even Archbishop Anselm and his partizans. The King and Queen knelt before the altar, the populace prostrated themselves on the ground, and at the conclusion the organ pealed forth a solemn strain of blended exultation and devotion. 'And now, O King!' said the Monk, 'thou rememberest what passed at our last interview.' 'Most distinctly do I remember,' said the King, 'and not easily shall I forget it.' 'Then did I predict,' added the Monk, 'that three things should happen to thee, Henry Beauclerc: that thou shouldest be king of England; that thou shouldest restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne; and that with English hearts and hands thou shouldest conquer the country of the Conqueror. Did not the first event happen almost at the moment that I said it, at my first visit?—has not the second prediction been accomplished even now, at my second visit, by the instrumentality of his hands whose lips uttered it?—and when I visit thee for the third time, King Henry, the third event shall come to pass before we part, and then we shall part for ever.'

'The Monk uttered these words in a tone of great energy and solemnity; then, drawing his robes closely round him, and grasping his staff, he proceeded slowly down the aisle by which he had entered; the people made way for him, many falling on their knees and craving his blessing as he passed; and in this way, with downcast head and measured step, he departed out of the Abbey.'

*(To be continued.)*

THE BRITISH CATHOLICS—THE MEANS OF ADVANCING THE  
CATHOLIC CAUSE.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—In your recent able exposition of Catholic affairs, I regret to find that you overlooked altogether, one palpable, important, and obvious means of forwarding the interest of our cause. That the economists who disgrace the science they profess deserve your indignant consideration, I willingly admit, but I deny that political economy is entitled to any thing but the universal approbation of every lover of his species. The science of Astronomy is not the less sublime and useful, because the study of the stars has led some men to anticipate a speedy dissolution to the world; and I assure you, that the interest of Ireland—of the Catholic cause—can no wise be more effectually benefitted than by the dissemination of the principles of political science. The errors of politicians are the melancholy subjects of history; the miseries of our times are justly attributable to legislative ignorance, and these and their consequences must continue in operation, until politics are reduced to a science, to rules easily understood, and always and every where applicable. If political economy is as yet disfigured by the errors and theories of its professors, they speak nothing against the science economists teach; and give me leave to say, that a wise man would discriminate between the doctrine and the priest,—between the science and he who lectures on it. If it need improvement the advocates of knowledge will not endeavour to deter students from applying themselves to the investigation of its principles.

In stigmatizing political economy you identify yourself with Sir Thomas Lethbridge, and all the aristocrats who hate the people and those who willingly defend popular rights—you do more—you throw obstacles in the way of that science, the dissemination of which has been coeval with liberality in governments, and enlarged views among the people. This was an error—there was also an *omission* in the means pointed out by you for attaining emancipation. Your views of the subject are evidently too domestic; things beyond the limits of home deserve some consideration: John Bull's prejudices merit a little more attention. Believe me, you expend too much good indignation upon the miserable factions which irritate you in Ireland. These you cannot reform—you cannot improve, they deserve to be hated, and like the misanthrope, they thrive best under the influence of a national detestation. Like the boys who annoyed the frogs, they delight in seeing you miserable; they never enjoy more pleasure than when flattered by their power of provoking—of driving the people to madness. They are incorrigible, and therefore it is useless, it is impolitic, to do more than point them out as that noxious, insidious, moral cancer which has long disfigured the fair face of the country, and threatens, if not immediately removed, to fasten upon the very vitals of the nation. They are the cause of your misery,

but it would be folly to appeal to them—you must complain to those who alone can apply the remedy—to John Bull.

You have partially admitted this fact, but, strange to say, you have never taken any effectual method of interesting Englishmen in your behalf. You have sent over two addresses—one written I believe by Cobbett,—both of which might as well have been distributed among Calmuc Tartars. Addresses are things of course, formal and useless; they never did, never can influence public opinion, and unless you can operate upon opinion, paper and print might as well be spared. Something more sterling and argumentative is necessary. Facts, and obvious and correct conclusions drawn from these facts, appeal to that common sense which reigns in every man's bosom; and the admissions and statements of Protestant authors, applied to present affairs, are amongst those things which are most wanted. As Irishmen—as men seeking for rights—tyrannically withheld—as men deserving to be free, you should never descend to that hypocritical, whining meanness, which seeks justice through the medium of compassion—of pity. To be a slave it is not necessary to wear manacles, the abject soul is seen in the act of soliciting, as well as of receiving, either rights or boons; and, be assured, nations are much more influenced by the dignity of the people demanding, than by the justice of their claims. Your attitude should, therefore, be less that of a suppliant than of an equal.

The last “*Edinburgh Review*,” though filled with fudge and blunder, contained one or two observations, which are not the less important because made by me, a year or two since, namely, that the people of England have only to be informed of the state of Ireland, to become advocates of emancipation;—that this has not been attempted, and can only be done by means of the press; and that, though an inert mass of prejudice stands opposed to us, it is by no means irremovable; for this plain reason, that the *majority* of the people, when rightly informed, are always on the side of liberty, and cannot possibly have an interest in opposing our claims. A fellow feeling will plead strongly in our behalf.

We have, therefore, only to appeal to the press; and in doing so, let us recollect that the prejudice which we seek to remove is the only thing which impedes the progress of our cause. Irish exclusionists can do nothing: statesmen never appeal to them: English bigotry, or, to use a softer and not less correct term, English opinion, is, though by no means generally, against us. Until this is removed, the legislature would hardly be warranted in conceding our claims—just as they are; and some of our friends in parliament have truly alledged this as a cause of postponement, while many of our adversaries in the same place have voted against us on this ground alone. There cannot be a doubt that a vulgar hatred of Catholicism exists throughout England; but it is equally true, that circumstances have arisen to stagger this popular prejudice; the hoodwinkers of the people—the parsons—have lost their influence, recent religious discussions have opened the eyes of many Protestants, and perhaps we could not better promote our political interests, than by removing the religious notions which prevail against us as Catholics.

To do this effectually, the press must be put in requisition, and committed to the care of those who will not abuse it. Distant as you are, you can accomplish much by affording the means of putting this great instrument into operation. You have some thousands lying idle in bank, and as this was collected for the express purpose of forwarding the Catholic cause, I do not know how it could promote this cause more effectually, than by affording John Bull an opportunity of rectifying his notions upon Irish affairs—by enabling the British Catholics to conciliate opponents, and repel calumnies.

I trust you are not one of those short-sighted persons who think that the British Catholics ought to defend themselves; recollect, they are few, and that, contrary to the prevailing opinion, they are extremely poor. The Catholic gentry of England are by no means wealthy; they are not zealous or active; and the democracy of our body are as miserable and distressed as the same class of persons in Ireland—perhaps more so: the means of forwarding the Catholic cause is therefore wanted in England. Catholic funds are unequal to the task; and the British Catholics are unhappily now split into three parties; the supine, who will do nothing; the Catholic Association, who can do little; and their opponents, who do much mischief. The two last are opposed to each other, and consequently even the good that might be done is retarded.

You have learned, no doubt, from some articles in this journal, that this disunion is owing to William Eusebius Andrews, a man of whose merits you need not be informed: you gave an opinion on them long since, when you refused to patronize his press, either as an individual, or as a Catholic leader; since that time he has shot his innoxious arrows at you; and, either from oblique perverseness or personal motives, he has also assailed the British Catholic Association. Presiding over the only Catholic journal in the country, it is not to be wondered at if he succeeded in creating suspicions against the body he disliked; and, being a most egregious egotist, it followed of course, that he acquired the misplaced confidence of many worthy persons. Seeing that he was now "somebody," he, with that ambition of narrow minds which overleaps its purpose, resolved upon superseding the Association, and constituting himself the only head and leader of the British Catholics. A society was formed, entitled the "Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty," the proceedings of which I have recently exposed. The tracts issued were the reverse of what they ought to be; and, as it is not worth while sending you the whole, I shall give you a specimen of their matter and style. Number six is entitled "Popish Pinching Irons"—a versical sally, dedicated to James Twiddy, a barber at Norwich!!!

The two first lines are very superior to those which commence the Iliad, "Achilles' wrath," &c. for the poet thus begins, with a sublime aphorism,

"Tis strange, yet not more strange than certain,  
To show themselves before the curtain.

Vide "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," or any body's art of poetry; but it is not merely in the harmony of his versification that the author excels. In polemics he is equally brilliant and correct, *Ex Gr.*

"What pity 'tis that you, my friend,  
Should not a moment condescend  
To find at least some items out  
Of what you chose to write about.  
Wickliffe, you say, 'twas undertook  
First to 'translate the Bible-book.'  
Pray let your curling-irons cool,  
And go a few more weeks to school.  
Rurer translations did precede,  
One by the venerable Bede,  
Nor proved he\* transubstantiation  
'In reason had no just foundation';  
This dogma was by him believed,  
But was on other points deceived;

And though you praise him in your lay,  
Heard Mass! unto his dying day.  
The tenets *most* condemned by you,  
He held as orthodox and true.  
His doctrine gave rebellion life,  
And served to kindle civil strife;  
Urged on John Ball's and Tyler's rage,  
Whose treasons stain historic page.  
He taught—(what I'm a shrewd suspectory,  
Would not be pleasing to your Rector,)  
That tithes were not the clergy's due;  
Now pray, Friend Twiddy, what think  
you?"

The conclusion of the following is truly sublime. Nothing in  
"Marmion" like it.

"You next advert to Inquisition,  
This is no point for disquisition.  
The Star-chamber of good Queen Bess  
Was just the same, and nothing less:

And after all that's said or done,  
Religion's just as much with one.  
To do, as it had here, with t'other,  
Then cease such useless idle pother."

What follows is rather dubious:—

"You say—and much the thought I  
prize,  
Our Priests are ever in disguise;  
Your Pastors also, you'll allow,  
Are masqueraders too some how.  
Our wolfish Priests like sheep, 'tis clear,  
Your sheeplike Parsons—wolves appear;

And faith, my friend, the truth to tell,  
Both play their parts extremely well.  
Our wolves in sheep-skin harmless bleat,  
While your sheep worry all they meet,  
And take those tithes to their own doot  
That wicked Papists gave the poor."

Another specimen of the doubtful: it is worthy of being the  
response of the Delphian oracle: *quere*, did the constitution come  
from the *fools* or our ancestors?

"'Twas Langton, whom you term a  
'Tartar'

Though fools, our ancestors condemn,  
Our Constitutions came from them."

Gain'd for the people the great charter.

Seeing such mischievous trash presented to the English Protestants  
in the name of the Catholic body, I followed up the random shot of  
Rory O'Rourke by a triumphant charge, and demolished for ever the  
managers of these tracts. I shall further expose them and their  
hypocritical defence, but, for the present I shall turn to the British  
Catholic Association. That body has done much for the cause,  
though perhaps not all it might have done, but in future they will be  
unable to render us any service unless their brethren in Ireland  
afford them assistance. The members are too few to make a noise;  
they are too poor to patrouise or make use of the press. They are  
unable to conquer the supineness of the Catholic gentry, and for the  
reasons already stated, they have not all the confidence—and none of  
the assistance, of the operative classes. Something, therefore, must  
be done, or our question must retrograde in England: the Andrewites,  
if not prevented, will injure it materially, and the Association cannot  
serve it under present circumstances unless you enable them, by a  
pecuniary grant. I suppose they would not refuse it; I am confident  
it is your duty to take the necessary steps to have it offered;  
for nothing but the press can cope with the invidious exertions of the

\* *Quere* Bede?

parsons and bigots, and perhaps that great instrument of liberality and knowledge cannot be more usefully employed than in the distribution of tracts.

Being in constant communication with the clergy and influential Catholics throughout the country, the British Catholic Association necessarily possesses what your Association wants—the means of distributing tracts with judiciousness and despatch. From their local knowledge they know best what kind of tracts would be most wanted; and, whatever you may think of the opinions held by individual members of the British Catholic Association, I need not tell you that their body is a guarantee that whatever funds they are intrusted with will be converted to, none but proper purposes. I leave the detail of the business to others. I have thrown out the hint, and if you do not avail yourself of it, posterity will hesitate to admit that you *did* all in your power to forward the Catholic cause.

By following this advice two things would be accomplished; you would effectually disabuse John Bull of his prejudices—restore Catholic confidence to the British Catholic Association—and put a negative upon the claims of a needy individual who has his own views in endeavouring to promote dissensions among the English Catholics.

ROCK.

#### SKETCHES IN THORNEY STREET—BY RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ.

##### NO. III.—CHARLES BUTLER, ESQ.

ABOUT two years since, while absorbing four cups of coffee, and devouring three rounds of well-buttered toast, I threw off an article\* for the "Dublin and London Magazine" upon the ancient literature of Ireland, in the course of which I *floored* Mr. Charles Butler with all the science of a literary *Gribb*. When my essay appeared in print it created—as every thing I write creates—a great "sensation." The Irish newspapers made admirable copy of it for more than a month, and I believe it has not yet ceased to run the rounds of the French and American press. As might have been expected, the unknown author excited no small share of envy; and amongst others Mr. Bneas M'Donnell indirectly appropriated the credit of having produced it to himself. Dreading that the public might think—and well they might—the style to be very unlike his mode of stringing sentences together, he undertook to do something equally as good! For this purpose he paid a daily visit for six months to the reading-room of the British Museum; and, having collected a heterogenous mass of extracts—some of them as dull as Billy Andrews's "Truth-teller"—he hastened to Ireland, for the double purpose of recruiting that health which six months' study had impaired; (he soon recovered, on Connaught whay,) and delivering the learned load after six months' gestation;† The place chosen was very appropriate—the ruins of an abbey in Mayo. It soon appeared, per favour of Fred Conway, in the "Dublin Evening Post," and acquired for the orator considerable reputation, because—no one ever read it. My countrymen, however, took it for the value of six months' salary; and, when coupled with the Ballinasloe affair, secured for Mr. M'Donald the

\* A review of Mr. Butler's "Life of Erasmus."

† See his last speech at the "Fourteen days' meeting."

sinecure of three hundred pounds a year ! If justice were done, they should have given me six hundred pounds ; mine, though thrown off at a first heat, was certainly the better article—it was read.

I have not alluded to this celebrated article for the purpose of retracting or qualifying a single word it contains, so far as the venerable subject of this sketch or the English Catholics are concerned. In justice to both, however, I must say that they manifest quite as much respect for Ireland and Irishmen as many of my countrymen resident in London are in the habit of displaying. Many of these have nothing but sneers for the land of their birth, and cannot conceal their contempt for those poor creatures who are seduced from the comforts—for it has comforts—of an Irish home, to seek profitable employment in England. Unlike the Scotsmen, they *sink* the O and Mac as soon as possible ; and it is by no means uncommon to find them write Leary, Toole, and Connor. The O is considered superfluous. No doubt there are splendid exceptions, and I only mention the fact in the hope of securing for such conforming cowards the contempt they merit. In Sir John Davis's time, Paddy showed a great facility in complying with the canons of English taste. An O'Rourke took the operative name of Smith ; and many a Mac sunk into Potter and Baker. Fashion is again exerting its influence, and its extent may be gathered from the circumstance that the agent of the Irish Catholics, Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, is inaccessible to that large portion of his countrymen who forget to leave a palpable *brogue* behind them, or come over without the gentlemanly passport of a fashionable coat upon their backs !! As one fact is worth, &c., I shall give an explanatory anecdote here. When Mr. O'Leary received a challenge from the Rev. Mr. Burnet to hold a discussion in the Argyll Rooms, he called, being a stranger in London, at Mr. M'Donnell's residence, for, I believe, advice respecting a certain point. His accent smacked deliciously of that silvery brogue which is so peculiar to the natives of Cork, and, of course, betrayed him instantly to the acute ear of the *English* servant. Her answer to his inquiry was, "Mr. M'Donnell does not see Irishmen !!!" "How quickly," said Mr. O'Leary, when relating the circumstance to me, "our distant patriots degenerate into the dimensions of ordinary men when we approach closely to them." Mr. O'Leary is now in Cork, ready, no doubt, to verify the truth of this anecdote.

Having now offered something like a palliation for the injustice done to the literary claims of Ireland by Mr. Butler, I shall proceed to give a sketch of his character ; and, though he has through life kept the even tenor of his way, there are peculiarities about the features of his public career which render it difficult to convey an adequate notion of the man in the small space which I am afforded.

Mr. Butler is one of those men who must be content to appeal to posterity for justice. He has written much and well on subjects connected with the Catholic question and Catholic religion. His orthodoxy was never, I believe, impeached ; and, with the exception of Dr. Lingard, perhaps the works of no Catholic writer have been so generally read by Protestants. Yet, strange to say, he has never been popular with the generality of those in whose work he has proved so efficient a servant. The cause of popular neglect is easily accounted for. Some years ago, Mr. Butler came in hostile contact with the

late revered Dr. Milner; and, if he did not suffer defeat, he sustained a sad diminution of public respect. The people will always side with a clergyman when opposed by a layman, however learned; and most assuredly they were right in the present instance. Still Mr. Butler has been treated with great injustice; he was not guilty of nine-tenths of what was invidiously attributed to him; and it should be mentioned to his credit, that through life he has always spoken of his great opponent with that respect and admiration which was due to the character of Dr. Milner. Those who knew least about the disputed points have been loudest in Mr. Butler's condemnation; and, mistaking rumour for proof, will hardly be persuaded that Mr. Butler is quite orthodox, although he has recently written the "*Book of the Roman Catholic Church*"—a work which is perhaps better calculated than any other in the English language to expel the prejudice which Protestants entertain respecting the religion of their ancestors. It is decidedly the best and most successful of the author's writings; yet, strange to say, the proofs of its excellence have been made matter of accusation against him. Mr. Andrews, the wise man of Chapter House Court, has charged him with the crime of augmenting the enmity of Protestants, and adduces in evidence the score of volumes which have been published as answers to Mr. Butler's admirable book!!

Another cause of Mr. Butler's want of popularity among the more zealous of the British Catholics, is his literary politeness. A lettered Chesterfield, he never offends against good manners; never uses any of those hardy epithets, which, like barbed darts, cannot be withdrawn from the wounded enemy; and, unlike Cobbett, who owes three fourths of his notoriety to his vulgarity, he never excelled in the application of nicknames. He writes as he speaks, mildly, unimpassioned, and with a hesitation which borders somewhat upon feebleness. These proofs of a good heart, of Christian humility, are but little calculated to qualify those, to whom they apply, for the attainment of immediate popularity; and, accordingly, Mr. Butler is regarded in a very sceptical light by many of those who kneel with him before the same altar. The over zealous are seldom pleased with meekness in their advocates: the man who would injure their cause by violence is certain to be a greater favourite than he who is guided in the discharge of his duty by reason and judgment. Hunt, the "matchless blacking" man, was much more popular than Sir Samuel Romilly.

Viewed without any reference to cotemporary feeling, Mr. Butler must be regarded as a benefactor of the human race. He has combatted successfully, with unobjectionable weapons, against bigotry and intolerance: he has vindicated the calumniated church to which he belongs; and, in disseminating a knowledge of her principles, he has aided the spread of those truths on the universality of which depends individual happiness. Labouring to conciliate as well as to persuade, his writings border, sometimes, on pusillanimity; he pays, occasionally, too much deference to the opinions of his opponents, and is less indignant than might be expected at those gross calumnies which the most liberal of our separated brethren are in the habit of discharging upon us. Still, this apparent want of energy has been productive of beneficial results: it has served as a passport to his



writings—securing them admission into those places from which all Catholic productions had been sedulously excluded : the consequence is, that Mr. Butler is regarded, amongst Protestants, as a kind of *rara avis in terris* ; his good opinion is valued ; his feelings, and, through him, the feelings of Catholics, are respected more than formerly ; and good manners being once substituted for violence, there are hopes that truth may the more readily obtain converts. It is true, that some of Mr. Butler's literary opponents have not been disarmed by the meekness of his manner ; but this may be taken as a proof that, in his endeavours to conciliate, he has not overstepped that line which separates principle from the desire to be agreeable.

As an author, the praise of originality must, I fear, in some measure, be refused him ; he never soars into those regions where genius loves to desport ; and, though he rises far above the surface of things, he never ascends to the heaven of invention—his are not eagle's eyes that look undazzled upon the mid-day sun of literature : his light is borrowed from reflected luminaries—he owes, perhaps, his highest praise to industry ; throughout his voluminous writings he expresses the thoughts of others rather than his own ; and, with an honesty which is seldom imitated, he has declined to appropriate, without acknowledgement, the discoveries of others. Many of his works consist, in some measure, of extracts ; but being made by one who appreciated their value, they assume all the freshness of originality. Throughout all his writings there breathes an amiable piety—a great reverence for truth—a mild, gentlemanly feeling ; and, if the reader cannot admire, he dare not refuse to esteem.

As a politician Mr. Butler is chiefly known for the conspicuous part he has always taken in Catholic affairs. On this question he has evinced a uniform zeal ; and, if he has ever been mistaken, we are bound in charity to suppose that he erred through a desire of promoting the cause he advocated. His labours, however, have been chiefly confined to his chambers and the committee-room of the British Catholic Association ; in one, he is incessantly employed in forwarding the interest of the Catholic body : when not writing pamphlets or volumes, he is in communication, either verbally or by writing, with influential Protestants—friends or opponents of emancipation. No public man can make a false charge without being called to account or set right by Mr. Butler ; and in this way it is incalculable all the good he has accomplished. In the committee-room, his opinion, if not absolute law, has, as it deserves, considerable weight ; and latterly he has been content with being obscurely useful in the affairs of this body. He seldom appears before the curtain ; and then merely to serve as substitute for some supine nobleman, who had been solicited to take the chair. Mr. Butler's politics are a century too old—He is a very inoffensive aristocrat.

Of Mr. Butler's professional abilities there is but one opinion. Mr. Peel mentioned him in the House of Commons, in terms highly complimentary, and the sound of his name elicited from the right honou-  
 ables loud cries of “ hear ! ”

In private life—that scene of every man's joys and sorrows—Mr. Butler is beloved.

\*\*\* I regret to find that the article on “ Gunpowder Treason ” must be omitted this week for want of room.

Rock,

## THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

"Whom a people fear they hate, and whom they hate they wish to take away."  
 DRUMMOND.

IN a former number I gave a detail of the Gunpowder Treason, and I now proceed to justify the plot by Protestant authorities. The works of thirty authors now lie before me, but, as my space is limited, I shall not refer to more than is necessary to support my arguments.

The obligations of men vary under different circumstances; the moral duties are by no means the same in times of war and peace. Oppression puts those oppressed in their original state—that of nature—and places them in a relative condition, which renders that justifiable, which would be, under other circumstances, highly criminal.

What I now contend for, is, that the English Catholics, at the period of Catesby's plot, were in a *state of war* with the government and those who upheld it. First, because there was no common judge on earth to appeal to; secondly, because they were actually in a state of slavery; and thirdly, because they were oppressed by *force* without right.

I. "Want of a common judge," says Locke, "with authority, puts all men into a state of nature. Force, or a declared design of force upon the person of another, where there is no common superior on earth to appeal to for relief, is a state of war." The Catholics and Protestants under James I. had no *common* judge to appeal to; the law for the one was *not* the law for the other, and therefore, there was a want of justice, which is the same thing as the want of a common judge between them.

II. The Catholics were in a state of slavery;—I use the term slavery here in opposition to freedom. "Freedom of men under government," says Locke, "is to have a *STANDING RULE TO LIVE BY, common to every one of that society*—a liberty to follow my own will in all things where that rule proscribes not—and not to be subject to the inconstant, uncertain, unknown, arbitrary will of another man." The Catholics, under James, had no standing rule to live by—the laws respecting them were *uncertain, unknown, and arbitrary*—enforced, or repealed, or modified by the will of one man—the rule was not common to every one of the society; far, very far from it: there was one law for the recusant, and another for the conformist; consequently those who lived under arbitrary law were in a state of comparative slavery,\* and "the perfect condition of slavery," according to Locke, "is nothing else but the state of war continued." It is admitted on all hands, that Catholics were not allowed the privilege of subjects, and that the popery laws were expressly designed to put them into the power of government. "He," says Locke, "who attempts to get another man into his absolute power, does thereby put himself into a state of war with him; it being to be understood as a declaration of a design upon his life. For I have reason to conclude,

\* See Butler's *Memoirs of the Catholics*; Milner's *Letters to a Prebendary*; Lingard's *History*, &c. &c.

that he who would get me into his power without my consent, would use me as he pleased, when he had got me there, and destroy me too, when he had a fancy to it; for nobody can desire to have me in his absolute power, unless it be to compel me by force to that which is against the right of my freedom, *i. e.* make me a slave. To be free from such force is the only security of my preservation; and reason bids me look on him as an enemy to my preservation, who would take away that freedom, which is the fence to it; so that he who makes an attempt to enslave me, thereby puts himself into a state of war with me. He that in the state of nature would take away the freedom that belongs to any one in that state, must necessarily be supposed to have a design to take away every thing else, that freedom being the foundation of all the rest. As he that in the state of society would take away the freedom belonging to those of that society or commonwealth, must be supposed to design to take away from them every thing else, and so be looked on as in a state of war."

III. That the Catholics were oppressed by force without right, will be admitted at once. Their property was arbitrarily taken from them; they were fined and confined for their religious opinions; and they lived with the halter almost literally about their necks. There was no remedy by appeal; "and where no such appeal is," says Locke, "as in the state of nature, far want of positive laws, and judges with authority to appeal to, the state of war once begun, continues, with a right to the innocent party to destroy the other whenever he can, until the aggressor offers peace, and desires reconciliation on such terms as may repair any wrongs he has already done, and secure the innocent for the future; nay, where an appeal to the law and constituted judges lies open, but the remedy is denied by a manifest perverting of justice, and a barefaced wresting of the laws, to protect or indemnify the violence or injuries of some men, or party of men, there it is hard to imagine any thing but a state of war. For wherever violence is used, and injury done, though by hands appointed to administer justice, it is still violence and injury, however coloured with the name, pretences, or forms of law, the end whereof being to protect and redress the innocent, by an unbiassed application of it, to all who are under it; wherever this is not *bona fide* done, war is made upon the sufferers, who having no appeal on earth to right them, they are left to the only remedy in such cases, an appeal to heaven."

The Catholics were deprived unjustly of their property, and by force without right; for "the supreme power," says Locke, "cannot take from any man any part of his property without his own consent. For the preservation of property being the end of government, and that for which men enter into society, it necessarily supposes and requires, that the people should have property, without which they must be supposed to lose that, by entering into society, which was the end for which they entered into it; too gross an absurdity for any man to own. Men therefore in society having property, they have such a right to the goods, which by the law of the community are theirs, that nobody hath a right to take their substance, or any part of it, from them, without their own consent; without this they have no property at all. For I have truly no property in that which another can by right take from me when he pleases, against my consent

Hence it is a mistake, that the supreme or legislative power of any commonwealth, can do what it will, and dispose of the estates of the subjects arbitrarily, or take any part of them at pleasure."

And again, "but government, into whatsoever hands it is put, being, as I have before shewed, intrusted with this condition, and for this end, that men might have and secure their properties, the prince or senate, however it may have power to make laws, for the regulating of property, between the subjects one amongst another, yet can never have a power to take to themselves the whole, or any part of the subjects' property, without their own consent."

"For all power given with trust for the attaining an end, being limited by that end, whenever that end is manifestly neglected, or opposed, the trust must necessarily be forfeited, and the power devolve into the hands of those that gave it, who may place it anew where they shall think best for their safety and security. And thus the community perpetually retains a supreme power of saving themselves from the attempts and designs of any body, even of their legislators, whenever they shall be so foolish, or so wicked, as to lay and carry on designs against the liberties and properties of the subject. For no man, or society of men, having a power to deliver up their preservation, or consequently the means of it, to the absolute will and arbitrary dominion of another; whenever any one shall go about to bring them into such a slavish condition, they will always have a right to preserve, what they have not a right to part with; and to rid themselves of those, who invade this fundamental, sacred, and unalterable law of self-preservation, for which they entered into society."

The same author states that "in all states and conditions, the true remedy of force without authority, is to oppose force to it. The use of force without authority always puts him that uses it into a state of war, as the aggressor, and renders him liable to be treated accordingly."

Although the foregoing might be sufficient, I must give another extract from this celebrated Protestant essay. "The reason," says the author, "why men enter into society is the preservation of their property; and the end why they choose and authorise a legislative is, that there may be laws made and rules set, as guards and fences to the properties of all the members of the society, to limit the power and moderate the dominion of every part and member of the society. For since it can never be supposed to be the will of the society, that the legislative should have a power to destroy that which every one designs to secure by entering into society, and for which the people submitted themselves to legislators of their own making; whenever the legislators endeavour to take away and destroy the property of the people, or to reduce them to slavery under arbitrary power, they put themselves into a state of war with the people, who are thereupon dissolved from any farther obedience, and are left to the common refuge which God hath provided for all men against force and violence. Whenever therefore the legislative shall transgress this fundamental rule of society, and, either by ambition, fear, folly, or corruption, endeavour to grasp themselves, or put into the hands of any other, an absolute power over the lives, liberties, and estates of

*the people ; by this breach of trust they forfeit the power the people had put into their hands for quite contrary ends, and it devolves to the people, who have a right to resume their original liberty, and, by the establishment of a new legislative, such as they shall think fit, provide for their own safety and security, which is the end for which they are in society."*

From all this it is quite obvious that the British Catholics, at the time which matured the Gunpowder Plot, were in a state of war with their oppressors, and that they were justified in appealing to arms, if they considered that mode of seeking redress eligible. "When the people," says Locke, "are made miserable, (and the Catholics were, Heaven knows, made miserable enough,) and find themselves exposed to the ill usage of arbitrary power, cry up their governors as much as you will for sons of Jupiter, let them be sacred and divine, descended or authorised from heaven ; give them out for whom or what you please, the same will happen. The people, generally ill-treated, and contrary to right, will be ready upon any occasion to ease themselves of a burthen that sits heavy upon them. They will wish and seek for the opportunity, which, in the change, weakness, and accidents of human affairs, seldom delays long to offer itself."

Elsewhere he says, "As there can be none (a common judge) between the legislative and the people, should either the executive, or the legislative when they have got the power in their hands, design, or go about to enslave or destroy them ; the people have no other remedy in this, as in all other cases where they have no judge on earth, but to appeal to heaven. For the rulers, in such attempts, exercising a power the people never put into their hands, (who can never be supposed to consent that any body should rule over them for their harm) do that which they have not a right to do. And where the body of the people, or any single man, is deprived of their right, or is under the exercise of a power without right, and have no appeal on earth, then they have a liberty to appeal to heaven, whenever they judge the cause of sufficient moment. And therefore though the people cannot be judge, so as to have by the constitution of that society any superior power, to determine and give effective sentence in the case ; yet they have, by a law antecedent and paramount to all positive laws of men, reserved that ultimate determination to themselves which belongs to all mankind, where there lies no appeal on earth, viz. to judge, whether they have just cause to make their appeal to heaven. And this judgment they cannot part with, it being out of a man's power so to submit himself to another, as to give him a liberty to destroy him ; God and nature never allowing a man so to abandon himself, as to neglect his own preservation : and, since he cannot take away his own life, neither can he give another power to take it. Nor let any one think, this lays a perpetual foundation for disorder ; for this operates not, till the inconvenience is so great that the majority feel it, and are weary of it, and find a necessity to have it amended."

Locke's ideas of *our duty* in time of war are very comprehensive. "The state of war," says he, "is a state of enmity and destruction, and therefore declaring by word or action, not a passionate and hasty, but a sedate settled design, upon another man's life, puts him

in a state of war with him against whom he has declared such an intention, and so has exposed his life to the other's power, to be taken away by him, or any that joins with him in his defence, and espoused his quarrel; it being reasonable and just I should have a right to destroy that which threatens me with destruction. For by the fundamental law of nature, man being to be preserved, as much as possible, when all cannot be preserved, the safety of the innocent is to be preferred. And one may destroy a man who makes war upon him, or has discovered an enmity to his being, for the same reason, that he may kill a wolf or a lion; because such men are not under the ties of the common law of reason, have no other rule, but that of force and violence, and so may be treated as *beasts of prey*, those dangerous and noxious creatures that will be sure to destroy him whenever he falls into their power."

The design of James's government upon the Catholics was sedate, settled, and deliberate; they sought their destruction.

So far John Locke, one of the greatest of Protestant authorities. I shall now refer to others, and prove, I. That the Protestant religion does not disapprove of the Gunpowder Treason, although the Book of Common Prayer does. II. That the conspirators were justified in their mode of proceeding. And III. that Catesby,\* from all appearances, was a *genuine patriot*. I would have no one think slightly of this subject; in it are involved principles of vital importance, as I shall prove before I conclude it.

ROCK.

#### THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

(Continued from page 152.)

THE King soon after invaded Normandy, "It was on the 14th of October, 1107, that the English army, under the command of the King, sat down before the Castle of Tinchebray, then held by Robert de Belesme for the Duke of Normandy. This was the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Hastings, and of the day (his last birth-day) on which King Harold had lost his kingdom and his life. The sun had not risen above an hour when the King's forces came in sight of the Castle, and found that the fortress was not left to its own resources, but that Duke Robert had arrived before them with a numerous army to its relief, which occupied a strong position in advance of it. 'Seest thou this?' said a Knight in black armour, riding up to the King, and showing him his shield, which bore the marks of many a lance and arrow upon its disk. 'Who art thou, friend,' asked the King, 'who hast so many times intruded thyself upon my notice, since our embarkation from England? I would not willingly disparage thy prowess, although I know thee not; but I doubt not there are five hundred in my army who are as good as thou, and who are as much entitled to assume

\* Mr. Andrews, in a late "Truth-teller," promises to prove, in his review of Fox, that the Gunpowder Treason originated with Cecil. He shall either eat these words, or be held up once more by me, as an object for the slow unmoving finger of scorn to point at. I promised to prove that his review of Fox abounds with errors—with blunders in dozens—and I will fulfil my promise when the work is concluded. He knows well, I never asserted that which I could not prove. All, therefore, who are concerned will suspend their judgment until the proper time for redeeming my promise.

these airs of familiarity with me.' 'It matters not,' replied the Knight; 'but this shield guarded this arm at Hastings, and neither arm nor shield has since, until this day, been again exhibited in the field: then I fought against the Normans, and they conquered England; now, I fight against them again this day, and by God's good grace will assist thee in conquering Normandy.' 'Thou seemest a stalwart and vigorous knight,' said the King, 'and thy appearance but ill accords with thy assertion, that thou borest arms nearly half a century ago. However, Heaven pardon thee, if thou utterest untruths, and visit not our cause with the punishment due to thy falsehoods! There are now other matters that demand my attention too imperiously to allow me to listen any longer to thy prating.' "

The Black Knight performed prodigies of valour, and ultimately struck the Duke of Normandy from his saddle, "The clamour of the battle instantly ceased. The Normans threw down their arms—some fled, some were butchered upon the spot, and four hundred knights and ten thousand soldiers were taken prisoners. 'Brother,' said King Henry, approaching the place where the Duke stood in the custody of his captors; 'you have put us to some cost and trouble in coming over here to answer your courteous message; nevertheless it were ungrateful in us, seeing the result, to grudge either. Since, however, it may not be quite as convenient in future to answer your messages, we have resolved to place you nearer our royal person; Cardiff Castle is not so troublesome a distance from our palace as Tinchebray. 'I am your prisoner, Henry,' said the Duke, moodily, 'and must submit to the will of Heaven. Do with me as you please: the curse which our father provoked when he invaded a peaceful kingdom is upon me.' But where is the Black Knight?" asked the King "our gallant deliverer, to whom the glorious success of this day is so mainly attributable?" 'He stands yonder,' said a page, pointing to the left of the King, 'and is, I fear me, grievously hurt, for he pants for breath, and seems scarcely able to support his tottering weight.' 'Approach, valiant Sir,' said the King; 'I trust that you have sustained no hurt which a skillful leech will not know how to treat?' 'I am not hurt,' said the Knight, 'but my days are numbered. I have lived to see this day; it is enough, and now would I depart in peace.'

"The Knight's voice seemed strangely altered: during the battle its stentorian tones had been heard all over the field, but now it was feeble and tremulous. 'Unbar his visor,' said the King; 'surely I have heard that voice before.'

"The Knight's visor was unbarred, and revealed to the wondering eyes of the King and his attendants the features of the Monk of St. John. 'Did not I tell thee, O King! that at my third visit the third event which I had prophesied, the conquest of Normandy, should come to pass before we parted?' 'True, holy Father,' said the King; 'and thou hast proved thyself the apostle of truth.' 'I said, too,' added the Monk, and his features changed, and his voice grew more tremulous than ever, as he spake, 'that when we did part, we should part for ever. Yet I have something for thy ear, and for the ears of the knights and barons who surround thee, which I would not willingly leave the world without disclosing.' 'Support him,' said the King; 'he is falling!' and two pages hastened to the assistance of the Monk,

whose strength was gradually falling him. 'Speak out, old man!' said the King; 'who and what art thou?' 'This,' said the Monk, 'is the eightieth anniversary of my birth, and the fortieth of my perilous fall and the fall of my country; but, blessed be Heaven! my country has retrieved that fall; and I at last can die in peace.' 'Reveal thy name,' said the King, 'for as yet thou speakest riddles.' 'My name!' said the old man, and the stentorian strength of his voice seemed to return as he uttered it, 'is HAROLD—Harold the Saxon—Harold the King—Harold the Conquered!'

"A bitter groan burst from his heart as he pronounced the last epithet; and he hung down his head for a moment.

"The King and his attendants gazed with the intensest interest on the man who they had thought had been so long numbered with the dead. Even the captive Robert forgot his own misfortunes in the presence of his father's once powerful opponent. Harold at length seemed to overcome his emotion, and gazed once more on the assembled princes and barons. 'King of England!' he said, rearing up his stately form, and extending his hands over the Monarch's head, 'Be thou blessed! thou hast restored the ancient race to the throne; and thou hast conquered the country of the proud Conqueror. Thy reign shall be long and prosperous; thou shalt beget monarchs, in whose veins shall flow the pure stream of Saxon blood; and ages and generations shall pass away, yet still that race shall sit upon the throne of England.'

"His voice faltered—his eyes grew dim—his uplifted arms fell powerless to his sides—and he sunk a lifeless corpse into the arms of the attendants."\*

Mr. Neale has scattered through these volumes some pretty poetry; the following is a fair specimen:—

THE FORESTER'S SONG.

"We are warriors gallant and true,  
But our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears  
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's halloo,  
And the blood that we shed is the deer's;  
And the greenwood tree  
Is our armoury,  
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.

We sleep not the sun's light away,  
Nor shame with our revels the moon,  
But we chase the fleet deer at the break of day,  
And we feast on his haunches at noon;  
While the greenwood tree  
Waves over us free,  
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.

We drink not the blood-red wine,  
But our nut-brown ale is good,  
For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,  
While the rough wind, our chorister rude,

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\* "Knighton, from Giraldus Cambrensis, asserts that Harold was not slain at the battle of Hastings, but that escaping he retired to a cell near St. John's Church, in Chester, and died there an anchorite, as was owned by himself in his last confession which he made when dying, and in memory whereof, his tomb was shown when Knighton wrote. The same story is told by a contemporary, Eadmer, whom Malmebury styles 'an historian to be praised for his sincerity and truth.'"



Through the greenwood tree  
 Whistles jollily,  
 And the oak leaves dance to his minstrelsy.  
 To the forest then, merry men all,  
 Our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,  
 For our only war-cry is the huntsman's call,  
 And the blood that we shed is the deer's;  
 And the greenwood tree  
 Is our armoury,  
 And of broud oak leaves our garlands be."

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 ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.—NO. III.
 

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 THE CELTS—EARLY CIVILIZATION OF IRELAND.
 

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In the last chapter I proved that the Celts preceded the Goths in Europe; that they are a marked race, easily distinguished from their ferocious conquerors, and that their hereditary feebleness arose from their superior civilization. Pinkerton denominates the Celts 'Savages,' 'a people incapable of improvement;' the reverse, however, is and was the case, as history, physiology, and philology, will prove.

The Pelasgi or Æolic Greeks were Celts. There cannot be a doubt of this: they were a dark, sallow, black-haired people; they continue in Greece still, bearing about them as many marks of a Celt as the Connaught Mountaineers. Herodotus distinctly states that the Pelasgian was a different language from the Hellenic Greek. Llwyd says, that Celtic was spoken by the Osci, Læstrigones, Sabines, Umbrians, and Ausonians, and these were Pelasgi, or the same people; for they are described as a Grecian colony; this was not true; they existed in Italy before the Pelasgi colonized Greece. That the Æolians were Celts, is also proved from the Celtic found in the Greek language, it abounds in Pelasgic words: its grammar is Gothic: there were two languages: there must have been two people: the Hellenic Greeks were Goths; they were the conquerors of Troy; they were the 'well limbed'—not 'well booted'—race described by Homer. Achilles was a Goth. This race never could have begot the dark, small, black-eyed, black-haired, Mainotes, and the other people who are at the present day found in Greece. Strabo says all beyond the Isthmus, except the Megarians, Athenians, and Dorians, were called Æolians, and these were the Pelasgi. All Peloponnesus was Celtic.

There are other proofs of the Pelasgi being Celts: their alphabet was that of the Phenecians—of the Irish: and Herodotus tells us the Greeks first used the Phenecian letters, or those of Cadmus. He saw them engraved upon the tripods in the temple of Apollo at Thebes. They did not receive this alphabet till 1045 before Christ; hence it must have been Pelasgic—as the Pelasgi were the prior colony, as we learn from Pausanias and Dionysus, of Halicarnassus. Plato remarks that the Greeks had many barbarous words which he supposes were Phrygian: and, as the Trojans were Celts, these words might be traced either in the Phrygian or Pelasgic language.

Let us now turn to a still more civilized people, the aborigines of

Italy : these were Celts : they were thought to be a Grecian colony, so identified were they by language and appearance with the Pelasgians ; but they had an earlier origin,\* they were the same people from a common source. Polybius proves that the Celts settled in Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic, and we learn from him that the original language of Rome was Celtic ; it differed so much from that spoken in his time that it could not be understood : he hints that he could not understand the treaty of Carthage in 505. The *d*, like *dh* in Irish, was dormant. The Celtic words found in the Latin were therefore taken from the Etruscan and not from the Greek ; it might, however, have been from the latter, but is not probable ; considering that the noble youth of Rome were sent to Etruria for education, and Livy assures us that his countrymen were taught that language formerly as they were taught Greek in his time ; it seems to have been spoken in Rome in the Augustan age. This language was Celtic : it was Pelasgian : some of the ancients bring the Etrurians from Greece, others suppose that Etruria sent colonies to Greece : the last conjecture is not improbable, while it proves that the Etrurians and Pelasgians were one people : that they were Celts.

One thing is certain : the Etrurians were the most polished people of antiquity, they taught the Arts and Sciences to Greece. Thucydias asserts that Greece was in a state of comparative barbarism when Etruria was a polished nation. Marcus Flavius, according to Pliny, brought 2000 statues from Bolsena to Rome, in 489 before Christ. The prejudice of the moderns in favour of the name of Greece has done great injustice to Etruria : the one was taught by the other and though history were silent ; the Etruscan vases would bear ample testimony to the early progress of these people in the arts of civilization.

Thus the Etrurians were civilized Celts : they spoke the Celtic tongue, and perhaps not very different from the ancient language of Ireland ; whether this be so or not, it proves, at all events, that the Celts were neither "savages" nor a "people incapable of improvement." Pinkerton was a foul libeller : how could he overlook the early Italians, the Carthaginians, the Phenicians, and the Turdani of Strabo ? The Jews, too, were Celtic : they were affiliated to the Pagans of Palestine, and hence their frequent aberrations into the surrounding idolatry.

Having now proved that the Celts were a highly civilized people, we must turn our thoughts to Ireland. That the first colony which landed there was Celtic is easily proved. The language survives them to prove it : the number of letters in their alphabet proves that they were the same people who colonised Greece and Italy : who flourished as Carthaginians and Phenicians. That they brought letters with them, is demonstrable in the fact that their alphabet existed 1500 years before Christ : and this circumstance goes a great way in proving that the colony emigrated directly from the east. Where it came from is now useless to enquire—perhaps from some oriental city, the site of which is no longer discoverable—

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\* Dionysius Halicarnassus says, they possessed a great part of Italy, 1500 A. C. when the Pelasgi settled in Greece.

perhaps from—, but it is vain to conjecture. All we know for certain, is, that they brought letters with them, and, consequently, that they must have been a civilized people; that they spoke a polished language which subsequently became a sancrit—a classic tongue, known only to the learned of the country—very unlike that which is now called the Irish language. I shall prove this by and by.

In the mean time it may be asked—it has been asked by Ledwich, and very absurd conclusions have been drawn from it—where are the memorials in Ireland of early civilization? To this it may be replied that the absence of monuments does not prove a prior barrenness—a want of civilization in the former inhabitants of the country. “We have no right,” ~~says a modern author,~~ “to conclude that, because we cannot discover them, they never possessed any: since the want of records is not a proof. Mexico is a recent example in point. The very traces of an ancient civilized empire are vanished. Had the Spaniards been the Goths, had the æra been the first century, we should now have known no more of the Mexicans than of the Western Celts. But the conquerors of America who saw, could also write; the Celts of Britain had no Clavigero in their enemies. The examples are endless. Had it not been for the Sacred writers, we should never have known, even the names of the Syrian tribes which the Israelites exterminated. Asia is full of the remains of people, respecting whom we can scarcely conjecture. The Scythians, at some points, both of ancient time and of place, were a highly civilized people. Greece itself borrowed from them; but it is only by the most incidental records that we know it. This is the apology for the history of Abaris and the Hyperboreans. Much has been lost, unquestionably; but, in this and similar cases, while we admit the general fact, we have no right to invent our own solutions. The history of early Egypt is preserved in its pyramids alone. They happened to be indestructible. Almost all else must be sought in foreign writers; since, like the Celts, it has not recorded in letters, its own strength and fame. Had the Architecture of Egypt been that of modern Britain, putty and paste, brick, and chalk, and sand, had its funereal usages resembled our own, had there been no Moses, no Herodotus, no Greece, no Rome, the Nile would now have been known but as the child of barren rocks and burning sands, the parent of Crocodiles, and Plague, and Papyrus, of marshes and Mamelukes, and misery. Chaldea, Assyria, Phenicia, admit of almost similar remarks. It was Rome that preserved Carthage for us: Troy must be sought in Homer. The history of the splendour of Etruria, has been slenderly preserved by the notices of hostile writers. Yet, like pristine Egypt, it has also handed down to us the history of its arts in its works: but, unlike that wonderful country, in the most fragile of materials, in records unexpectedly immortal. Pottery, medals, stone, lime, clay, rubbish, rust, and dirt, those are the historians of Nations; in those we must almost seek, even for Babylon the Great, the Queen of the world.”

But the early inhabitants of Ireland have left behind them records of their civilization; of their acquaintance with an art which bespeaks a great progress in any people—that of architecture. Coeval with it must have flourished other arts—all the useful arts;

and, as their architectural remains seem to have been devoted to religion, it is not improbable that the more ornamental acquirements of civilization were also called into requisition by faith and zeal—by idolatry or Druidism. All I contend for is ; that what is probable, may be true.

The nature of these records, and the proofs of their antiquity, in the next chapter.

#### THE REVELATIONS OF LA SŒUR NATIVITÉ.

As Dr. Southey has, in the last "Quarterly Review," returned to his attack upon the Catholic church, under a pretence of reviewing this French work, it may not be uninteresting to make a few remarks upon the subject. Before I enter upon the question of visions or revelations, I shall put the reader in possession of the facts of the case, as it now stands between the reviewer and the Catholics.

The "Quarterly Review" for March last, contained an article on the "Revelation of *Sœur Nativité*," to which Mr. Charles Butler replied in an able pamphlet. To this Dr. Southey put in a rejoinder, in the form of a long article in the last "Quarterly," filled with vulgar diatribes against Popery and personal abuse of Mr. Butler.

*Sœur Nativité* was formerly a lay sister in a convent at Fougères, near the city of Rennes, in Brittany. "Before the year 1790, Jesus Christ," says Mr. Butler, "by her account, appeared to her several times, made known to her the calamities which, some years afterwards, were to desolate the kingdom of France, and even foretold to her the death of Louis XVI. He also favoured her with visions of the states of the blessed and the reprobate; made to her several other spiritual communications of great importance, and directed her, in the fullness of time, to publish them to the world. She had been taught to read, but could not write. She, therefore, communicated some of these revelations, by dictation, to Abbe Genet, her director, and he committed them to the press; the others were sold after her death to a bookseller, and he afterwards printed them. The writer in the 'Quarterly Review' pronounces her works to contain both some ridiculous and some abominable passages, and charges them on the whole Roman Catholic Church."

"We are informed," says the writer in the "Quarterly Review," "by the editor, or rather author, the Abbe Genet, that—This work has been examined in manuscript, by more than an hundred profound theologians, and more particularly in London, to wit, by seven or eight (Roman Catholic) bishops and archbishops, twenty or thirty vicars general of different dioceses, doctors and professors of theology in different universities, abbés, authors of various highly esteemed works, and more than four-score cures, rectors and other priests, English as well as French, equally distinguished for their piety and their learning.

"All had desired to see it published; many declared that they had perused it with the greatest pleasure and the greatest edification, and had been more affected by it than by any other book or production whatsoever; many had transcribed it to serve for their habitual meditations; but the extraordinary nature of the work did not permit

them to give, with the official sanction of their names, the high eulogium which they had passed upon it in private, both by writing, and by word of mouth. Mr. Genet highly approves this caution. Nevertheless, he has favoured us with some of their approbations. Doctor Douglas, he tells us, then titular Bishop of London, not understanding the French language sufficiently to form a judgment for himself, deputed the task to certain of his clergy, and among others, to the Rev. Mr. (now Doctor) Milner, who signified his opinion in these words:—‘The production, *on the whole*, appears to me very wonderful, for its sublimity, energy, copiousness, learning, orthodoxy and piety. Hence I have no doubt of its producing great spiritual profit to many souls, whenever you shall think proper to give it to the public.’ And again,—‘I cannot speak too highly of the sublimity and affecting piety of these Revelations in general.’ And again,—‘When you see our good friend, (Mr. Genet,) present my respectful compliments to him, and tell him how desirous I was of seeing him, when I was the other day at Somer’s Town. It is impossible that you, or any other person, should have a greater veneration for *the Revelations* of his spiritual daughter, than I have; or be more anxious to see them in print, for the edification of the good, and the conversion of the wicked.’

“So far Dr. Milner, *alias* John Merlin.—Mr. Rayment, another English priest, *très distingué par ses connaissances théologiques*, in the Province of York, translated the manuscript into English, and said he would not exchange the translation for a library. Mr. Hodgson, Dr. Douglas’s Vicar General, called it a work of infused theology. And the Reverend *Father Bruning*, an English Jesuit, speaks of it thus: ‘May I add, *on the whole*, were Scripture no more, and all the most valuable treatises of instructive, moral, doctrinal and theological science, no more to be met with in other books, they might all be recovered in this one, and with interest beyond.’ *The Abbe Baruel* also appears among the persons who have given it their sanction; he being one of the divines to whom the Abbe Genet was most desirous of communicating it when in manuscript.

“‘The more I read it,’ says this well known author, ‘the more I find it edifying and admirable, and the more I discover in it something more than human. I see in it a thousand things which I had never seen elsewhere; and it affects me more than any other book. I make it my most ordinary meditation, and I hope that God will make use of it for my conversion and my spiritual advancement. Recommend me, I entreat you, to the prayers of your nun.’ And he adds, ‘Were we bringing these impious frauds to light from such canonized legends as those of the *Blessed Margaret of Cortona*, *St. Ida of Louvain*, the *blessed Columba* and others, for whom their directors and accomplices, the *Abbe Genets* of former ages, have succeeded in obtaining a place in the Romish Kalendar, it would be said they occurred in dark ages, and must be imputed to ignorance and credulity;—but this is of our own times; it is a new piece from the old manufactory; a sample of that perpetual succession of miracles, to which the Romanists appeal, as evincing theirs to be the true Church; a proof of that perpetual succession of impostures, with which the reformed churches reproach the Church of Rome.’”

To this Mr. Butler replies, that the Catholic Church is not accountable for any excesses, whatever they may be, of Sister Nativité, and that her Revelations have not been generally approved of. A Paris divine, in answer to Mr. Butler's inquiries on the subject, states, that "he had spoken with many persons, who were well acquainted with the sentiments of the clergy of France, upon M. Genet and the Sœur Nativité:" that, "they all agreed in stating;—1st, that Mr. Genet was a very credulous, indiscreet, and ignorant ecclesiastic;—2d, that his work neither possessed nor merited any degree of authority or consideration;—3d, and that its circulation among the people was confined to the neighbourhood in which Sister Nativité lived."—The "*Ami de la Religion et du Roy*," says Mr. Butler, "has long had, and at this time has the most extensive circulation of any ecclesiastical journal in France. It favours the *ancien régime* both in ecclesiastical and temporal concerns, so much, that some of the *liberales* have termed the author of it, an *ultra*."

"In No. 505, the Journalist has inserted a letter from the *Abbe Barruel*, whom Mr. Genet cites as one of the admirers of 'the Revelations:—In this letter, the Abbe informs the Journalist, 'that, in the first edition of the work, (particularly the notes to it), he saw many things which were not in the copy, which he had received from the *Abbe Genet*.' Two of these, he specifies; and declares the doctrines contained in them to be *erroneous*. He intimates a doubt, whether the passages he refers to, were in the copies circulated in England. He notices a suspicion, (which was entertained by some), that the whole work was a fiction of the Abbe. He satisfactorily proves the contrary. He says, the talent of the Abbe did not rise above mediocrity; and that he, the Abbe Barruel, had, upon this account, dissuaded the Abbe Genet from publishing some little works composed by him, foreseeing that they would meet with no success. He notices some passages published by the printer, of which the Abbe Genet had no knowledge. 'If they had been transmitted to the Abbe Genet, he would have found,' says the Abbe Barruel, 'that they contained the same spirit; but many things that ought to have been retrenched, many that required to be turned into French; for the work of the Sister, so elevated in some places, is sometimes,' says Abbe Barruel, 'as low as that of a person who can scarcely read, and who has never learned to write; which,' continues the Abbe Barruel, 'is the testimony which I think it incumbent upon me to give, respecting the author and editor of a production, containing things singular and difficult to explain, but some that may serve for the edification of its readers; and which have even excited the surprise of theologians.'"

The editor of this journal elsewhere comments upon the Revelations of Sister Nativité. "He mentions, in terms of praise, the spirit of piety which appears in many parts of the Revelations; but intimates, more than doubt, of their divine origination. He contends, that on some points, even the orthodoxy of them is questionable; that they contain some very singular things; that, what the Sister says upon the subject of marriage, comes with singular impropriety from the mouth of a nun; that her expressions sometimes savour of the quietism of Fenelon; that the contrary of what she predicted sometimes

took place; that notwithstanding her general humility, a little self-complacency and vanity are sometimes discoverable in her writings; that the Abbe *Article*, and all the sister's *subsequent confessors*, till she met with the Abbe Genet, opposed her publishing her Revelations: that it was contrary to the Sister's own injunctions, that the Abbe Genet published them, and that the *Abbe Fajole*, grand vicar of the diocese of Rennes, and therefore possessing ecclesiastical jurisdiction over Abbe Genet, had enjoined him not to publish them.

"An abridgement of the Revelations having been published, the editor of the '*Ami de la Religion et du Roi*,' (in No. 805,) censured it in the severest terms. He concludes his critique, by observing, that, 'sometimes the Sœur Nativite had very elevated thoughts;' that sometimes 'she descended to particulars rather minute; to interpretations which appear forced; to expressions which may be found inexact; that one is sometimes surprised at the theology with which the work abounds; but that this theology sometimes also appears to be defective;' and that 'some singular traits afford ground for apprehension, that imagination played its part in some of the Revelations, and particularly in the multitude of her dreams.'"

(*To be continued.*)

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#### THE REFORMATION IN SOMER'S TOWN.

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"A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But to convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as *sacred* as any thing that he retains—there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting."

DR. JOHNSON.

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THE process by which a bad Catholic is transmuted into a good Protestant appears, from the novelty of the thing, to be but imperfectly understood by the pious alchemists of Somer's Town. To assist the congregation a printed paper was distributed, containing the interrogations put to, and the responses *to be* returned, by the convert; as well as some devout prayers to be repeated on the happy occasion. When the time approached for receiving the prodigal into the capacious bosom of Protestantism much anxiety was manifested: there was an apparent rush in spite of the obstructions of pews and forms; ladies extended their pretty necks; the men stood upon tiptoe; and the bonneted fair in the gallery reminded me much of stunted trees on the sea-shore—their head gear uniformly pointed one way. That nothing might be lost for want of being heard, Mr. Judkin, the officiating minister, spoke with sufficient loudness, but the responses were returned in a timid, hesitating, and inaudible tone. Although only removed a few yards from the communion-table, I could not catch the sound of the convert's voice, and I was certainly at no loss to appreciate the nature of his feelings. Habits of thinking are nearly the last to be eradicated; opinions founded on obvious truths cannot be shook off at pleasure; and, however apparent the conformity may be, the inner man refuses to coincide with the

violence done the conscience by the accents of the tongue. The war of feeling that must have raged within the conforming priest at Somer's Town, rendered him, no doubt, supremely happy. In casting off the slough of a slavish superstition, however, he did not appear highly delighted; he looked very like a man that was doing something to be ashamed, rather than to be proud of. Perhaps he was sincere; be it so, the fact would speak but little in favour of his intelligence: no intellectual man ever abandoned Catholicism for the Protestant church.

The sermon was preached by Mr. Judkin; he has a good delivery, an agreeable voice, and an earnestness which bespeaks a zealous sincerity. Unfortunately, however, the matter was very inferior to the manner, for the reverend orator commenced by a statement totally at variance with truth. He asserted that Christianity made its way against the interests of mankind, the wishes of the poor, and the very feelings of human nature. This was *not* the case. Christianity recommended itself to the world by its superior adaptation to all these. So far from its being opposed to the wishes or interests of the poor, it appealed directly to the natural feelings of the human heart—it coincided with the idea which even the poor Pagan *must* have entertained of what religion ought to be; inasmuch as no creed ever found extensive credence amongst the bulk of mankind which did not inculcate rigid morality, great austerity, unbounded love and charity; and point out this world as only probationary to that which is to be the reward of goodness and virtue. This little fact will account for the small and inconstant hold which Protestantism has on the poor: they escape from it as soon as possible; and it is somewhat singular that those sects are most numerous which approximate most closely to Catholicism in those austere tenets which are most conformable to the feelings of the human heart. An English Divine wrote a book some time ago to prove that a similitude existed between Catholicity and Methodism; most of his comparisons are forced in the extreme, but in many things he is right by accident. His arguments, however, lead to conclusions which he never dreamt of in his philosophy; they prove most satisfactorily that Protestantism could not be the religion of Christ, inasmuch as it is a religion neither suited to the wants or feelings of the poor—the great body of every people—those to whom Christ principally directed his discourses. This subject is pregnant with religious and philosophical reflections, but I must not now allow myself to be seduced into it. One observation, however, is necessary; were Mr. Judkin's proposition true, one argument in favour of the divinity of Christ would be destroyed. In adapting his doctrine to the wants and feelings of man every where, and under every circumstance, our Saviour proved his mission, as well as by promulgating doctrines which philosophy must approve of, and which human wisdom never did, and never could have conceived.

After dilating upon his erroneous view of the subject, the preacher branched off to various topics. These he divided and subdivided under so many heads that I had nearly regretted the absence of my nightcap, when, to my great satisfaction, the sermon ended, leaving behind an impression of sound and fury signifying nothing, unless that Papists worshipped images—that the mass was idolatrous, and that



the saints were no better than they ought to be. How the convert must have either *laughed* or *wept*!

The facility with which John Bull is imposed upon by specious schemes for converting Catholics, proves how little people make use of that common sense which God Almighty has endowed them with. Were Protestants to open their mental eyes, and be guided more by facts and less by prejudice, they would soon learn the folly of endeavouring to subvert the religion of their fathers. Since the days of the Reformation there is not an instance on record of a Catholic, at the hour of death—that period of sincerity—seeking a Protestant consolation; whilst thousands of Protestants have, under similar circumstances, earnestly sought to be received into the bosom of the Catholic Church—eagerly sought to participate in those religious rites, which perhaps through life they had contemned, but which they considered necessary and efficacious at the hour of dissolution. Protestants should not overlook this very singular and well-known fact.

Again, compare the converts from Catholicism to Protestantism with those from Protestantism to Catholicism, and what a discrepancy! The established church uniformly expends its holy dew upon the weeds thrown out of the pope's garden; and yet, notwithstanding all her care and allurements, her neophytes do not increase and fructify. Most of them prove exotics; they do not thrive in the new soil, and speedily seek the influence of those hallowed portals which they had abandoned. I do not recollect that Protestants can boast of one convert from our church obviously sincere. Discarded priests, expelled students, and hungry and heedless wretches, make up the catalogue of proselytes; whilst we claim the wise, the learned, the pious, and the good, as *real* converts from Protestantism. The German, literati have embraced Catholicism by dozens; the great historian, who is now throwing new light upon the annals of Rome, and his brother, are converts from Lutheranism. France abounds with similar instances of seekers after truth; and England presents not a few whose talents and virtues are guarantees—were there no others—for their sincerity. Mr. Walker, author of the well-known "*Pronouncing Dictionary*," was a convert from Presbyterianism; and conviction came upon him while he was arguing against the tenets of the Church of Rome. In his younger days, he was a constant speaker at the meetings of a debating society, which met at Coachmaker's Hall. Religion was a frequent subject of discussion; and while Mr. Walker persuaded many to abandon Luther for Calvin, he convinced himself that truth was to be found only in the Church of Rome.\*

Within these few years many learned Protestants have entered our church. Among others, Mr. Digby, author of "*Morus*;" Mr. Best, author of "*Four Years in France*;" Mr. Forster, author of many learned works;† and even the Right. Rev. Dr. Bramstone was once a Protestant. In this imperfect enumeration of highly-gifted converts the Rev. Mr. Mason should not be omitted.

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\* See Prior's "*Life of Burke*."

† This gentleman has just published "*The Circle of the Seasons*," in which is embodied the lives of the most eminent Saints.

## THE REVELATIONS OF LA SŒUR NATIVITÉ.

*(Continued from page 174.)*

WE next come to the opinions expressed by the English Catholic divines. Dr. Douglas declined, being ignorant of the French language, to give any opinion on the Revelations; and Dr. Poynter, his successor, in the London district, declared against the work. He pointed out more than twenty erroneous passages, and desired Messrs. Keating and Co. Catholic booksellers, not to sell some copies which had been sent them from Paris. Dr. Baynes has uniformly declared against these revelations. Dr. Gibson never read them. Dr. Smith, his successor, has never intimated any opinion in their favor. "Dr. Milner's approbation of them," says Mr. Butler, "has been mentioned; but we are not in possession of the whole of the letter which contains it. It is probable that Doctor Milner suggested in it, some retrenchments or alterations;—or made some objections. In the first line of the extract of his letter, which has been published, he says, 'The production *upon the whole* appears to me very wonderful.' These words,—*upon the whole*,—evidently show that his approbation was not unqualified, and that some things remained to be cleared up.

"In respect to the testimonies of *Mr. Brunning*, *Mr. Hodgson*, and *Mr. Rayment*;—the two first of these gentlemen are dead. In what terms, or what extent, *Mr. Hodgson* expressed his approbation of them, is not fully known. The encomiastic terms in which *Mr. Brunning* expresses himself of these Revelations cannot be defended; they will not surprise those who were acquainted with him. A more honourable or kind-hearted man never existed; but his opinions had little or no weight.—He also only approves them, as Doctor Milner did, *upon the whole*.

"With respect to *Mr. Rayment*, the present writer has ascertained that, when he wrote the letter, an extract of which has been printed by the Abbe Genet, he had seen *a part only* of the work; that he recommended changes and retrenchments; that he translated *some pages only* of it—and those merely for his own use; that he communicated his translation to very few; and that he never authorised the Abbe Genet to make the use he did, of his name. The work was strongly condemned by *the Rev. Charles Plawden*, the superior of the Catholic college, at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire.

"It remains to be added, that the *Most Rev. Dr. Murray*, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has expressed to the writer, his conviction, 'that the Revelations of Sister Nativité never received the slightest sanction from any clergyman in Ireland';—that, 'he saw, some years ago, a manuscript copy of them';—that, 'he did then think, and does now think them wholly unfit for publication';—that, 'he is not aware that any attempt has been made to publish them in that country';—and that, 'if such an attempt had been made, he should have thought himself bound to express his disapprobation of them, in the most explicit manner.'"

In conclusion, Mr. Butler says, "Some readers of these pages may perhaps have seen, 'THE SUBVERSION OF MATERIALISM BY CREDIBLE

ATTESTATIONS OF SUPERNATURAL OCCURRENCES, BY J. DENNIS, B. C. L. PREBENDARY OF THE ROYAL COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF EXETER CASTLE,' published in the present year.

"They may have read, 'the extraordinary NARRATIVE which it contains, and which is authenticated,' as the writer explicitly states, 'IN VERBO SACERDOTIS';—And the accounts of '*Farwell Apparitions, —Supernatural Foretokens—Supernatural Dreams,—Supernatural Warnings,—Apparitions,—Communications,—Resuscitations,—Trances,—Haunted Wretches,—Vindictive Witchcraft,—Infernal Transits,—and Diabolical Apparitions,*' with which the narrative is accompanied.

"Now, this is the work, not of an obscure Nun, immured within the gloom of a convent, but of a Prebendary, who had the advantage of an university education, who mixes with the great and learned, and whose supernatural relations are warranted by several persons of noble families, of the highest respectability.

"Surely it would be the extreme, both of wickedness and folly, to charge this book upon the whole Church of England. Is it not equally unjust, to charge the dreams of the Sœur Nativité upon the whole Roman Catholic Church?"

To this the reviewer rejoins, that so far from the circulation of the work being confined to the neighbourhood in which Sister Nativité lived, the first edition was quickly exhausted, and a new one called for, that an abridgement of it has also been published, and that Dr. Milner's is *not* a qualified approbation, inasmuch as he must have seen them in print, for "he adduces Sister Nativité," says the reviewer, "in the most popular and boasted of his works, as a person in whom the perpetual succession of miraculous gifts, by which the Romanists pretend that their Church is characterized for the true one, is exemplified. This passage we must recall to Mr. Butler's recollection, as it stands in Dr. Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*, a book with which he has shown himself well acquainted. 'Methinks (says the Vicar-General) I hear some of your society thus asking me, —Do you then pretend that your Church possesses the miraculous powers at the present day? I answer—that the Catholic Church, being always the beloved spouse of Christ (Rev. xxi. 9.), and continuing at all times to bring forth children of heroic sanctity, God fails not in this, any more than in past ages, to illustrate her and them by unquestionable miracles. Accordingly, in the processes which are constantly going on, at the Apostolical See, for the canonization of new saints, fresh miracles of a recent date continue to be proved with the highest degree of evidence, as I can testify, from having perused on the spot the official printed account of some of them. For the further satisfaction of your friends, I will inform them that I have had satisfactory proof that the astonishing catastrophe of Louis XVI. and his queen, in being *beheaded on a scaffold*, was foretold by a nun of Fougères, Sœur Nativité, twenty years before it happened.' This passage is transcribed from the last edition of the work in which it stands, printed in 1824, and revised by the author. It is in vain, then, for Mr. Butler to pretend that Dr. Milner gave a qualified approbation of these notable Revelations. He believed, or professed to believe, till the last, that the nun was an inspired prophetess."

The reviewer goes on repeating objections to the "Revelations of Sister Nativité," which Mr. Butler had made before him, and meets the recrimination respecting the Prebend of Exeter, by stating that the book specified is a very curious one—that the writer labours under strong delusions—under aberrations of mind (though an officiating parson!) but that there is no parallel in the case, unless it can be proved that Mr. Dennis's book was approved of by the Dr. Phillpott's, the Bishop of Chester's, and the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplains. Now, as these have not publicly disapproved of it, it is just as reasonable to condemn Protestantism for its absurdities, as to find fault with Catholicism because the Church of Rome has not interdicted the publication of Sister Nativité's Revelation. Oh! but the prebend was disturbed in his intellects; and Mr. Butler is challenged to show that any sane Protestant has ever inflicted any similar production on the world—that any sane Protestant believes in visions, revelations, or supernatural visitations. The answer to this might be made two-fold: first, if proved that Protestantism does not credit the possibility of such things, a charge of infidelity will lie against her; and, secondly, it can be proved that the Church of England has countenanced, and her members written, works of a tendency similar to that of Sister Nativité. Unfortunately, I have neither room nor leisure to go into the subject, which involves, in its inquiries, nothing less than the truth of Divine Revelation, but I will here quote a passage from a Protestant work published in 1820, by Longman and Co. The author is considered perfectly sane: he knows, at all events, what way the "cat jumps," and is a great opponent of popery. Mr. Southey will not surely object to his authority—for, gentle reader, the writer is—MR. SOUTHEY HIMSELF.

Turn to page twenty-one of Southey's "Life of Wesley," and in that and the five succeeding pages you may read a curious narrative of a *supernatural noise*, which was frequently heard in the house of John Wesley's father. The goblin was familiarly called "Old Jeffery," and did far more wonderful things than the *Irish Luprechaun* is supposed to perform. The narrative is too long for insertion here, but Mr. Southey's remarks upon it will at once fully answer my purpose, and refute his own silly sophistry in the "Quarterly Review." They are as follows:—

"An author who in this age relates such a story, and treats it as not utterly incredible and absurd, must expect to be ridiculed; but the testimony upon which it rests is far too strong to be set aside because of the strangeness of the relation. The letters which passed at the time between Samuel Wesley and the family at Epworth, the journal which Mr. Wesley kept of these remarkable transactions, and the evidence concerning them which John afterwards collected, fell into the hands of Dr. Priestly, and were published by him as being 'perhaps the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that is any where extant.' He observes in favour of the story, 'that all the parties seem to have been sufficiently void of fear, and also free from credulity, except the general belief that such things were supernatural.' But he argues, that where no good end was to be answered, we may safely conclude that no miracle was wrought; and he supposes, as the most probable solution, that it was a trick of

the servants, assisted by some of the neighbours, for the sake of amusing themselves and puzzling the family. In reply to this it may safely be asserted, that many of the circumstances cannot be explained by any such supposition, nor by any legerdemain, nor by ventriloquism, nor by any secret of acoustics. The former argument would be valid, if the term miracle were applicable to the case; but by miracle Dr. Priestly evidently intends a manifestation of Divine power, and in the present instance no such manifestation is supposed, any more than in the appearance of a departed spirit. Such things may be preternatural and yet not miraculous: they may be not in the ordinary course of nature, and yet imply no alteration of its laws. And with regard to the good end which they may be supposed to answer, it would be end sufficient if sometimes one of those unhappy persons who, looking through the dim glass of infidelity, see nothing beyond this life, and the narrow sphere of mortal existence, should, from the well-established truth of one such story, (trifling and objectless as it might otherwise appear,) be led to a conclusion that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy.”

Rock.

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THE O AND MAC.

*To Captain Rock, &c. &c.*

SIR,—As you have uniformly declared yourself to be the “least offensive of editors,” and most desirous to avoid uncalled for personalities, I beg to direct your attention to some observations in your last Number, which are eminently at variance with these amiable professions. Speaking of your countrymen resident in London, you say that, “Unlike the Scotchmen, many of them sink the O and Mac as soon as possible; and it is by no means uncommon to find them write Leary, Toole, and Connor. The O is considered superfluous. No doubt there are splendid exceptions, and I only mention the fact, in the hope of securing for such conforming cowards the contempt they merit.”

Without stopping to inquire if all those who write Leary, &c. for whom *you hope to secure contempt*, are actually of Irish birth, I will assume, for my own satisfaction, that at least they are possessed of Irish hearts; if so, however disposed to tolerate this freedom of rebuke in a countryman, their first feeling will be that of indignation for the unflattering contrast with the Scottish character. Why are we thus placed in juxtaposition? What, let me ask, has Ireland in common with Scotland? What community of interest, or of feeling, exists between their sons? None: and, as regards the present question, there is not the least coincidence. The O is utterly unknown in Scotland; and if the Mac has usually been preserved, I am little disposed to attribute this to national feeling, since we know that, in this country at least, it has commonly heralded their way to place and power, to honours and emoluments; to say nothing of the ludicrous figure such names as Macpherson, Macintosh, Mackenzie, or Macleod would present, if reduced to Pherson, Intosh, &c. On the same principle when have we seen the M'Carthys, the M'Namaras, the M'Guirces, or the M'Graths, write Carthy, Namara, &c.

But, to return to the O, I am half persuaded, however romantic the opinion, that none but the chief of our august clan is, in strictness, entitled to assume it. Be this as it may, it has never been the stepping-stone to promotion in the world: and if Irishmen are induced to quit the country of their affections, and become aliens and exiles in a *sister* land, it is because they have seen their families decline, their ancient honours fade from before their view: it is in the hope to repair their broken fortunes: "their poverty, and not their will consents."—What then, if like the prince in the fable, they sheath, the sword of their honour, the eternal O, until a brighter sun shall dawn upon their hopes? "Forget the O," said the immortal Father O'Leary to a namesake, "until you shall write it as large as the turkey's egg."—As yet, I fear, it has suffered no extension.

But there are splendid exceptions! True, the O is a perfect figure, splendid and beautiful to look on; and thousands may delight—it may be, their only delight—to dwell on the contemplation of it. If then it be your privilege, or your pleasure, to hurl gratuitous contempt upon the rest, be assured they will receive it with a kindred feeling.

One word on the subject of your "thrown off" article, in a former Number of the "Dublin and London Magazine." It is insinuated that Mr. Eneas Macdonnell indirectly appropriated this article to himself. As Mr. Macdonnell is absent from the country, it is, perhaps, my duty to declare that I believe the charge to be unfounded; in fact my reason is this. Popular opinion had imputed the article in question to the pen of that gentleman; and it happened, in my presence, that he was complimented on it. On the instant he protested that "he had not written one word of it;" and he requested that those who heard him would, on all occasions, contradict the report in his name. So that, whatever share of envy may justly have resulted from it, I believe that it excited none in the breast of Mr. Eneas Macdonnell. With the other insinuations urged against that gentleman, I have nothing to do; of his transcendent talents and patriotic exertions there can be but one opinion.

With every good feeling, I am, Sir,  
Your constant reader,

AN O'LEARY.

\* \* I have only to remark that I was *not* the author of the article in question; and of course was not responsible for its contents. At the same time, I must say, that "An O'Leary," is greatly mistaken in supposing that there are no O's in Scotland, and that Carthy, &c. is never written without being preceded by a Mac. My countrymen, I admit, are as partial to the laud of their birth, as Scotsmen; but I now repeat what I have frequently said before—that they have a less judicious method of shewing their patriotism. A native of Caledonia is never found in the political or literary market, seeking public sympathy, by the exhibition of national deformities—he does not, beggar-like, create or aggravate wounds, whose festering ugliness begets not pity, but disgust. On the contrary, he claims the world's regard, by dwelling only upon those features of his countrymen's character, which deserve, and are sure of exciting applause and approval; and the consequence is, Scotland has become—what originally she

only pretended to be—a nation distinguished in the republic of letters, in the annals of philosophy, and in all those acquirements which distinguish a people highly civilized.

The Irishman takes a different course, he thinks he cannot sufficiently depreciate the state of Ireland: her peasantry are famishing—they are, according to Mr. Sheil, adepts in murder; and, according to O'Connell, capable, like Jack o'the bottle's Ass, of subsisting upon air. They are slaves, beggars, and every thing that excite disgust and contempt, and nothing that begets feelings of sympathy and regard.

Now, as the world generally regulates its estimation of a people by the opinion which they entertain of themselves, it should follow, of course, that Ireland would be the lowest in the scale of nations were it not for some pure spirits whose worth counteracts the folly of their countrymen. As it is, Irishmen abroad feel the evil effects of the course pursued by our patriots at home, and from this proceeds that conduct which Mr. O'Rourke complained of, for the effect here produces a new cause from which similar effects are re-produced.

Foreigners think meanly of Irishmen, collectively, because Irishmen speak contemptuously of themselves; and individual Irishmen soon fall into the error, and act as if they were ashamed of the land of their birth. Of this Mr. O'Rourke justly complained, and my correspondent does not deny the fact—he attributes it to policy, and hints that the O and Mac may be resumed, like the sword of the Frenchman, under more auspicious circumstances, a solitary tear serving to efface the rust of disuse. The man who could advance this as a palliation of a kind of Irish apostacy, understands but little of ethics, and less of patriotism: his love of country—his pride of ancestry may be sincere; and he might not willingly dispose of both for a pecuniary remuneration. But such a person is aggravating those causes which have made Ireland a by-word; and I can assure my Irish readers that they are doing so foolishly and unnecessarily. Amongst English Protestants there is no prejudice against Oand Mac that is not felt against the brogue generally; and I have uniformly found amongst them a very solemn contempt for those of my countrymen who affect to despise and be ashamed of either Ireland, or the brogue. In fact this affectation prevails solely amongst a certain class of Irishmen. A few days since, a young Irishwoman was selected, her accent was so unobjectionable, by an *English* gentleman for the situation of nursery-maid in the family of a native of France, resident in that country, who was desirous to have a person about his house who could speak English. The poor girl came up from the country for the purpose of having her appointment confirmed by an *Irish Catholic*, who was authorised to do so. This he did not do, because the applicant retained too much of the brogue!!!

This is only one out of ten thousand instances which I could adduce of similar anti-Irish prejudice amongst the "higher orders" of my countrymen, resident in London. The contemplation of such conduct has often filled me with disgust, and I allude to it with regret. The fact, however, is undeniable.

My correspondent mentions that Scotsmen have no necessity to sink

the *Mac*, they are in offices of trust, and emolument. So are Irishmen, and contrary to popular opinion, comparatively as numerous as those who come from the land o'cakes, where there is quite as much individual distress and misery as in the land of bogs.

The kindred feeling with which my correspondent threatens me, will be regarded as a very high compliment. Of Mr. Eneas M'Donnell I shall now say nothing: can the fact stated be denied?

ROCK.

#### O'FLYNN'S LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—SHEA has returned from London, and, I believe, has totally abandoned the muses. Whilst in "England's Babel," with you, he found the atmosphere so cloudy and so thick that he scarcely dared take the pen in hand, and the only pieces he produced whilst in London are six melodies, the most beautiful little gems he ever polished.

A new poet, who assumes the name of "Oberon," has started up as a claimant for the laureateship of Cork: he has considerable genius, but is, as yet, a rough diamond. Possibly, however, when the snow melts on the hills, he may throw off his assumed name, and give to the world, as is expected, some lengthened production, as a meet rival to *Rudekki* or *Zedechias*.

In the enumeration of Cork poets, I have omitted one—CALLANAN, who has recently left Ireland, and is now a denizen of Lisbon; by many he is esteemed superior to SHEA and MEAGHER. At an early age he obtained the prize medal for poetry at Trinity College, Dublin, and has since been a constant writer in some of the magazines > that you may be able to form some opinion of "what is in him," I annex a poem of his.

#### GOUGANE BARRA,

*A beautifully romantic spot where the river Lee takes its rise in the county of Cork.*

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,  
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;  
In deep vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains  
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.  
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow  
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,  
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,  
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.  
And its zone of dark hills—Oh! to see them all brightning,  
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;  
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,  
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;  
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,  
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.  
Oh! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,  
So meet for a bard as this lone little island!

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,  
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,  
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,  
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,  
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together  
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depths of thy heather;  
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,  
And wak'd their last song by the rush of thy water;  
High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling  
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,



Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,  
 I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,  
 And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains,  
 The songs even echo forgot on her mountains,  
 And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping  
 Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty was creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit  
 The fire of the heart, and the wing of thy spirit,  
 With the wrong which like thee to our country has bound me,  
 Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,  
 Still, still in those wilds may young Liberty rally,  
 And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,  
 The star of the West may yet rise in its glory,  
 And the land that was darkest, be brightest in story.  
 I too shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken  
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;  
 Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,  
 When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,  
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,  
 Where calm Avon-Bue seeks the kisses of Ocean,  
 Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river,  
 O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

After reading this, I am inclined to think you will allow CALLANAN  
 entitled to some praise. But my fingers ache, and I must conclude  
 for the present.

Yours, &c. &c.

Fermoy.

PATRICK O'FLYNN.

#### FAREWELL.

V FOR the second and *last* time I bid farewell to the readers of this journal, and I will not affect an indifference I do not feel; for although, in the words of Johnson, I am about applying myself to studies of greater pleasure, and pursuits of greater profit, it is with no small regret I bid adieu to those whose unsolicited support gave a circulation to the former series of this work greater than was ever experienced by any publication devoted to Irish affairs. With the vanity natural to an author, I attributed this to the merit of my writings, and I cannot forego this opinion, although the present series has not experienced all the patronage which I flattered myself it deserved. The language of complaint, however, is not suited to either my habits or disposition; and I am bound in candour to observe, that circumstances unconnected with the sale of the work have rendered it absolutely necessary that it should cease to be published, even before some of the articles introduced could be concluded.

For literary aid I have but few acknowledgments to make, because I received none, if I except the poetical contributions of D. S. L. a student of St. Mary's College, Oscott. I regret that the diffidence, felt only by the highly gifted, refuses me the honour of being the first to announce, at full length, the name of this talented gentleman. Respect for retiring habits, however, cannot prevent me from exulting in the circumstance that my pages have been graced with the effusions of one of whom Ireland must be proud—who is, I am confident, destined to dispute the palm of poesy and patriotism with the most talented of her sons. The pieces inserted under his initials in this work, and in the "Dublin and London Magazine," give abundant indication of talent; and, although still

a minor, he is about to appear before the public as the author of a national poem.

Since the commencement of my literary labours, I have never sacrificed to greatness or to faction; and I regret to have observed that truth has not always been acceptable to my countrymen. Like others, I fear they must be taught as if you taught them not; for sometimes I have felt myself deeply impressed with the truth of the poet's couplet:

"Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land;  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

With the Irish bump "hope," however, prominent in my cranium, I never suffered despair to steal upon me; and, relying upon the influence of the press, I look forward with gladness to visions of greater promise—to times when the intellect of Europe will do justice to Ireland. That time evidently approaches, and nothing is wanted to facilitate its march but a greater diffusion of literary taste among my countrymen. UNTIL THEY READ MORE THEY MUST EXPECT NOTHING BUT NEGLECT OR CALUMNY. All talk about British justice—about Irish suffering—is mere flummery; it will serve no purpose but to sink in deeper degradation those who from the worst policy are already self-degraded. Book-making is a trade, and a very peculiar trade too; the commodity which the author's brain and the publisher's capital produce, must be suited to the market, or both become bankrupt. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will flatter prevailing opinions rather than promulgate new ones; they will hardly ever advocate the cause of those who do not patronise them. Oh! but all this is very wrong! Perhaps not; those who refuse to put the press in motion have no right to profit by its productions. Whether this be true in ethics or not, the press is generally opposed to those who are either actively or inertly opposed to it. What ought to be, is for other worlds; *what is*, is entitled to some consideration in this.

Nothing is more common in Ireland than complaints of literary injustice; and nothing more true than that Ireland is treated by the press with any thing but fair play. In the most popular Encyclopædias she is either neglected altogether, or misrepresented; in statistical works, Irish subjects are omitted or greatly abridged; in biographical publications, the names of her "famous men" are searched for in vain. Into history she hardly finds admission. The reason of all this is obvious: publishers—for publishers not authors decide—know that *Irishmen do not read!* THAT IS THE WHOLE SECRET!

Authors or editors will not willingly insult their readers: *ergo*, were Irishmen or Catholics readers they would neither be insulted or misrepresented. Let them become the patrons of publications, more useful and more respectable than badly conducted newspapers, and they will soon find ample justice done them—but not till then. Until the London publisher finds that he has got vent for his books in Ireland he will remain indifferent about what his authors may say of Irishmen: and authors themselves will continue to deal in palatable falsehoods whilst they run no risk of being exposed by cotemporaries.

It is a humiliating fact that, among the three hundred periodicals of the day, there is not in this country—a single one, devoted to Irish

affairs, since the cessation of the "London and Dublin." That work was suspended for want of support. No one ever denied that it deserved patronage; and it reflects no credit upon the Irish Catholics that it could not find readers. It is in vain to plead poverty: though that is *fudge* often alledged in palliation of indifference to literature in Ireland. The Catholic clergy alone *ought* to have upheld such a publication; they were sufficiently wealthy to do so—they do not want literary taste—they ought to have known that they stood in need of such an advocate. Perhaps the price was too high; and it must be admitted that the "Dublin and London," when published at One Shilling, was amply supported. That consideration has encouraged the publishers to announce the re-appearance of that celebrated magazine. It will, I understand, be under the superintendence of the original editor; and, if I find leisure, I shall occasionally contribute an article during my stay in this country, which cannot now be protracted much longer.

While I continue here, however, I cannot be idle; I must be doing something for the good of Ireland; and, though my reputation at present stands deservedly high, I shall endeavour to connect it with another work, on which I intend to stake my literary character for style, accuracy, and research. I allude to "A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND," upon which I am now engaged.

The following observations precede a notice of Mr. O'Driscoll's "History of Ireland," in the last Number of the "Edinburgh Review:"—

"A good History of Ireland is still a *desideratum* in our literature;—and would not only be interesting, we think, but invaluable. There are accessible materials in abundance for such a history; and the task of arranging them really seems no less inviting than important. It abounds with striking events, and with strange revolutions and turns of fortune—brought on, sometimes by the agency of enterprising men,—but more frequently by the silent progress of time, unwatched and unsuspected, alike by those who were to suffer, and those who were to gain by the result. In this respect, as well as in many others, it is as full of instruction as of interest,—and to the people of this country especially, and of this age, it holds out lessons far more precious, far more forcible, and far more immediately applicable, than all that is elsewhere recorded in the annals of mankind. It is the very greatness of this interest, however, and the dread and encouragement of these applications, that have hitherto defaced and even falsified the record—that have made impartiality almost hopeless, and led alternately to the suppression and the exaggeration of suffering and atrocities too monstrous, it might appear, in themselves, to be either exaggerated or disguised. Party rancour and religious animosity have hitherto contrived to convert what should have been their antidote into their aliment,—and, by the simple expedient of giving only *one* side of the picture, have pretty generally succeeded in making the history of past enormities, not a warning against, but an incitement to, their repetition. In telling the story of these lamentable dissensions, each party has enhanced the guilt of the adversary, and withheld all notice of their own;—and seems to have had it far more at heart to irritate and defy each

other, than to leave even a partial memorial of the truth. That truth is, no doubt, for the most part, at once revolting and pitiable;—not easily, at first, to be credited, and to the last difficult to be told with calmness. Yet it is thus only that it can be told with advantage—and so told, it is pregnant with admonitions and suggestions, as precious in their tenor, as irresistible in their evidence, when once fairly received.”

It is now more than two years since I gave utterance to sentiments similar to these. The bungling and ignorant manner in which all who have written the History of Ireland executed their task, has tended to throw discredit upon every thing connected with Irish antiquity, and to deter foreigners, as well as many natives, from making the history of our country their study. With a deplorable infatuation, Irish historians have abandoned facts for fables, and uniformly resorted to visionary hypotheses, while proofs stared them in the face. They have laboured to make us vain of what a rational people ought to be ashamed of, and, by their want of research and judgment, have thrown discredit upon the great and undoubted claims of Ireland to early and superior civilization. They have preferred the glare and glitter of tinsel, to the constant show and steady light of enduring materials; and, in pursuit of shadows, they have overlooked things of substance.

I am ignorant of any Irish historian who can be read with either pleasure or advantage: their style is either barbarous or unsuited to the dignity of the subject; the method pursued glaringly defective; and their ignorance and partiality fatiguing and disgusting. Abstract questions become, in their hands, repulsive, and dry details unreadable. Their pages, like Arabian deserts, are one successive waste, where there is nothing to relieve the weariness of the traveller. Most of them have disdained to treat of that period which a great authority has pronounced the most instructive and amusing of our history—if well written; and, though they pretended to detail well authenticated facts, generally contrived to convert history into a dull and improbable romance.

To obviate this state of things, I resolved, several years ago, to write a History of Ireland. All my reading had reference to this determination, and, I believe, I have accumulated materials for the right execution of the task, superior to those which can be found in the possession of any individual living. I flatter myself that I shall make doubtful questions clear, and throw new and conclusive light upon the most debatable points; above all, I am fully persuaded that I shall succeed in giving a correct and rational history of my country. Neither prejudice nor partiality shall betray me into injustice: truth must be preferred to every other consideration.

Were I to consult my own vanity, I should perhaps follow the example of my cotemporaries, and publish annual quartos; but I have always preferred the useful to the showy; and, desirous of rendering my History accessible to the poor as well as to the rich, it will be published in weekly Numbers, price Sixpence, or in Parts, price Two Shillings each. It will be got up in a manner worthy of the subject and the age; the type will be bold and legible; the paper good, and the embellishments will consist of the portraits of celebrated Irish characters, monarchs, antiquities, &c. The

first Number will be published early in *January*, and the work will be completed within the year.

Against this mode of publishing there can be no possible objection : it will suit the convenience of the poor ; and the more wealthy may find an advantage in taking it in such portions as can be read at intervals : those who would be deterred by a volume of six hundred pages may be induced to dip into a part not exceeding six sheets. Considerations of this nature have induced Mr. Brougham and his friends to publish their books of "Useful Knowledge" in Sixpenny Numbers.

I have entitled it "A Popular History of Ireland," not because I wish it to be considered more showy than solid, but because I intend it to be rational and convenient ; I could swell it into ten volumes quarto ; but, by the plan I shall adopt, I can compress all necessary details, from the earliest period to the present time, into the compass of two octavo volumes, or one very thick one—the price to the purchasers to be somewhere between a dozen and twenty shillings.

The leading features of the work will be conciseness and utility : ample reference will be given for the truth of every statement ; and the causes and consequences of every political measure fully and philosophically developed. I shall also endeavour to do what historians have generally omitted—enter into details illustrative of the condition of the people in each successive century.

For such a history as this the present time is peculiarly adapted : the period of jealousy is happily departed ; every day produces original documents ; and access to public records is willingly afforded. In addition to all this, my friends have promised me every possible assistance.

Before I conclude this farewell address, perhaps, I should notice a circumstance with which the newspapers have made the public acquainted. I allude to Mr. French's motion in the Court of King's Bench for a rule to show cause why a criminal information should not be granted against the publishers of this journal. That gentleman, to the sensitiveness of honourable minds, adds all the irritability which is inseparable from genius, and, of course, is peculiarly alive to any thing which can remotely reflect upon his character. In the present instance, however, he was mistaken in supposing that I wished to injure him ; and I owe it to him to state that I had no sooner made this manifest than he instantly abandoned all proceedings, and gave me the hand of good fellowship.

This business has given me much concern, inasmuch as Mr. French was led to think that "Captain Rock" had influenced the "Sun" newspaper in its remarks upon him. I believe it did no such thing ; for a more original thinker does not exist than the talented editor of the "Sun ;" and all lovers of a free press will hesitate to find fault with a journal whose efforts to give early intelligence, and diffuse literary information, are at once extraordinary and successful.

Once more I bid my kind readers farewell.

ROCK.

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THE END.

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